June 11, 1977 U.S. $1.10/Canada 60c 18p

Aus 35c NZ 35c SA 35c Den Kr5.5 Fr NF4.50
Ger Dm2.50 Malaysia $1.10 Spn 65pts

Zeppelin Rush Little Feat

(Punctuation available on request)

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL . . .

AS THE GOVERNMENT ENQUIRY INTO THE WINDSCALE AFFAIR GETS UNDER WAY, WE PRESENT THE NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO THE

NUCLEAR AGE

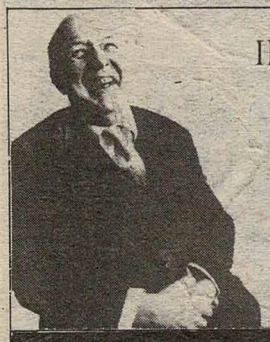
Marley Ramones H.R. Highness

105 lockwire

MIKE HARDING
"Guilty But Insane"
Philips CLOG 1

CHRISTOPHER RAINBOW
"Living in the World Today"
Polydor 2058 878

EMI MUSIC 138-140 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2
01-836 6699



IN CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE YEAR

CHARISMA RECORDS PRESENTS
The Poet Laureate

SIR JOHN BETJEMAN'S BRITAIN

A collection of 12 poems set to music composed by Jim Parker and performed by Sir John Betjeman and members of the New Philharmonia Orchestra

AVAILABLE NOW AT ALL GOOD RECORD SHOPS

CAS 1130

Heartbreakers Born to Loose/Chinese Rocks -70p
M.C.5 Borderline/Lookin at You-£1·15
Chelsea Right to Work/the Loner-70p
Cortinas Fascist Dictator/Television Families-70p
Rocky Erickson Bermuda/the interpreter-70p
Sex Pistols God save the Queen-70p
Eater Thinkin' of the U.S.A.-70p
Jam In the City (single)-70p (l.p.)-£3·25
Shakin Stevens Never-70p
Little Bob Story I'm Crying (e.p)-£1·00
" High Time-£3·50
" Let me In-£1·00
Ramones Leave Home-£4·15 (U.S. import)
Hollywood Stars Kids on the Street-70p
Damned damned damned damned-£3·25
Hot Rods Might be Lying-70p
" " Teenage Depression-70p
" " Live at the Marquee-£1·00
" " Wooly Bully-70p
" " Writing on the Wall-70p
Television Marquee Moon-£3·30
Flamin Groovies Him or Me?-£1·50
Damned Neat Neat Neat-70p
Iggy Pop the Idiot-£3·25
MC5 Back in the USA-£3·25
Tyla Gang Suicide Jockey-£1·15
Nick Lowe Keep it out of Sight-85p
" " Bowi—75p
Rockfield Chorale Jingle Jangle-£1·50
Mail Order P/P. Free for U.K. only.

BIZZaRRe Record Distribution
33, PRAED ST., LONDON. W.2. tel: 01-402-1939

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 6th, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	METAL GURU	T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
5	2	VINCENT	Don McLean (United Artists)
2	3	ROCKET MAN	Elton John (DJM)
3	4	OH BABE WHAT WOULD YOU SAY	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
6	5	AT THE CLUB/SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES	The Drifters (Atlantic)
12	6	CALIFORNIA MAN	The Move (Harvest)
4	7	COULD IT BE FOREVER	David Cassidy (Bell)
7	8	LADY ELEANOR	Lindisfarne (Charisma)
14	9	SISTER JANE	New World (Rak)
28	10	MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	Wings (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 10th, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procol Harum (Deram)
1	2	SILENCE IS GOLDEN	Tremeloes (CBS)
6	3	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	4	WATERLOO SUNSET	Kinks (Pye)
4	5	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE	Mama's and Papa's (RCA)
5	6	THEN I KISSED HER	Beach Boys (Capitol)
7	7	THE HAPPENING	Supremes (Tamla-Motown)
8	8	THE WIND CRIES MARY	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
12	9	SWEET SOUL MUSIC	Arthur Conley (Atlantic)
9	10	PICTURES OF LILY	Who (Track)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 8th, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	2	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
3	3	I'M LOOKIN' OUT OF THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	4	NUT ROCKER	B. Bumble (Top Rank)
10	5	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
8	5	GINNY COME LATELY	Brian Hyland (HMV)
5	7	AS YOU LIKE IT	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6	8	LAST NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE	Billy Fury (Decca)
7	9	I DON'T KNOW WHY	Eden Kane (Decca)
13	10	DO YOU WANT TO DANCE	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending June 11, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart (Riva)	7	1
2	(3)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (U.A.)	6	2
3	(4)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	9	3
4	(2)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)	7	2
5	(9)	HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS	The Muppets (Pye)	2	5
6	(27)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	6
7	(5)	THE SHUFFLE	Van McCoy (H & L)	9	3
8	(8)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE	10cc (Philips)	7	5
9	(19)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	2	9
10	(6)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye (Motown)	5	6
11	(17)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	11
12	(7)	O.K.	Rock Follies (Polydor)	3	7
13	(—)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO	The Jacksons (Epic)	1	13
14	(15)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	4	11
15	(28)	SPOT THE PIGEON	Genesis (Charisma)	2	15
16	(20)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	2	16
17	(23)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE/SLIP YOUR DISC TO THIS	Heatwave (GTO)	5	14
18	(26)	PEACHES	The Stranglers (United Artists)	3	18
19	(10)	MAH NA MAH NA	Piero Umiliani (EMI Int)	6	9
20	(—)	GOOD OLD FASHIONED LOVERBOY	Queen (EMI)	1	20
20	(13)	WE CAN DO IT	Liverpool Football Team (State)	2	13
22	(11)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	8	6
23	(—)	NATURE BOY	George Benson (Warner B)	1	23
24	(—)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(—)	BE GOOD TO YOURSELF	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	(16)	DISCO INFERNO	Trammps (Atlantic)	3	15
27	(21)	SHEENA IS A PUNK ROCKER	Ramones (Sire)	3	21
28	(12)	TOKYO JOE	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	4	12
29	(—)	YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME	Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies (EMI Int.)	1	29
30	(—)	DON'T LET GO	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
JOIN THE PARTY — Honkie (Creole).

ALBUMS

Week ending June 11, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	29	1
2	(3)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	6	2
3	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	24	1
4	(4)	A STAR IS BORN	Sound Track (CBS)	9	3
5	(5)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	5	5
6	(6)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	22	2
7	(10)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971–1975	Eagles (Asylum)	44	1
8	(8)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	16	6
9	(12)	ALL TO YOURSELF	Jack Jones (RCA)	5	9
10	(7)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	6	6
11	(15)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	8	6
12	(28)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)	2	12
13	(9)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	62	1
14	(21)	NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	29	1
15	(17)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	27	8
16	(19)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	2	16
17	(24)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	50	1
18	(25)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	6	18
19	(14)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	18	2
20	(—)	BEST OF FACES	Faces	2	20
21	(—)	SNEAKIN' SUSPICION	Dr Feelgood (United Artists)	1	21
22	(23)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	34	1
23	(13)	PETER GABRIEL	(Charisma)	13	11
24	(18)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens (Island)	4	18
25	(20)	TIME LOVES A HERO	Little Feat (Warner Bros)	4	20
26	(16)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	14	1
27	(29)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE STAR CLUB IN HAMBURG	Beatles (RCA)	2	27
28	(—)	THIS IS NIECY	Deniece Williams (CBS)	1	28
29	(30)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS	(Polydor)	12	5
30	(11)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	19	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
LACE & WHISKEY — Alice Cooper (Warner Bros); ROCK ON — Various Artists (Arcade).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending June 11, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(1)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN	K.C. & The Sunshine Band
3	(4)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1)	Marvin Gaye
4	(5)	THEME FROM 'ROCKY' (GONNA FLY NOW)	Bill Conti
5	(6)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
6	(7)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers
7	(9)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Foreigner
8	(8)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
9	(12)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
10	(14)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller
11	(13)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG	The Marshall Tucker Band
12	(3)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder
13	(11)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer
14	(17)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
15	(15)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex
16	(21)	LIFE IN THE FAST LANE	Eagles
17	(18)	WHODUNIT	Tavares
18	(23)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
19	(20)	SLOW DANCIN' DON'T TURN ME ON	Addrisi Brothers
20	(28)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
21	(24)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE	The Sylvers
22	(29)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
23	(—)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
24	(19)	MAINSTREET	Bob Seger
25	(30)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
26	(—)	BACK TOGETHER AGAIN	Daryl Hall & John Oates
27	(—)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisland
28	(10)	CALLING DR. LOVE	Kiss
29	(—)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
30	(—)	LOVE'S GROWN DEEP	Kenny Nolan

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending June 11, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3	(4)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	Beatles
4	(3)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Marvin Gaye
5	(6)	ROCKY	Original Motion Picture Score
6	(10)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
7	(5)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	Isley Brothers
8	(9)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
9	(8)	COMMODORES	Commodores
10	(27)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
11	(7)	BOSTON	Boston
12	(11)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand/Kristofferson
13	(16)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
14	(20)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
15	(12)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
16	(13)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer
17	(15)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
18	(14)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
19	(25)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
20	(22)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
21	(—)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
22	(23)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
23	(21)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band
24	(19)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd
25	(18)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE	Atlanta Rhythm Section
26	(24)	SWEET FORGIVENESS	Bonnie Raitt
27	(28)	LET IT FLOW	Dave Mason
28	(—)	TIME LOVES A HERO	Little Feat
29	(—)	HERE AT LAST—BEE GEES—LIVE	
30	(—)	PARLIAMENT LIVE/ P. FUNK EARTH TOUR	Parliament

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

BEACH BOYS WEMBLEY GIG —with Dr. Hook and the Outlaws

THE BEACH BOYS headline a giant all-American rock concert at the massive Wembley Stadium in North London on Saturday, July 30. Also on the bill are Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show and the Outlaws, plus one other act still to be confirmed.

The show is being staged by impresario Robert Paterson, who had previously hoped to present a special Jubliee concert at the same venue this Saturday (11). It was eventually scrapped because of the non-availability of headline artists, including the Beach Boys. He said at the time that he would promote a similar show later in the summer, and the July 30 gig is the result.

The Beach Boys' British visit was forecast by NME last week, and it is understood they will also be playing a couple of festival dates in Europe. Dr. Hook was planning to tour here in the late summer, but has brought forward his visit specially for this event, and he may subsequently play a few provincial gigs.

As with previous rock shows at Wembley — notably Elton John (with the Beach Boys guesting) and CSN&Y — the 100,000-capacity stadium will be limited to an 80,000 attendance.

It is not yet known if Brian Wilson will be accompanying the Beach Boys on their visit, although he has recently been touring in America with them.

Nationwide ban, but it's still a Pistols triumph

THE SEX PISTOLS have made the Top Ten! Their controversial single "God Save The Queen" stands at No. 6 in this week's NME Chart, despite a total nationwide TV and radio ban. BBC, IBA, ITV and Radio Luxembourg all refuse to play it, and the embargo remains even if it reaches the No. 1 spot. And although several multiple stores — with branches throughout the country — still refuse to stock the single, Virgin Records claim to have shipped 200,000 copies within a fortnight of its release.

In fact, if it were not for the non-stocking policy of some chain stores — Woolworth, Boots and W. H. Smith among them — the record might well be at No. 1 today. Some of these shops submit weekly sales returns, which are incorporated into the Top Thirty, and the absence of "God Save The Queen" from their listings has brought the Pistols' overall placing down to No. 6.

A statement issued jointly by BBC Radio and Television says the Corporation "has no intention of playing the record, because it is in gross bad taste". And they intend sticking to this edict, even if the single gets to No. 1 in the charts!

Radio 1 spokesman James Conway said: "We're not pretending the record isn't there. We mention it when announcing our chart listings, but we refuse to play it. If it reaches No. 1, our 'Top Twenty' show will finish with the No. 2 record, the compere will say what's at the top — and then it'll be straight into the news headlines."

'Unsuitable'

Over at TV Centre, "Top Of The Pops" producer Robin Nash pronounced the single "quite unsuitable" for the programme. He too will give it a mention, but not play it, if it tops the charts.

A BBC spokesman admitted that it was "unfortunate for the Sex Pistols" that their chart success coincided with Jubilee week. "If it had been at any other time of the year, we might have given it the occasional play", he said.

The Independent Broadcasting Authority have instructed all commercial radio stations not to play it, claiming it is in breach of Section 41A of the IBA Act (a paragraph concerning bad taste), and ITV will automatically follow this lead. Both the IBA and ITV have already slapped bans on the Pistols' attempts to buy advertising time.

Radio Luxembourg have taken the issue a step further by ignoring the single completely. As far as they are concerned, it simply doesn't exist, and "God Save The Queen" does not figure anywhere in their Top Thirty — nor will it, at any time.

● The last chart record to suffer a total airtime ban was "Wet Dream" by Max Romeo. At the time, it was referred to in BBC chart programmes as "a record by Max Romeo"!

Upcoming tours

CITY BOY

CITY BOY play a string of major dates this month to promote their recently-released album "Dinner At The Ritz". Their stage act includes a "re-enactment of scenes" from the album, a preview of their upcoming new single, and extracts from their next elpee completed last week for September release. Dates are Oxford Elms Court Ballroom (tomorrow, Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), London Camden Music Machine (June 16), Birmingham Barbarella's (17 and 18), Liverpool Polytechnic (23), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (24), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (26) and London Marquee (28). The band begin their debut North American tour in late September, including some headlining dates.

'O' BAND

THE 'O' BAND set out on the road this weekend to preview their second United Artists album "The Knife". It is released on July 8, and is preceded on July 1 by a single taken from it titled "Almost Saturday Night". Confirmed dates are Penzance The Garden (today, Thursday), Plymouth Castaways (Friday), Hertford Balls Park College (Saturday), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (June 15), West Bromwich Town Hall (16), Scarborough Penthouse (17), Retford Porterhouse (18), Middlesbrough Town Hall (23), Nottingham University (24), Manchester Electric Circus (25), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (28), Derby Tiffany's (30), Birmingham Aston University (July 1), Hastings Pier Pavilion (2), Stoke Tiffany's (7) and Shrewsbury Tiffany's (12).

KURSAALS

KURSAAL FLYERS play a string of eight gigs this month, then — after recording and touring abroad in July — headline a further 11 in August. They visit Reading University (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester University (Saturday), Croydon Greyhound (Sunday), Cambridge Trinity College (June 13), Oxford St. Edmund's College (18), London Kensington Nashville (23), Egham Royal Holloway College (24), Aylesbury Friars (25), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (August 4), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (5), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (6), Scunthorpe Top Rank (9), Redcar Coatham Bowl (11), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (12, Blackpool Imperial Hotel (13), Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (14), Cardiff Top Rank (16), Plymouth Fiesta (17) and Penzance The Garden (18). They are already set for three dates in October — at Kingston Polytechnic (1), St. Andrew's University (6) and Glasgow Strathclyde University (7).

Blondie top return tour

BLONDIE, whose recent debut British tour supporting Television created an enormous impact, will be returning to this country later in the year — probably in November — and on that occasion they are to headline their own tour. It is understood they will play a string of dates at universities and smaller halls, climaxing in a major London gig at Chalk Farm Roundhouse. And the Ramones, who are also due to tour again in the late autumn, have asked their promoter if he can fix them a Christmas Eve concert at London Hammersmith Odeon.

Chapman for July Wakes

MICHAEL CHAPMAN and Tim Rose have been added to the line-up of this year's July Wakes Music Festival. As previously reported, the event — with Gallagher & Lyle headlining — takes place at the Park Hall Leisure Centre in Charnock Richard, near Chorley in Lancashire, from July 15 to 17 inclusive.

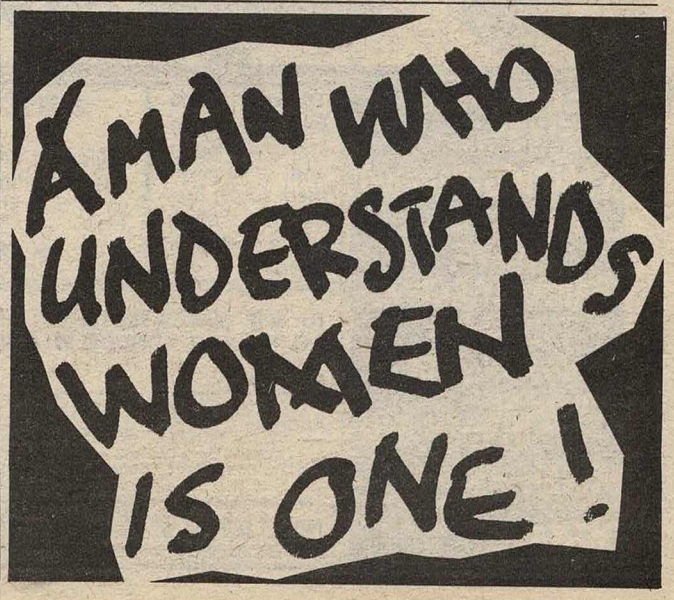
New Beatles show on tour

A NEW MUSICAL based upon the Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper" album begins a six week national tour later this month. Titled "Lucy In The Sky", it follows the fortunes of the girl whose hopes and ambitions are drawn to the magic of the circus. This enables the Beatles score to be interspersed with various circus speciality acts. Presented by the Phoenix Theatre Company of Leicester, the show opens with a week at Croydon Ashcroft Theatre from June 20.

Caravan add

CARAVAN have added three more dates to their current British concert tour. After their gig at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on June 19, originally expected to be their final date, they now play Keele University (June 24), Birmingham University (25) and Guilford Civic Hall (26).

THE BOOMTOWN
RATS
Ensign
JUNE 12th Manchester Free Trade Hall 16th Birmingham Town Hall
17th Cardiff University 18th Aylesbury, Friars 19th London, Rainbow
24th Exeter University 25th Hull University



SEATS £1, WITH FREE EP

Crawler, Moon, Boxer package

CRAWLER, Boxer and Moon co-headline a cut-price package tour, organised by CBS as part of their promotional campaign on all three bands. Billed as "Heat On The Streets", the show plays 20 leading venues, climaxing at London Rainbow. Admission on all dates is just £1 — and every member of the audience arriving before 7.30 pm will be presented with a free EP featuring the three bands on the bill.

The package opens at Southend Kursaal on July 2, then plays Bristol Colston Hall (3), Torquay Town Hall (4), Hastings Pier Pavilion (5), Portsmouth Guildhall (6), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Bradford St. George's Hall (10), Manchester Free Trade Hall (11), Liverpool Empire (12), Glasgow City Hall (13), Aberdeen Music Hall (14), Edinburgh Usher Hall (15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (18), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (19), Hanley Victoria Hall (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Birmingham Town Hall (22) and London Rainbow (23).

Crawler, formerly known as Back Street Crawler and originally fronted by the late Paul Kossoff, have their album "Crawler" released on July 1 — and the Boxer elpee "Absolutely" is out the same day. The Moon set "Turning The Tides" was issued this week. All three albums are on the Epic label.

● Boxer's current line-up features Mike Patto (vocals), Chris Stainton (keyboards), Tim Bogert (bass), Eddie Tuduri (drums) and Adrian Fisher (lead guitar).

NOEL McCALLA of Moon.

OPEN-AIR EVENT FOR SALFORD . . .

with Rainbow and Gibbons?

PLANS ARE under way for a big open-air rock concert to be staged in Salford, near Manchester, this summer. It would take place at the local Rugby League ground where, for this event, the maximum attendance would be 18,000. Promoter Ken Campbell revealed that he is having discussions with Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow and the Steve Gibbons Band, among other acts. A precise date for the concert will not be set until the availability of artists is known. Campbell has also had personal talks with Graham Nash, with a view to Crosby, Stills and Nash appearing — although the band may have difficulty in arranging this because, at the moment, they are not due to visit Britain until October.

Site Facilities Include:
CAMPING · PARKING
BOATING LAKE
SAUNA
CABARET ROOM
SQUASH
SWIMMING POOL
LICENCED RESTAURANTS
FRESH WATER TOILETS
BARS ....

TRAVEL: M6 Exit 27. Main stations Wigan and Preston then local bus to site. Main coach station Chorley.

★ SPECIAL WEEKEND TICKETS ★
including VAT, Camping and car parking at no extra charge.
£5.50
★ IN ADVANCE ONLY ★

ADMISSIONS AT GROUNDS
Friday £2.25
Saturday £3.25
Sunday £3.25

To: NJF/WAKES FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 4SQ, LONDON W1A 4SQ
Name .....
Address.....
.....

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Note: Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. Allow 10 days for cheques to clear before tickets sent.
NME 1

No. of tickets @ £5.50 | Cheque/PO No. | Total £

ON THE ROAD

THE BROTHERS, who earlier this year had a Top Ten hit with "Sing Me", appear at **Douglas I.o.M.** Villa Marina (June 20), **Chesterfield** Aquarius (22 and 23), **Nottingham** Heart Of The Midlands (26 week), **Eccles** Talk Of The North (July 3 week), **Truro** Plaza (10), **Barnstaple** Tempo Club (15), **Clacton** 101 Club (29), **Bridlington** Spa Pavilion (August 19), **Workington** Rendezvous (22 week), **Oldham** Bailey's (September 8-10), **Birmingham** King's Theatre Restaurant (11 week), **Tonyrefail** Meadowvale Club (21-24), **Derby** Bailey's (29-October 1) and **Liverpool** Allinson's (November 20 week).

NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND are at **Chippenham** West End Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Melksham** British Legion Club (Saturday), **Watford** Bailey's (June 26 week), **Mablethorpe** Golden Sands (July 3), **Manchester** Golden Garter (4 for two weeks), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (17), **London Fulham** Bishops Park (19), **Batley** Variety Club (20-23), **Dublin** Chariot Inn (24 week) and **Chesterfield** Aquarius (31).

GRIND are confirmed for two open-air festival appearances early next month — at **Brentwood** (July 2) and **Summerstown** (3). Prior to this they play **St. Alban's** City Hall (June 17), **Harlow** Victoria Hall (20) and **Brentwood** Hermit Club (27), and further gigs are being finalised.

BETHNAL are on tour to promote their upcoming album and single. They visit **Thatcham** Hamilton Club (this Saturday), **London Covent Garden** Roxy Club (June 17 and 24), **Scunthorpe** Priory Hotel (18), **Newton** Elephant & Castle (25), **Wrexham** Yale College (July 4), **London Camden** Brecknock (6), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (7), **Redditch** Tracey's (9), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (16), **Ramsgate** Van Gogh (20), **Chatham** Pembroke College (21), **Dunstable** California (23), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (24), **Chester** Quaintways (25), **Bristol** Granary (August 13), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (19), **Manchester** Electric Circus (20), **Ulverston** Penny Farthing (26), **Egremont** Tow Bar Inn (27), **Lancaster** No.12 Club (28 and 29) and **Corby** Nags Head (31).

U-BOAT, Woody Woodmansey's band whose album "U-Boat" is released this week, play a charity show at **London Camden** Dingwalls on Sunday, July 24. It is in aid of Narconon, the drugs rehabilitation centre. The Ray Royer Band support, and admission is £2.

THE SANDPIPERS, who are at the **London** Palladium all next week, continue working in London at Aphrodites Club in Piccadilly until July 3. After TV appearances in Europe, they return to play a week at **Purfleet** Circus Tavern from July 24.

JOHN STEVENS' AWAY appear at **Norwich** East Anglia University (June 16), **Sheffield** Broom Hill Festival (17), **London** Institute of Contemporary Arts (July 3). **London Camden** Dingwalls (5) and **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (12). A university tour is being lined up for the autumn.

THE REZILLOS, Scotland's leading new-wave band, are preparing to descend upon **London** next month for an extensive one-nighter tour. Meanwhile, they play home gigs at **Dundee** Royal Centre Hotel (tonight, Thursday), **Aberdeen** Robert Gordon College (Friday), **Edinburgh** Meadows Festival and **Falkirk** Maniqui (Saturday), **Glenroghes** Golden Acorn Hotel (Sunday), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (June 13), **Edinburgh** Assembly Rooms (14), **Prestonpans** Town Hall (15), **Carops** Allan Ramsey Hotel (17) and **Craigmillar** Festival and **Glasgow** Jordanhill College (18).

FRANKIE LAINE headlines a one-off concert at **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal on Sunday, June 19. He then goes to Manchester to record a Granada-TV show before returning to the States, but he will be back in the autumn for an extensive tour.

NUTZ are gigging at **Coventry** Mr. George's (tonight, Thursday), **Wigan** Casino (Saturday), **Stafford** Top Of The World (June 13), **St. Alban's** City Hall (17), **Plymouth** Top Rank (20), **Tiverton** The Motel (22), **Nottingham** Boat Club (25), **Lincoln** Technical College (July 1), **Brentford** College (2), **London** Marquee Club (12), **Axminster** Guildhall (15), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (16) and **Hucknall** Miners Welfare (19).

STEELY DAN will definitely not be touring Britain in September, contrary to reports elsewhere. A spokesman for their record company Anchor said that, in view of their U.S. commitments, they are not expected here at all this year.

NORTH SIDE R & B ENSEMBLE, the 16-piece unit led by Gordon Hunt, have **London** dates this month at Kensington Nashville (this Saturday), Speakeasy (15), Brixton Clouds (17 and 18), Camden Dingwalls (28) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (29).

BURLESQUE have added two dates to their current tour — at **Newbury** College (July 2) and **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (9). Apart from a few weekend one-off gigs during July, they spend the rest of the summer recording a new album for September release, and rehearsing a new stage act.

THE DARTS have new gigs at **Ewell** Technical College (June 18), **Southend** Queen's Hotel (30), **Guildford** Surrey Arts Festival (July 2 afternoon), **Oxford** Polytechnic (July 2 evening), **Liverpool** Eric's Club (8), **Bristol** Granary (9), **Burton** 76 Club (15) and **Dudley** J. B.'s Club (16).

THE REAL THING have cancelled their projected concert at **Leicester** De Montfort Hall on June 19, but have added two new dates at **Plymouth** Castaways (June 27) and **Weston-super-Mare** Webbington Country Club (30). And their gig at **Douglas I.o.M.** Palace Lido is switched from June 26 to July 3.

JENNY HAAN'S LION are now being managed by Quarry Productions, who were responsible for the initial success of Status Quo and Rory Gallagher. The band play **Derby** Matlock College (tomorrow, Friday), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (Saturday), **Sheffield** University (June 14), **Coventry** Mr. George's (16), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (17), **Manchester** Electric Circus (18), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (24) and **London Camden** Music Machine (29). Further dates are being set until mid-July, when they leave for a European tour.

WARREN HARRY have June gigs at **London Fulham** Golden Lion (tonight, Thursday), **Bath** College of Education (this Saturday), **Bristol** Granary (16), **Stratford** North Staffs Polytechnic (17), **London Roehampton** Digby Stewart College (18), **London Camden** Music Machine (21), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (23), **March** Grenadier Club (24) and **Sheffield** University (25).

DEAD END KIDS are at **Ayr** Darlington Hotel (tonight, Thursday), **Turriff** Town Hall (Friday), **Kintore** Town Hall (Saturday), **Banff** South Lodge Hotel (Sunday), **Dundee** Samantha's (June 13), **Aberdeen** Music Hall (14), **Southport** Floral Hall (16), **Powys** Grand Pavilion (17), **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (18), **St. Austell** Classic Cinema (23), **Douglas I.o.M.** Palace Lido (26) and **Milford Haven** Centre (28).

RAY DORSET & MUNGO JERRY are playing a short series of gigs to promote their new single "Heavy Foot Stomp" and album "Lovin' In The Alleys And Fightin' In The Streets". They visit **Cleethorpes** Bunnies Place (tonight, Thursday), **Biggleswade** Shuttleworth College (Friday), **Cambridge** St. John's College (June 14), **Leicester** College of Education (17), **Birmingham** Chalet Club (18), **Oxford** Corpus Christi College (24) and **Stevenage** Gordon Craig Centre (26).

SPITERI, the band specialising in salsa music, have **London** gigs at Oxford St. 100 Clube (June 16), the Africa Centre (25) and Fulham Golden Lion (28). They undertake a provincial college tour next month (details follow in a week or two), interrupted by another **London** date Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's on July 11.

PETE BROWN'S band Back To The Front have added another three dates to their current tour at **Burton** 76 Club (June 24), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (25) and **Manchester** Electric Circus (July 2).

TUBES FOR PUNKFEST?

THE TUBES, arguably America's most outrageous rock outfit, are in line to join the Sex Pistols and The Clash in a big two-day punk festival planned for a site near Bristol later in the summer.

Iggy Pop has also agreed to take part, and organisers are trying to persuade the Ramones to return specially for the event, which would also feature a dozen or more British new-wave bands.

Malcolm McLaren and Bernard Rhodes, respective managers of the Pistols and The Clash, have been working on the project for four months. They have already fixed a site but, because of organisation difficulties, the event is unlikely to take place before August.

Rhodes told NME: "As you can imagine, we're running into all sorts of problems with the local council. But we're hoping to be able to sort everything out, because we have a great bill lined up, and the site is fairly isolated and hopefully won't lead to any protests."

Grabham: 'I've quit Procols'

GUITARIST Mick Grabham has left Procol Harum after five years with the band. He came into the line-up in 1972, filling the spot vacated a few months before by Robin Trower, but now he has decided he wants the freedom to choose his own work. He is currently in the studio with the Sutherland Brothers & Quiver, taking over temporarily from Tim Renwick while the band prepare and record their new album. And when that is finished, says Grabham, he may form his own group.

He told NME: "I have been generally dissatisfied with my role in Procol Harum for some months. I didn't think that what musical ability I may have was being used to best advantage. It was during our last American tour that I finally decided to leave, and I quit when we returned to Britain recently."

Grabham insisted that the other Harum members fully accepted his reasons for going, and that the split was amicable. But it has left the band in a state of flux, and they are apparenetly still considering how best to cope.

THUNDER'S FIREWORKS

JOHNNY THUNDER and the Heartbreakers are planning a major London show on July 4 to mark American Independence Day. Details will be announced in a week or two, but they have already bought over £1,000 worth of fireworks — partly to celebrate the occasion, and partly to promote their fast-rising "Chinese Rocks" single. Because of this project, their gig at Middlesbrough Rock Garden — originally planned for that date — is moved back to July 12.

Other confirmed gigs in their July tour are Wakefield Unity Hall (2), Retford Porterhouse (8), Barrow Maxim's (9), Doncaster Outlook (11), Dunstable California (16), Bournemouth The Village (17), Cardiff Top Rank (22), Malvern Winter Gardens (23), Sheffield Top Rank (24), Brighton Top Rank (26) and Canterbury Odeon (29). More are being added.

The band have so far not suffered any cancellations from new-wave backlash, although they were recently arrested by Birmingham police on suspicion of theft. The pay-phone coinbox in their hotel was broken into, and the group, their manager and roadcrew were taken to the local nick and held for three hours — until a fingerprint check proved they had nothing to do with the crime!

● The Stranglers, whose tour was decimated by cancellations last week, have so far not lost any dates this week. In fact, they have gained one at Bracknell Sports Centre on June 25.

Agency folds

ALBION, the agency responsible for breaking many new-wave bands, has ceased operations. It will no longer be booking Frankie Miller, Jam, Burlesque, Meal Ticket, Vibrators, Tyla Gang or Movies. Instead, Albion will concentrate on managing the Stranglers and 999, as well as booking several London venues including the Nashville and Hope & Anchor.

NOW, ROCKFILMS AT THE RAINBOW

LONDON'S Rainbow Theatre, arguably Britain's most renowned rock centre, begins regular film screenings from next month on a once or twice weekly basis. They will not restrict the venues's live shows, and will be arranged only for nights when concerts have not been booked. Presented under the banner of "Rockfilms At The Rainbow", they will include both new and old films, some never before seen in Britain. Programming and screening dates are not yet finalised, but some of the artists to be featured in the series are:

Bob Dylan, Crosby Stills Nash & Young, Elvis Presley, Joni Mitchell, Eric Clapton, Leonard Cohen, Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, The Band, Santana, The Who, Rolling Stones, George Harrison, Otis Redding, Leon Russell, Isley Brothers, Genesis, Sly & the Family Stone, Joe Cocker, Joan Baez, Jimi Hendrix, Billy Preston, John Sebastian, Janis Joplin, Ringo Starr, Ike and Tina Turner, Eric Burdon, Country Joe McDonald, Staple Singers, Emerson Lake & Palmer, Soft Machine, Byrds, Frank Zappa, Al Stewart and Boz Scaggs.

RECORD NEWS

Yes LP out June 23

ATLANTIC release the new Yes album "Going For The One" on June 23. It is their ninth elpee, their first for almost three years and, of course, their first since Rick Wakeman rejoined the line-up late last year. It was recorded in Montreux, Switzerland, over eight months and produced by Yes themselves. The five tracks are "Going For The One", "Turn Of The Century", "Parallels", "Wonderous Stories" and "Awaken".

CHARISMA release a new **Patrick Moraz** album "Out In The Sun" on June 24. It is his second solo set, but his first since he split from Yes last year. The LP was entirely composed, arranged and conducted by Moraz, who also co-produced with Jean Ristori. The eight tracks were recorded in Rio de Janeiro and Geneva, and among musicians featured are Wornell Jones (bass), Andy Newmark (drums) and Ray Gomez (guitar).

● WEA release a ten-track sampler album titled "Bear Pack One" on June 24. It is the first of a series of mid-price Bearsville albums, retailing at £1.99 and featuring vintage classics from the label's catalogue. Artists include **Jesse Winchester, Paul Butterfield, Bobby Charles, Lazarus** and **Hungry Chuck.**

● Westbound Records have signed a worldwide distribution deal with Atlantic. First release under the agreement is the **Detroit Emeralds** single "Feel The Need", just issued in conventional form, but with the full seven-minute version also available from this weekend as a 12-inch. The group's elpee of the same title follows shortly as well as albums by the **Ohio Players, Dennis Coffey** and **Funkadelics.**

● The double album **"Parliament Live"** is issued by the Casablanca label this Friday (10).

● Currently high in the charts with their first release, the **Muppets** have another single out on the Pye label on June 17. It is "Mupper Show Theme" coupled with "Bein' Green".

● **Steve Gibbons Band's** new single is Chuck Berry's "Tulane", taken from their "Rollin' On" album, for Polydor release on June 17. This weekend the same label issues **Neil Sedaka's** self-penned "Amarillo", already a hit in this country for Tony Christie.

● Next week the Lifesong label (distributed by GTO) issues a double album **Jim Croce** anthology titled "The Faces I've Been". It includes some previously unreleased tracks, plus many of his more familiar songs. It will be followed later in the summer by an EP containing five of his best-known tracks.

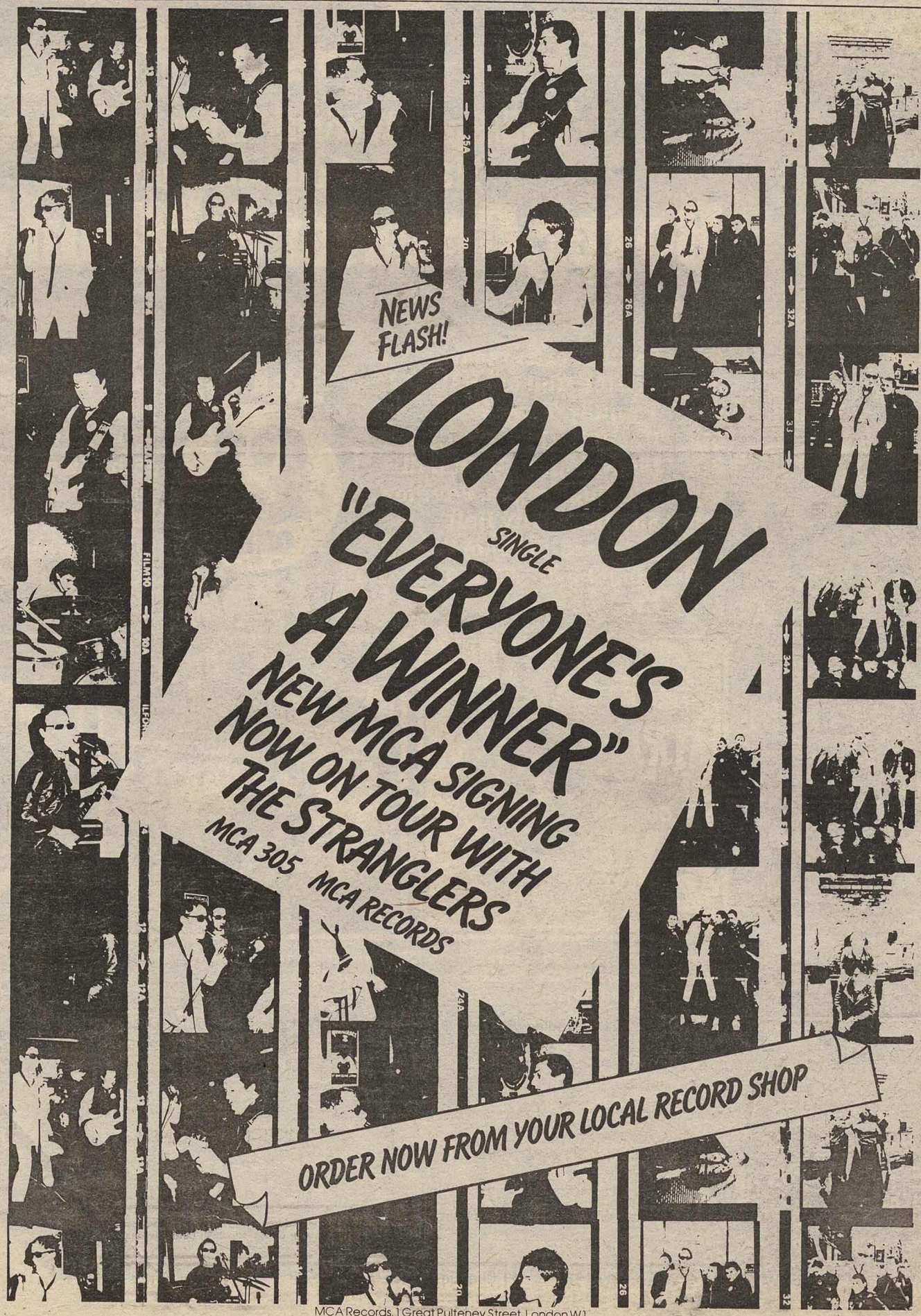
● **London,** the new-wave band currently supporting the Stranglers on tour, have their debut single "Everyone's A Winner" rushed out by MCA this week. Line-up comprises Riff Regan (vocals), Dave White (guitar), Steve Voice (bass) and drummer John Moss.

● Also out on MCA this week is the album "Electric Savage" by **Colosseum II,** featuring Jon Hiseman (drums), Gary Moore (guitar), John Mole (bass) and Don Airey (keyboards).

Buy two singles and get a free soul LP

IN A BID to boost their upcoming U.S. soul artists, Capitol Records next month offer a free album to everyone buying two singles. Released on July 8, the singles in question are both four-track 12-inch records, retailing at 99p each. Natalie Cole sings "Party Lights", "Inseparable", "This Will Be" and "Sophisticated Lady"; and the Sylvers feature "High School Dance", "Lovin' You Is Like Lovin' The Wind", "Boogie Fever" and "Hot Line".

When the two singles are bought together, the purchaser receives a free eight-track album, showcasing eight other Capitol soul acts — including Maze, Freda Payne, Sun and Caldera. This offer applies to the first 30,000 copies of each of the two singles — after which they revert to normal seven-inchers retailing at 70p each, and without the free album.



BOXER · CRAWLER · MOON

HELL ON THE STREETS

CBS/Epic Records in association with Harvey Goldsmith presents

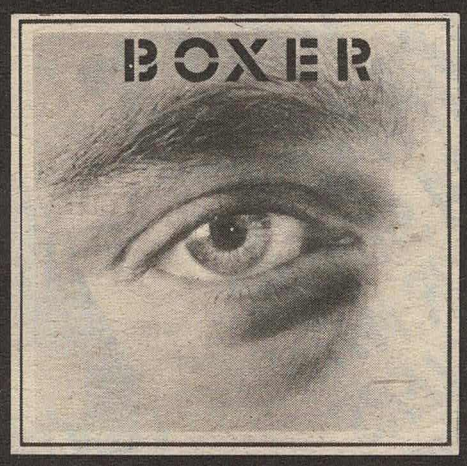
Boxer, Crawler & Moon on tour

July

2nd Southend, Kursaal
3rd Bristol, Colston Hall
4th Torquay, Town Hall
5th Hastings, Pier Pavilion
6th Portsmouth, Guild Hall
8th Bridlington Spa, Pavilion
9th Sheffield, City Hall
10th Bradford, St. Georges
11th Manchester, Free Trade Hall
12th Liverpool, Empire

TICKETS £1 ONLY

13th Glasgow, City Hall
14th Aberdeen, Music Hall
15th Edinburgh, Usher Hall
16th Newcastle, City Hall
18th Swansea, Brangwyn Hall
19th Wolverhampton, Civic Hall
20th Hanley, Victoria Hall
21st Leicester, De Montfort Hall
22nd Birmingham, Town Hall
23rd London, Rainbow



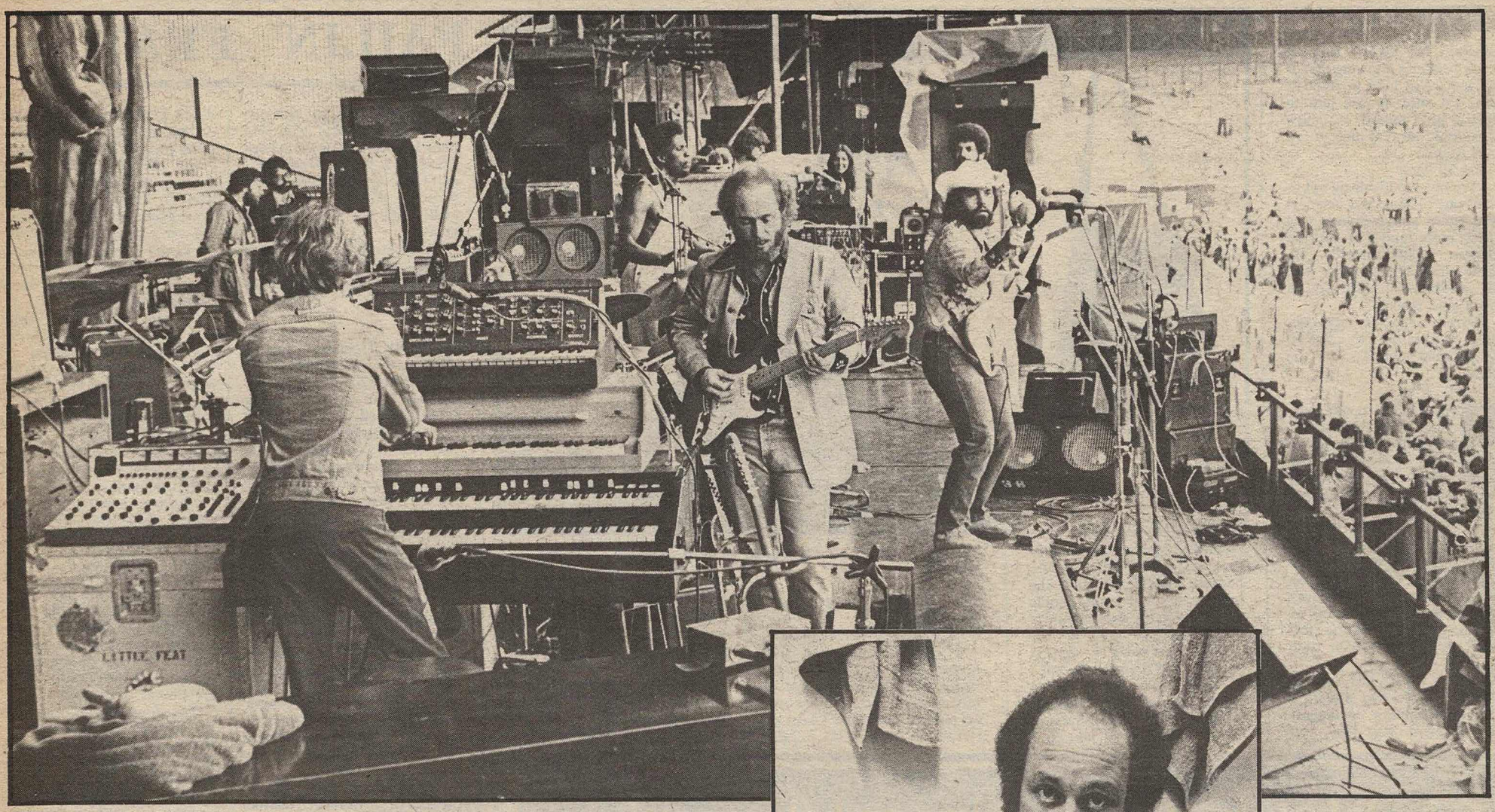
Boxer new album 'Absolutely' available soon on EPC 82151
Producer John Boylan

'Crawler' new album available soon on EPC 82083

Moon new album 'Turning The Tides' available soon on EPC 82084
Producer Barry Blue

on Epic Records & Tapes

FREE E.P.
(a track from each of the bands' new albums)
IF YOU ARE IN YOUR SEATS BY 7.30pm



We did what a man ought to do.

So why aren't we rich and famous?

Little Feat's PAUL BARRERE blubbers into his lager.

ROY CARR looks scornfully into the distance.

CHALKIE DAVIES goes "click".

IT WAS MARK TWAIN who once asserted that rumours concerning his death were exaggerated.

Paul Barrere (accent *grave* over the first e) is sitting dirctly across the table from me in the coffee shop of Hollywood's infamous Continental Hyatt House, saying precisely the same thing about Little Feat.

Actually, Little Feat *did* disband soon after releasing "Dixie Chicken", in 1973, but following a brief sojourn as sessioneers, they re-grouped in a small studio in Hunts Valley, Maryland, to record one of 1974's truly sublime albums, "Feats Don't Fail Me Now." Since then, inferences concerning Little Feat's imminent demise have continued to proliferate with boring regularity.

Such rumours can be attributed to permutations of the following:

(a) The title of their last record album *was* "The Last Record Album", even though El Feat emphatically claimed that it wasn't. (b) Lowell George has recorded a solo album. (c) Lowell George insists on "burning the candle at both ends." (d) Lowell George was decked with hepatitis. (e) "Moderate" record sales. (f) Re-negotiating a new record deal. (g) The inauguration of a new President. (h) The recent California drought.

"Just so long as they spell our name correctly," suggests Barrere, as a tiny waitress suddenly appears from behind a pillar and tops-up his half-filled coffee cup, "they can write whatever they want."

He takes a slug before adding: "This they do, anyway."

The waitress unexpectedly spins around on her heel, smashes into the pillar, mumbles to herself and then zig-zags back into the kitchen dazed.

BEING a night owl, I tend to lose all track of time in El Lay — but, as my stomach feels like my throat's been cut, I guess it's somewhere around lunchtime.

At an hour's notice Paul Barrere has been courteous enough to drive across town to bring the file on Little Feat bang up to date, so, while we decide whether to have a solid or liquid lunch, I'll backtrack.

Over the last couple of years, Little Feat have found themselves in a most bizarre situation.

Unquestionably America's most accomplished and respected '70s rock band, the accolade, up until quite recently, has inexplicably failed to reflect itself in terms of hard-fast record sales. It's a dilemma that has often been cause for much concern, but then, El Feat's recording career is unlike that of any other contemporary band.

Since their formation seven years ago, Little Feat has spawned exactly one dozen albums. However, no less than half of these have been unofficial high-quality bootlegs.

Yet, and Barrere is quite aware of this, it has been such unauthorized in-concert documentaries as the positively brilliant "Electrif Lycanthrope" (plus wonders of the order of "Aurora Backseat" and "Rampant Synchopatio") that have done as much — no, I'm gonna go out on a limb and say *more* — to enhance The Little Feat Legend than any one of their six magnificent Warner Brothers-approved studio albums.

If their official releases have painstakingly established Little Feat amongst the upper-echelon, then it has been the much-sought-after bootlegs that have not only accurately encapsulated the subtle dynamics of their remarkable in-person performances, but rendered their enviable reputation almost beyond adverse criticism.

Obviously, it's a delicate razor-edge position for any band to flirt with, but — depending upon how one views "Time Loves A Hero" — in most eyes, they have yet to fail to deliver.

AS HE drains his coffee cup, Barrere makes no real secret that he is quite amused, even flattered at such intense interest in Little Feat's every move.

"I keep on hearing all about our bootlegs," he drawls, "from Texas to Boston . . . seems like they sell quite a lot." He pauses, "Hope *somebody* is making some bread, cause for years *we* weren't.

"But bootlegs," he admits guardedly, "especially *ours*, are always a very touchy subject to discuss at any lengths. Sure, too many bootlegs — especially if the quality is poor — *could* eventually damage us, but those people who seem to go to extraordinary lengths to find them, quite probably have all our *other* albums.

"Well, I hope they do!"

So what's the alternative?

Barrere states that eventually Little Feat will get around to releasing the compulsory "live" gatefold souvenir, but precisely when, Barrere has absolutely no idea. This worries him.

In the interim, he muses, perhaps Little Feat should make a concerted effort to round-up the original tapes from which such bootlegs as "Electrif Lycanthrope" have been illegally procured, clean them up and issue a limited edition budget-priced triple album.

"Perhaps that would put an end to all the Little Feat bootlegs. We wouldn't want anyone to break the law on our behalf, would we?"

That's one suggestion — the other being that they strong-arm the Brothers Warner and acquire the mastertape of the now-historic Sunday afternoon Rainbow Theatre gig when, as supporting attraction, they blew The Doobie Brothers into oblivion. To this day Barrere still hasn't heard the tapes, but the memory of that particular event continues to serve him well.

"The only problem," he adds, "is that we're playing so much better now."

HOWEVER, combating the bootleggers isn't really all that high on Little Feat's list of priorities. Seemingly, the immediate problem of elevating their current status from Large Minority Cult to The Big League has still to be surmounted.

"Recently," he begins, "I've been giving this matter plenty of thought — and honestly I can't think of anybody else that's in the same position as Little Feat.

"There's no other band that I can name that gets nearly as much positive press coverage as *this* band . . . have *celebrities* speaking well of them — while, at the same time, hear people continually saying, why the hell haven't Little Feat made it?"

According to Barrere's statistics, over the years Little Feat's record sales have slowly increased from a mere 35,000 copies of "Dixie Chicken", to 100,000 for "Feat's Don't Fail Me Now", peaking at approximately 300,000 world-wide with "The Last Record Album". And almost half of those have been accounted for in England and Europe.

"I gotta be truthful," opines Barrere. "I really do appreciate that kind of respect . . . much more than being the latest hit craze to come blazing out of California."

Nonetheless, El Feat do get increasingly frustrated in the knowledge that, after all these years, press per column inch supercedes actual units sold.

"Sure it gets frustrating," he

■ *Continues over*

FAILIN' FEAT

■ *From previous page*

admits, "but like I said, it evens itself out knowing that as a band we're held in respect. But, I'd sure as hell like to have a gold record . . . now *that* would be real nice.

"Listen!"

I'm all ears.

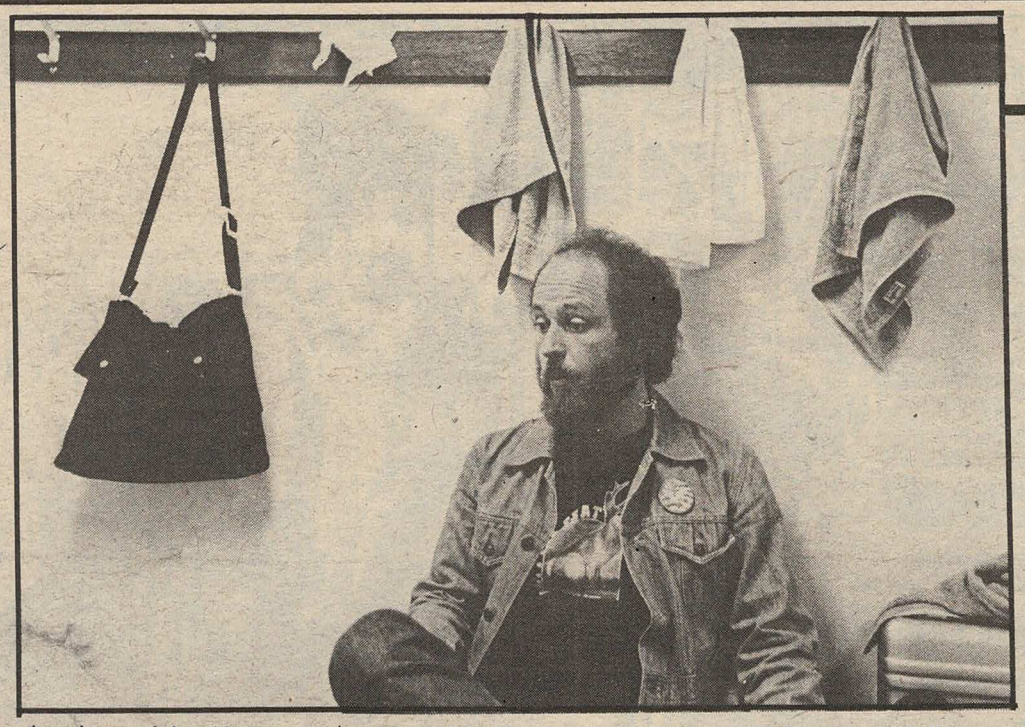
"I'm not too idealistic not to want one. The record business is a game and everyone is a chess piece and I'm for the Queen. Checkmate!" He makes an imaginary move with the salt-cellar. "And you've got a gold record."

Barrere (almost symbolically) returns the salt-cellar to its original position on the table.

HE THEN points out that whilst still going for the Queen, it's crucial to avoid being compromised into delivering the goods to an appointed schedule.

"I like The Doobie Brothers," he reveals, "but never enjoyed too many of their records, simply because they went and got themselves into an awkward position of having to push out far too much material for their own good.

"Now, their last album ("Taking It To The Streets") was, in my opinion, the biggest step forward that any top American rock band has made in quite a long time — but, because they'd saturated the market, not too many people realised what a good album it really was."



Good grief, man — get a grip on yourself. Barrere . . . still snivellin'.

Little Feat can't be accused of spreading themselves thin.

"Well, we're not the kinda band that just slaps together because we've got an album to make. We *always* take our time. That way, we don't regret anything.

"F' instance," he elaborates, "we originally recorded 'Hi Roller' around the time of 'Dixie Chicken' and it was a very different record to the one we put out on 'Time Loves A Hero'. As far as I can recall, we recorded 'Hi Roller' four different ways before we were satisfied.

"By doing that kinda thing, we can get a much clearer picture of how a specific song should sound. Lowell (George) once told me, vinyl is like an artist's canvas and you always want to apply just one more brush stroke. You see, once it's out and in the record stores you can't change your mind and ask for it back just because you've decided to make some last-minute adjustment.

"Then again I suppose it has worked against us, because we don't sell huge amounts of albums."

FOR THE first time in our conversation, Paul Barrere has made mention of guitar-playing cohort Lowell George.

As it so happens, most of the rumours concerning Little Feat's impending doom have centred around the man under the Flat Cap.

Furthermore the fact that, after almost dominating Little Feat's first three albums, Lowell George's composing credits dwindled from three solo contributions and three collaborations on "Feat's Don't Fail Me Now," to two of one and one of the other on "The Last Record Album", to just "Rocket In My Pocket" and a two-way split with Barrere on "Keeping Up With The Jones" on "Time Loves A Hero" — adds inevitably to the gossip.

"Many things need to be explained," Barrere insists: "In the past many of our albums were good enough to sell sufficient copies to go gold, but maybe our record company didn't take us seriously enough.

"Now in the last year, things have changed. They'll have to get behind us because Mo Ostin (Warners' Big Brother) has put his nuts on the line and made a personal commitment to get behind us because 'Time Loves A Hero' is the first in a six-album deal we've just re-negotiated with Warners.

"That's why the last album was called 'The Last Record Album', because it was just that. The last album under the old deal.

"But far too many people misconstrued the title. The artwork was just a take-off of 'The Last Picture Show' and old Hollywood.

"In retrospect," Barrere continues, "'The Last Record Album' was a really serious album, it was so serious it got sickening. There was no fun involved in making it."

Why?

"I'm not too sure. I think that maybe we were striving too hard for perfection and as a result, we tended to tighten up and loose some of our natural spontaneity

"In the end, that album took twice as long and twice as much hard work to complete than any other album we've made".

Overall, it was somewhat pessimistic in its attitudes.

"Correct. A lotta people remarked that it has a big black cloud hanging over it. Come to think of it, a lot of the songs had down themes . . .

"When we recorded 'The Last Record Album', Lowell was producing and drawing flak from both Billy (Payne) and myself for doing things certain ways." He avoids being specific. "The result is that there really wasn't too much humour evident on that particular album. Not like 'Feats Don't Fail Me Now' which was very loose, very satirical and a lotta fun to make. But then, we never come out with what most people expect."

BARRERE then reveals his hand: had "The Last Record Album" not sold respectably — if Warners had not re-invested in the band (despite the fact that CBS and Arista had open cheque books at the ready) — Little Feat would have quite probably gone under.

"By the time we'd finished 'The Last Record Album', Lowell had decided that he didn't want to continue to take on the responsibility for five other peoples lives. So he abdicated the responsibilities of running the band. He didn't want to always be known as Lowell George *and* Little Feat. He wanted it to be Little Feat.

"Lowell's trouble is that he doesn't do anything by half-measures and recently he's been over-doing it.

"Staying up too many nights in a row, working on both his solo album and finishing off 'Times Loves A Hero', so he just didn't realise that he was giving his body a rough time. Too much booze, too many pills to help him stay awake, insufficient sleep and in the end he went down with a bad case of hepatitis.

"Perhaps next time," he says almost philosophically, "he'll think twice!"

ACCORDING to the terms of the new agreement that Little Feat and Warner Brothers have pacted, nobody in the band can leave or be permanently replaced for the duration of the six albums contracted.

The financial security that the contract also offers, means that no longer will there be any further need (other than self-gratification) for the likes of Barrere to supplement their income by backing Japanese rock singers and other artists looking for guest shots by El Feato alumni to up their credibility quota.

"The Last Record Album" may have saved the day, but Barrere also claims that the same set of values also applied when cutting the optimistically entitled "Feats Don't Fail Me Now."

"That album was a very personal experience for us. Holding out for respect and integrity, but aware that you can't hold out that much longer because the economic structure keeps telling you that if something drastic doesn't happen real quick, you'll starve.

"As far as I'm concerned, I don't want to strum three chords with a stack of 14 Marshall speakers blasting out behind me at maximum volume. So what do you do?"

What do you do?

"Just hang in there — and, in the end, it paid off for us. The only problems now are artistic. Hopefully the music will be more accessible and enjoy mass-appeal".

He rolls his eyes heavenwards.

"So we *don't* go for singles. Maybe the music on 'Time Loves A Hero' isn't as tongue-in-cheek or sophisticated as before, but on the other hand it might enable people to understand what we're doing.

"When I first joined Little Feat about five years ago, we were more concerned with just playing — to the point where we hardly ever looked at the audience. When we really concentrated hard we were just great, but then it used to go" *(he emits a low whistle)* "right over their heads.

"The little jams we had were so delicately balanced that quite often we used to forget that there were people out front.

"It's always fun to play with Lowell because the more we've come to know one another the more we're able to switch from lead to rhythm and back again instantly. It's become very spontaneous. It's not duelling banjos but a very humourous thing, especially when we lean heavily on the beat.

"People always like to hear hot guitar licks and Lowell and I do it quite differently from any other two guitarists. All it really is, is a private joke that people can understand.

"So, after all these years I now feel we've almost overcome the problems of communication. I do believe we've now got the audience behind us. I do want *that* gold record!"

Q. What do the following and this year's album-for-the-summer have in common?

The Drifters, "Under The Boardwalk", Reparata and the Delrons, "Captain Of Your Ship", Fox, "Only You Can", "Imagine Me, Imagine You", "Single Bed", Demick and Armstrong.

A. Kenny Young. Or Herbie Armstrong. Or both.

Kenny Young and Herbie Armstrong are Yellow Dog.

"Yellow Dog" is the album for this summer and always.

Out now on Virgin Records. V2083.

T. REX

NEW MAXI SINGLE IN SPECIAL BAG 1ST 25,000 ONLY

DANDY IN THE UNDERWORLD

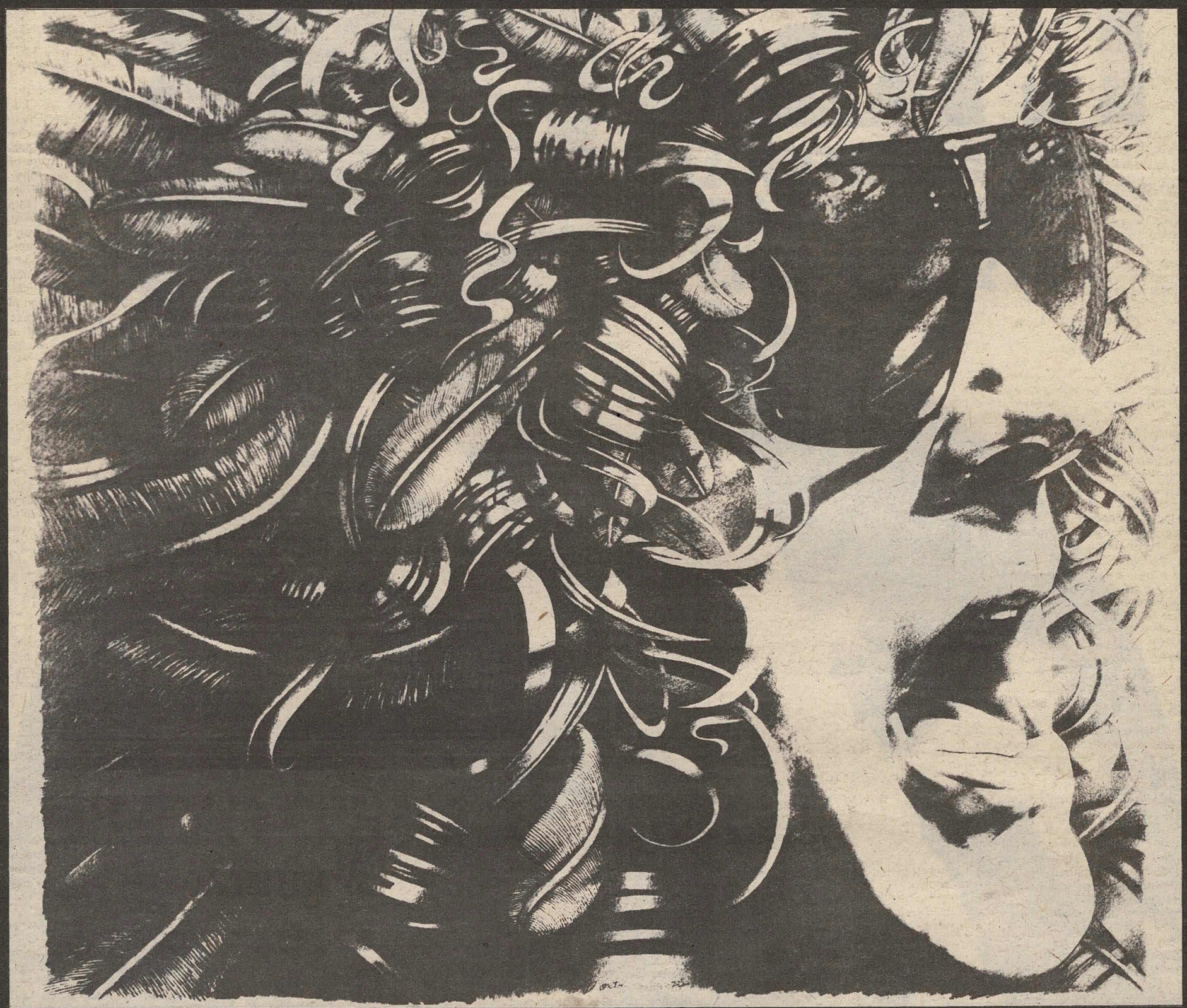
GROOVE A LITTLE

TAME MY TIGER

MARC 17

Marketed by EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

IAN HUNTER
OVERNIGHT ANGELS



IAN HUNTER
new album
OVERNIGHT ANGELS

Ian Hunter is back in Britain!
Back with his first album for over a year. A brand-new band.
And a solo tour –
Get the album 'Overnight Angels.'
Hear the band – Earl Slick, lead guitar; Rob Rawlinson, bass; Peter Oxendale, keyboards; and Curly Smith, drums.
And see the tour.

the album featuring the single: 'Justice Of The Peace'
Is Produced by Roy Thomas Baker

on CBS Records & Tapes
CBS 81993

IAN HUNTER
ON TOUR

MEL BUSH PRESENTS IAN HUNTER ON TOUR!

June 8
Manchester Free Trade Hall
June 9
Leicester De Montfort Hall
June 10
Cardiff Top Rank
June 11
Aylesbury Vale Hall
June 12
THE ODEON HAMMERSMITH

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

the Vibrators

Hear their new single *Baby Baby*

THRILLS

ARISE, SIR HIDEOUS . . .

JUBILEE FUN AT BUCK HOUSE —EXCLUSIVE

"I DON'T CARE who you are," said the Guardsman sternly. "You can't come in 'ere without an appointment."

Outside, the sun beat down on the mottled hordes of imported humanity peering through the railings of Buckingham Palace in the hope of getting a glimpse of . . . her.

The Main Squeeze. The Big One. The Kause Of The Kommotion. The Main Event. The Queen.

Little did the midday tourist throng, Instamatics at the ready, realise that for the next couple of hours, the focus of their fantasies wasn't going anywhere. She was waiting for me.

"Look," I said wearily. "For the 17th and final time, I *do* have an appointment. I'm Hideous Bill Gangrene from *New Musical Express* and I'm here to interview Her Majesty. I'm six minutes late already because I've been hanging around here with you . . . listen, I am on the guest list. It's all been arranged by Virgin Records. Let me talk to the manager."

He didn't even blink. In the same hectoring monotone he repeated, "I don't care who you are, you can't get in 'ere without an appointment."

I was slowly losing my temper. It was a hot day, it'd been murderous getting a cab from Kings Reach and I was desperate for a leak. This jerko was definitely making me NERVOUS and when I get NERVOUS I start DOING FINGS and when I start DOING FINGS I don't stop until I'm not NERVOUS any more, but by then nearly everybody else is. So I figured this berk had to be DEALT WITH.

So I closed my eyes for a second and concentrated deeply, summoned up my *chi* (that means "inner strength", for the benefit of all you schnurdoes who like to yell "I'm Bruce Lee's son" but who don't know the first thing about the martial arts) and focussed all the energies of my spiritual and physical forms in my mouth. I aimed right between his eyes and launched a spitball that drilled clear through to the wall behind.

He dropped like a stone and I licked my lips as an old codger in a grey flannel suit bustled up to me and started apologising.

"Over-zealous security," he murmured, as he steered me through the door marked "Private". "Your name should've been on the list, but we've got a bit of a panic on right now . . . I mean, everybody wants tickets and interviews and free copies of the Pistols' single and T-shirts . . . we're really overloaded at the moment and we forgot to put your name on the door.

"Listen, do you want a drink before we start?"

He ushered me into the interview room and motioned me towards a brocaded sofa facing the Jubilee Chair. I stared reverently at the chair. No-one was on it.

"She's just changing at the moment 'cause she's got a photo session immediately after the interview and she's got to get into her Jubilee clobber. It takes her ages to get all strapped in and made up, but since you had the trouble at the door she thought she'd get herself tarted up first."

I ignored the anguished shriek of "Anyone got any safety pins?" from the next room and looked for a place to put my cassette machine. The codger brought me a whisky sour and I was halfway through it when the Presence walked in.

LEMMETELLYA, I've been around. Working for the *NME* you get to know them all. I've shared brown rice and seaweed with Sid Vicious, slimming pills with Elton John, groupie stories with Cliff Richard, long drives in the country with Eddie Cochran, discussions on Dostoyevsky with DeeDee Ramone, bacon sandwiches with Bob Marley, workouts at the gym with Keith Richard.

I've done it all. I gave Brian Jones mouth-to-mouth rescucitation — unfortunately, it was several weeks too early and his mates done me over for getting fresh. I walked out on Bob Dylan just before he gave his first performance of "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" because I knew that he wasn't going to come up with anything that night. I sat up all night trying to make Paul Simon realise that his career would be finished if he broke up with Artie. I told Chuck Berry to forget the guitar and just stand up and sing — preferably other people's songs.

So you can appreciate that it takes TRUE CHARISMA to impress me these days. The other day I saw myself in the mirror and was too awestruck to move for three hours, but apart from that I have come to agree with Lester Bangs — the bigger the star, the bigger the scumsucker.

In fact, I'd just decided that if Mick Jagger was such a boring conceited old fraud, then the Queen — who was after all much richer and much older and even more famous — was only fit for a good kicking and so I was on my feet and ready to fight by the time her ass had touched down — rather gingerly in that tight dress, it must be admitted — on the chair.

She smiled glassily and stared politely at a point three inches above my left shoulder.

Suddenly I was in love — and when I say I'm in love you best believe I'm in *love* — L.O.V.E. *Love.*

I was in the presence of true cool. True boredom. True suppressed inarticulate hatred. True nerveless frustrated brutal apathy. I was in the presence of a true anarchist.

I went down on my knees and kissed her flaccid hand. An electric shock tingled my lips. I should have realised that they'd have her wired up to discourage burglars.

"Your Majesty . . ."I began in a strangled croak. Gracefully, she motioned me to be seated. I complied, and her eyes gradually focussed upon me.

"Your Majesty, all of us at the *NME* wish to congratulate you upon this your Jubilee year," I said.

"Thank you, Mr Gangrene. My husband and I, in our turn, would like to congratulate your splendid organ on having had a Silver Jubilee — a Jubilee of its own, in fact — earlier this year. We were going to drop in for the piss-up but somehow we never quite got around to it what with one thing and another.

"Occasionally one of the Ladies-In-Waiting leaves a copy around — while they're waiting, as it were — and we all find it ever so amusing. Thank you." Her waving hand started to twitch discreetly, but she restrained herself with an effort.

I stubbed my cigarette out on an elderly Greek who has happened to be lying zonked out next to the sofa.

"Your Majesty — " I began.

"Call me Madge," she breathed. I could see that at last she realised that she was in the presence of a true comrade, and not one of those awestruck hacks who just get hung up on her image and refuse to just treat her like a HUMAN BEING.

"So what are your thoughts, Madge," I asked, "about this the 25th year of your reign."

She yawned briefly, elegantly covering her mouth with a small dog of some sort. "I suppose it's some sort of achievement not having gone berserk by now," she admitted gracefully. "I don't know what's worse, the endless boring grind of being on the road and touring and that, or the staying at home trying to keep a straight face through all those official functions. Half the time I wish I could hire that bird who looks like me to take on a few of the extra gigs — sort of like The Platters or the Floyd.

"I mean, I really sympathise with Raquel and Farrah and of course poor dear Marilyn — *what* a loss that girl was to all of us — about how absolutely stultifying it is to be tied to your image. Look at it my way. If I decide that I want to update me image, what do you think the public'll have to say about it? The bloody daily papers'll go age-shit! They'll make that Margaret Trudeau business look like a storm in a teacup.

"You understand I can't say any of this to those turkeys at the BBC or even to my own family. I can't even say anything in that farcical Christmas Message I do every year.

"It's only to you, Bill, and to those gallant hundreds of thousands of *NME* readers who are the only subjects of mine that I really care about, that I can really speak my mind. So screw protocol, man . . . Let's get loose. Just ask me what you'd ask Bruce Springsteen."

I took a deep breath. "Where'd you get those earrings?"

She grinned and tapped the side of her nose with one finger. I knew I was dealing with True Class, so I asked her why she gave an MBE to a gang of old creeps like The Beatles.

"Awwwwww man . . . if I'd known how those guys were going to turn out I'd given the MBE to Gerry and The Pacemakers instead. Did you know that they thought they were being so bloody cool and hip by going off to smoke dope in the toilets? It was only that same old mediocre Moroccan that everybody thought was so good in those days so I didn't even bother going in for a hit. The kids kept asking why they were giggling and falling over when they came out. *Such* kids I have. They don't know *nuthin!*

"When that bat-eared son of mine had his Investiture he never even realised that we'd juiced up his Kellogg's . . . and look at the schlubbo Anne went off with. She probably married him simply because it was relaxing to be around him after the severe mental strain of riding horses all day."

She stifled a cackle. "Goodness, I am tipsy. Actually, I mustn't laugh too much or me seams'll go on this dress. Look, ask me one more quick one and then I'll have to dash. It's all that foreign food I've had this year — keeps one on the run, doesn't it?"

I finished the whisky sour and turned up the volume on the cassette machine. It was time to ask The Big One.

"Have you heard the Pistols' single?"

"Not like Frankie Laine, is it? I mean 'Ghost Riders In The Sky' it isn't. The mix is dead sloppy and I got bored with all this punk stuff after Iggy's first album, but as you of all people should know, Bill, the strength of a nation lies in its youth. It's okay for people of my age to listen to the odd Frampton album on the quiet, but things have come to a pretty poor pass when you get KIDS buying that slop.

"Me, I like a bit of nostalgia. Old Gene Vincent records, or Billie Holiday if you want to take it right back to when I was growin' up in th'delta.

"Tell you who I *really* like: Kraftwerk and Neil Young, but the Pistols . . . shit, everybody's totally over the top these days, specially Malcolm. You just can't go down the shop anymore 'cause Jagger's hanging about outside trying to pluck up the bottle to go in."

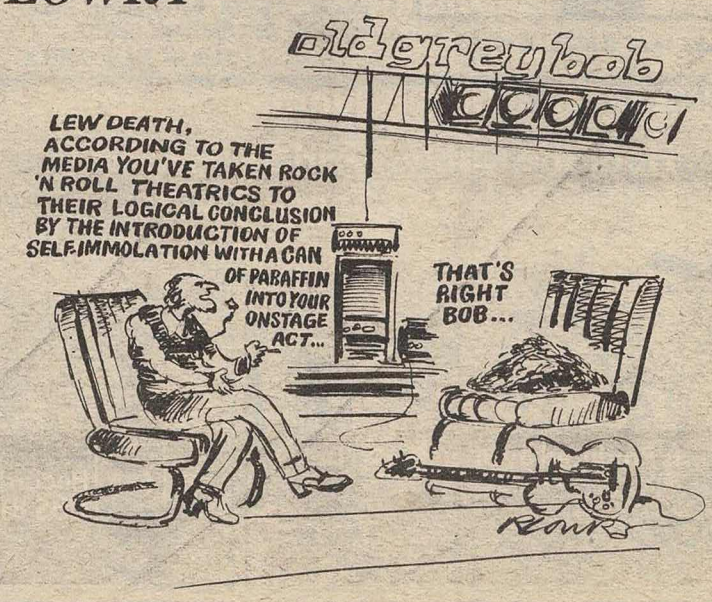
"Still I gotta go and 'ave me picture took." She heaved herself out of the chair and took this bleeding great sword off the wall. I had me bike-chain out before you could say "Sid Vicious wears Pretty Polly tights" but then she made it clear that she had something else in mind.

In a dreamlike daze, I sank to my knees. This could not be happening to me. Still brandishing the sword, she moved closer . . .

Back out on the street, I surveyed all the Jubilee tack and realised that I had been privileged to be one of the few who had ever gazed beyond the bland facade.

And for the rest of my life, I would always hear that voice murmuring, "Arise, Sir Hideous . . ."

LOWRY


old grey bob
LEW DEATH, ACCORDING TO THE MEDIA YOU'VE TAKEN ROCK 'N ROLL THEATRICS TO THEIR LOGICAL CONCLUSION BY THE INTRODUCTION OF SELF-IMMOLATION WITH A CAN OF PARAFFIN INTO YOUR ONSTAGE ACT...
THAT'S RIGHT BOB...

GONNA BE A LONG HOT STRUMMER

YOU DON'T catch Bob Dylan snucking out to spray **Zim Rules** on the bus shelters of Malibu.

You ain't ever seen Lee Brilleaux painting Canvey Island red.

So far, Blast Furnace has left the walls of the Mayfair intact.

When you're reduced to chalking up *your own graffitti* — well we think that's JUST A LITTLE SAD.

Last Thursday, the Kentish Town police arrested a "youth" for spraying "a word" on a wall adjacent to Dingwalls Dancehall.

The word was CLASH.

The young man gave his name as JOE STRUMMER.

Jes' another of those Robert Plant stories, we said to ourselves.

You know: they catch you pissing in the street and you tell them you're Cat Stevens.

Saves embarrassment.

But no.

This time it really was . . . JOE STRUMMER.

Hey, Joe — they got press agents for that sort of thing, you know.

Actually, Joe Strummer would be a gift to any press agent who didn't mind brushes with the law.

On Friday, he was not only to appear in court in Kentish Town to answer the graffitti charges (at four o'clock in the afternoon).

He was also supposed to appear in court at Newcastle. (at six o'clock in the afternoon) on charges of stealing pillows and room keys from Newcastle's Holiday Inn.

A crowded schedule, indeed.

In fact it seems the police just can't get enough of the Westway Boys.

On their way home from Nottingham after a gig, the same night as the Dingwalls incident, they were stopped again.

Not theft or vandalism this time.

They were travelling too slow in the fast lane. □ AMY PROSSER

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Joe and Wall Without A Cause

Abba Abba
By Anthony Burgess
(*Faber*, £3.95)
Two Moons

Anthony Burgess, author of "A Clockwork Orange" seems to have chosen an unlikely subject for his new book . . .

● *The Times, June 2 1977.*

minimum charge £1.50. — 845 6306.
F13765
ABBA REMOVALS, social security estimates. all areas. — 993 1761.
F36985
ABOXNE Transport 24-hour removal

No doubt that's one way to end their chart supremacy . . .

● *The Wembley Observer, May 24 1977.*

CLAWS FOR COMPLAINT

BESTIALITY JUST *'has'* to be to '77 what bisexuality was to '73; cool, because claws don't hurt half as much as platform boots. Herewith two stories of man's love for beast and vice (everyone has *one* vice) versa.

The first cautionary tale comes from the Serbian village of Osijak, where Farmer Slavko sold his pedigree pig to Farmer Mijo.

Mijo tucked the pig up and drove it fifty miles to his farm, only to wake up alone.

By noon, the little runaway had been spotted strolling back to the farmer it loved. It turned up on Slavko's doorstep, three days later and forty pounds lighter.

"It gets homesick," Slavko explained. "It's the second time I've sold it and it's the second time it's come back. It doesn't seem to want to leave me."

Animal psychologist Dr. Ferdinand Brunner of Vienna agreed; "Pigs aren't stupid. Even when driven to market they can find their way home."

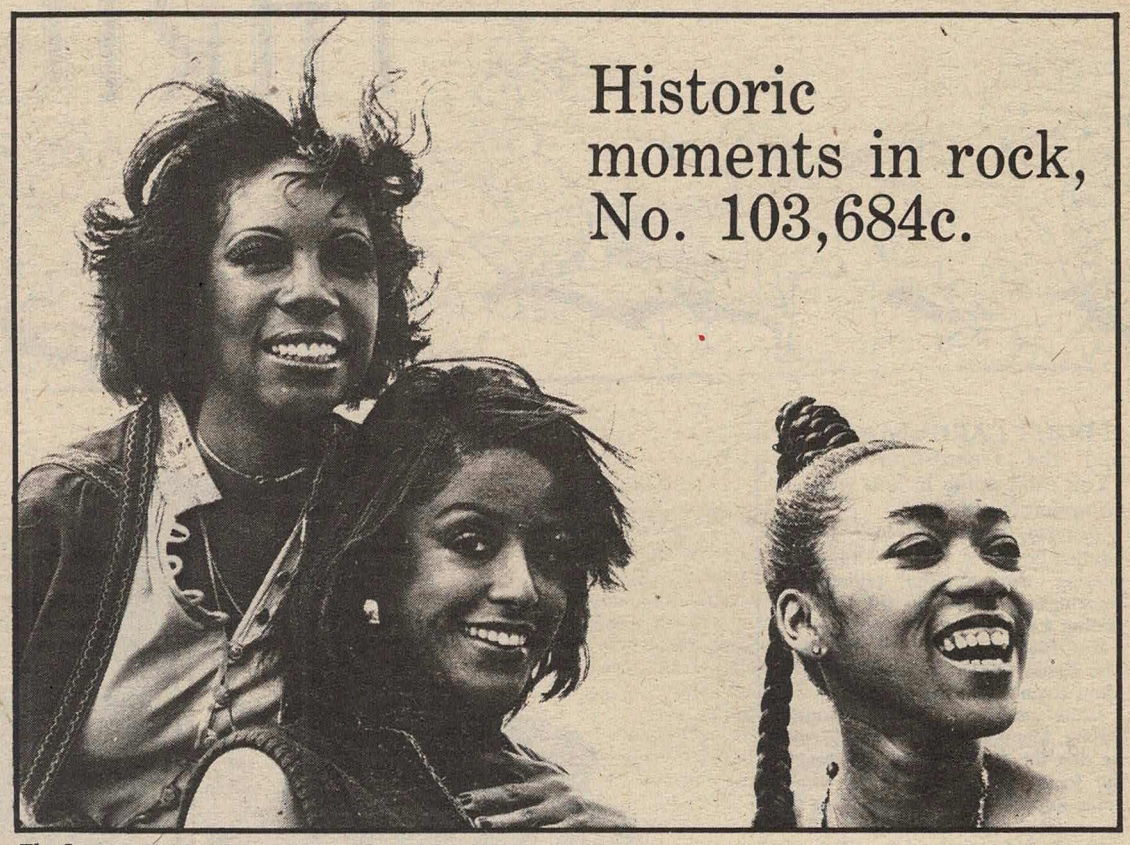
Meanwhile, in the wilds of Middlesex, dustman Terence Pusey has been fined £25 for keeping a "dangerous wild animal".

Aforementioned critter is Clarence the Crocodile, much loved pet of Terence, his wife and their two children. So well-loved, in fact, that every night before the Pusey family turn in, they queue up to give Clarence a smakeroo on the lips!

When the spoilsport local council got hip to the trip, however, Terence was ordered to throw Clarence out into the snow.

But this brave boy is standing firm; "Clarence is the children's pet. He stays even if it means me going to prison. They'll be sending round crocodile detector vans next!"

□ **JULIE BURCHILL**



Historic moments in rock, No. 103,684c.

The Supremes in London — (left to right) Mary Wilson, Scherrie Payne and Susaye Green. The wigs went shortly after Diana Ross.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

THE LAST SUPREME LEAVES THE NEST

AS ANNOUNCED in *NME* last week, Mary Wilson is leaving The Supremes.

While the news may not curl your toes with excitement, 'cause the girls haven't exactly been hitting the headlines lately (or cutting it on record for that matter), you gotta admit that it's historic moment in the annals of pop.

Despite the comparatively recent slump the name The Supremes is still in the top rank of all-time best-sellers, both in number of hits and total amount of records sold.

And until this coming Sunday (12th) Mary is the only original member left in the group. Indeed, she was the founder (with the late Florence Ballard) of the school act that led to The Primettes (with Diana Ross) that led to The Supremes.

That was getting on for 17 years ago. 15 years ago they scraped into America's Hot 100 with their first minor hit ("Seventeen"), 13 years ago they scored their first No.1 million-seller ("Where Did Our Love Go"), 10 years ago Diana Ross was singled out for credited lead (on "Reflections"), eight years ago she left to go solo (after announcing "Someday We'll Be Together").

The years since then haven't been half as dull for the group as current disinterest seems to suggest, for they have fitted in at least a dozen hits, a couple of No.1s and a fairly consistent touring schedule.

Nevertheless, they haven't been unduly exciting years either.

"The fun went out of it" admitted Mary, relaxed on the couch in her suite at Leicester's Holiday Inn. "I'm the kind of person who needs a challenge, otherwise I'm very lazy.

"I'd done everything any entertainer could possibly do in the business with The Supremes.

"So in order to continue to grow I had to be in a sphere where I can develop, where there is a challenge.

***MARY WILSON** charts the theoretical route of her solo career, and reveals the **MARVIN GAYE** connection.*

"I only really started feeling that way last year though. It took that long to work through all the possibilities. And of course if Scherrie (Payne) and Susaye (Green) carry on with the group they'll have a lot more scope because they haven't done as much as me with The Supremes.

"My husband Pedro (Ferrer) started encouraging me to revalue my talent, because I'd never thought of myself as a solo performer.

"Then friends started telling me the same thing so I finally agreed to venture out on my own."

Pedro is not only Mary's husband but her manager. He also controls some of the rights to The Supremes' name and has just started managing Marvin Gaye.

In other words, he's on the case.

A friendly, quietly spoken but obviously very sharp gent, he was remarkably candid for a manager, a species that usually keeps details of pending news as close to their chest as their wallet.

Advised that Mary would be staying with Motown, I directed my surprise at him.

Since 1969 The Corporation has quite clearly put a lot more effort behind Diana Ross than The Supremes; didn't he think there was a danger of Mary suffering from the same imbalance?

"Well, I tell you" (he told me) "any record company, including Motown, they are in business to make a profit. But any record company, including Motown, if they are supposed to do a certain thing they're gonna have to do it whether they want to or not.

"That is if the contract is right in the first place. So if I get what I want in the contract, then we're gonna be on Motown.

"If I had a choice of getting the same thing in another company other than Motown I'd still stay with them because everybody there is a friend of mine. Mary has been there all her working life, and I know that they really know how to get things done if they want to or have to.

"Obviously they didn't *want* to in the last four or five years so the only other way is that they *have* to.

"And that's what we're now negotiating. We are very close to an agreement; I would say about 70% close. 30% is still argument but I think by the time we get home everything will be fine.

"We'll be on Motown, most likely for five years, and I can tell you that Mary's contract will be over $2½ million guaranteed.

"The first producer will be Marvin Gaye. Hopefully he will produce the first two albums, and from there we'll go with the best writers available.

"So everything, the whole future, looks very good.

And what of The Supremes? Will the group continue without Mary?

"Yes, I believe very much so. There is no definite plan so far but we're already looking for another member for the group. As a matter of fact Susaye told me that she has spoken to Stevie Wonder and there is a very nice possibility that she'll convince him to record The Supremes. In that case I think we will have two in one."

"THAT'S ENOUGH business talk" Mary laughingly interjected, trying to get a word in edgeways between her husband and their baby daughter Tacessa, who was busily testing the suite's doors for squeaks and my microphone for flavour.

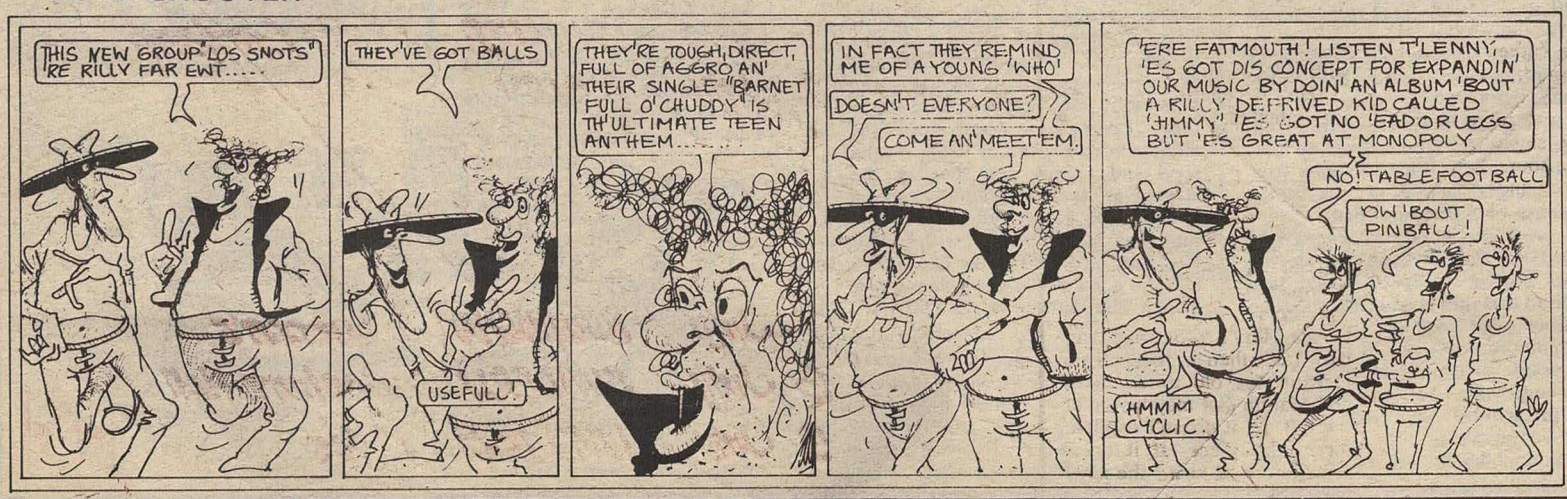
"I leave that side of things to Pedro" she explained (Mary, not Tacessa), "but still, whose inter-

TODAY

BOB MARLEY AND THE WHALERS: Rainbow, London (to June 4).
QUEEN: Liverpool Empire (and 3),
RUSH: Free Trade Hall, Manchester.
EDDIE & HOT RODS: Town Hall, [illegible].

From the Daily Mirror, June 2 1977

LONE GROOVER — BENYON


THIS NEW GROUP 'LOS SNOTS' 'RE RILLY FAR EWT.....
THEY'VE GOT BALLS
USEFULL!
THEY'RE TOUGH, DIRECT, FULL OF AGGRO AN' THEIR SINGLE "BARNET FULL O' CHUDDY" IS TH' ULTIMATE TEEN ANTHEM.....
IN FACT THEY REMIND ME OF A YOUNG 'WHO'
DOESN'T EVERYONE?
COME AN' MEET 'EM.
'ERE FATMOUTH! LISTEN T'LENNY, 'ES GOT DIS CONCEPT FOR EXPANDIN' OUR MUSIC BY DOIN' AN ALBUM 'BOUT A RILLY DEPRIVED KID CALLED 'JIMMY' 'ES GOT NO 'EAD OR LEGS BUT 'ES GREAT AT MONOPOLY
NO! TABLE FOOTBALL
OW 'BOUT PINBALL!
HMMM CYCLIC.

view is this anyway?"

Well, on the artistic side of things then, the obvious question. How do you see your solo career developing?

"I haven't really had time to plan it; I haven't gotten that far in my thinking. I'm only just at the point of realising that I'm going solo, it's all a bit beyond my comprehension.

"I imagine it'll be a little lonely out there at first because in travelling with a group there's always someone on hand and the responsibility isn't on one particular person. Things are shared. Harmonies are shared, interviews are shared. As a solo there is no-one else to blame except yourself.

"As for material, I would like to sing the kind of songs that I have never really had the opportunity to sing before, mainly because the group has been known for a certain kind of music.

"My singing is not really in the rock vein but what I'd like to do is commercial nowadays anyway, there are lots of women out there singing my kind of music. Gladys Knight, Barbra Streisand . . . those kind of performers and songs. Songs that really feel personal. A person can sing them and believe in them. I think I'll be singing those kind of songs.

So will you resist the requests that you're obviously going to get to sing Supremes' hits?

"I'd be honoured to sing Supremes' songs in my act if there were some things that I could enjoy singing. I'd probably shy away from the hits like 'Baby Love' and 'Stop, In The Name Of Love', the ones that are more identifiable with Diana, because of the difference in our voices.

"There's been so much comparison over the last seven or eight years and I'd like to get away from that. But there are a lot of other songs more associated with The Supremes as a group which I might do.

"Pedro understands what I want to do. He'll be helping to organise my act and he's looking for good material all the time.

"Recording? No, I haven't started yet but Pedro and Marvin have discussing various things. I guess I'll be free to start looking and listening to the material as soon as we get home. It's all been business up to now."

Business. A cue for hubby to join conversation again.

"I have listened to four of Marvin's songs already" Pedro explained.

"He was supposed to come to Europe this week to record Mary on those songs, but he hasn't finished his own album yet.

"By the time we're back home he'll be ready. I would say that Mary's first solo album, which he is definately producing, will be out around the end of July, beginning of August .

SO SOON? It hardly seems likely, especially with Marvin Gaye at the controls.

Who is this ball of energy who's recording his own album and preparing to work flat out on someone else's as well?

It certainly doesn't sound like the same man who gave some of the most cerebral interviews of all time in London last October.

"That's what everybody is wondering" laughed Pedro. "Marvin is a very independent type of person and he doesn't like to work too much.

"He likes sports, he likes to go to the country . . . he helps a lot of people, gives his support to things and gives a lot of money away, but when it comes to his career he's not always interested.

"But recently, before we left America he was going to the studio every single day for eight or nine hours, including Saturdays and Sundays, which is unbelievable you know.

"It's funny because Barney Ales and the Gordys and everybody at Motown were telling me, 'Pedro, it took us all two-and-a-half years to get Marvin in the studio. What is that you're doing, that he's suddenly working every day? What kind of medicine are you giving him?'

"But it's nothing. He's just in the mood right now. It's something he decided to do himself. We are very lucky, because he is so talented.

"And you know he's been a friend of Mary's for 15 years now."

"Yeah", Mary smiled, "we all used to go crazy about him. All the girls at Motown were in love with him. He'd come to the studio and perhaps sit down and play the piano and we'd all just be sitting around with him, sighing.

"He's a beautiful man, and *very* talented."

DON'T HOLD your breath in the interim but there's even a possibility that Marvin and Mary will be gigging together in Europe before the year is out.

Pedro's determined to launch Mary's solo career over here (and then in the U.S. in Detroit, for old time's sake) and Marvin just may be top of the bill. (If it doesn't happen, forget this piece. If it does, remember you heard the news here first).

□ CLIFF WHITE

ENTERPRISE ON THE UPPER CLYDE

JUST COMPLETED in Glasgow is Clyde 77, a two week festival of entertainments organised by Radio Clyde.

Apart from the usual fairs in the local parks, Clyde 77 brought to Glasgow shows and acts that would not otherwise have appeared.

Included in the wide range of programmes were such diverse attractions as the Scottish National Orchestra with Steve Hillage playing the orchestrated "Tubular Bells" and "Hergest Ridge", the Stan Tracy Quartet performing his Jazz suite inspired by *Under Milk Wood* **and a one-off solo concert by Neil Sedaka which told the story of his career.**

But the most enterprising of the events organised under the Clyde 77 banner was the series of "In Person" appearances arranged in conjunction with the Glasgow Film Theatre.

The idea of the in-person appearances was to let the people of Glasgow make personal contact with yer actual stars.

If the evening with Benny Gallagher and Graham Lyle was anything to go by, then the shows have been a great success.

The first half of the evening took the chat show format, with breaks for three A&M promotional film clips of the band playing recent numbers.

Andy Park, Radio Clyde's Head of Entertainment, guided the pair through their earlier career; prompted by his intelligent questions, Gallagher and Lyle came up with the goods.

There were stories of their early days, struggling in London with day jobs; of their stay at Apple; of the evolution of McGuinness Flint and their succumbing to the pressures of success on an unprepared good-time band; of the start all over again; of their actual *enthusiasm* **for their record company, A&M, who have always let them do what they wanted.**

BUT MOST interesting was their stay at that starry-eyed but star-crossed beautiful idea that was Apple.

The audience were told of Paul McCartney's interest in their work, and the "big break" when Mary Hopkin recorded their "Sparrow"; about the creative people — Kenny Rankin, James Taylor, Badfinger, Ken Kesey — who were around Apple in its golden hours; about the freeloaders and rip-off merchants who brought it all to a sad close.

"The Beatles were all going off in different directions and there was no one to take the reins," said Benny Gallagher with obvious regret. "There were a lot of creative people, but there were too many people taking the money and running . . ."

For the show's second half, Gallagher and Lyle performed on their own. Limited by the instruments available — guitars, mandolin and accordion — the songs were mostly older ones, like "Willie", "Work Song", "Greenfingers" and, by popular request, "International", from the first McGuinness Flint album.

In between songs, the duo answered questions and minor speeches from the audience with much wit and wisecracking.

Another promotional video ended the show as Gallagher & Lyle slipped out. £1.50 for two-and-a-half hours of that kind of personal involvement represents value for money.

For Andy Park, however, the important thing is that these events be socially rather than financially successful.

And you thought that all Glasgow had to offer was booze and violence?

□ IAN CRANNA

Gallagher and Lyle: Paul McCartney was very interested in their work . . . Pic: PENNIE SMITH

(I'M) STRANDED
THE SAINTS
'(I'M) STRANDED'
ALBUM SHSP 4065 FEATURING CURRENT SINGLE
'EROTIC NEUROTIC'
HAR 5123
APPEARING AT
11 June SOUTHPORT Pricy Hotel
16 June LONDON Dingwalls
18 June DUNSTABLE California
19 June CROYDON Greyhound
20 June LONDON Nashville
21 June LONDON Nashville
22 June TWICKENHAM Winning Post
23 June LONDON Hope and Anchor, N.1.
24 June LONDON Rock Garden
25 June LONDON Rock Garden
29 June PLYMOUTH Woods
30 June PENZANCE Winter Gardens
2 July DUDLEY JB Club
3 July MANCHESTER Electric Circus
4 July DONCASTER Outlook Club
6 July SWINDON Affair Club
7 July BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's
8 July SUNDERLAND Seaburn Hall
9 July LIVERPOOL Eric's
HARVEST

MOVIN' ON OUT OF THE MACON MESS

Softball and hard rock with Betts band

I GUESS it's fair to say that Dickey Betts was the one member of The Allman Brothers to come out of the convoluted saga of death, dope and slow Southern dementia intact and with clean hands. Betts was the one who quit in disgust when gruntin' Gregg (of Cher fame) pointed his finger and road manager Scooter Herring went down the river for what amounted to the average human lifespan.

There was a time, a while back, when it seemed that even Betts was turning a little strange. There were stories about how he'd started dressing up in formal suits and insisting that he should be addressed as *Mister* Richard Betts.

When he returned to New York last week, he seemed to be strictly back in the traditional Macon, Georgia, lifestyle. You know, hard liquor, fried chicken and blue jeans. He was also back to being plain old Dickey.

Just to reinforce his return to the good old boy, rock and roll groove, his showcase concert at New York's prestigious — and somewhat production line — Bottom Line was augmented by a softball game in Central Park and a finger-licking dinner and drunk at the newly opened Trax club.

Softball is a slightly refined version of baseball. The ball is not so lethally hard as a baseball, and the rules specify that it can only be pitched underarm.

Betts and his band, Great Southern, take their softball very seriously. With true Dixie bravado they took on not one but three successive teams in the same afternoon.

The first two games were against the Arista Records sales and promotion teams, who, resplendent in their full pro-style uniforms, take softball almost as seriously as the Betts band. (Americans are, after all, great competitors.)

Both games were close run. The Betts band triumphed in the end, albeit at the expense of keyboard player Tom Broome spraining an ankle.

The third and final game was against the rock press. I was invited to join the team but respectfully declined. I mean, if they'd wanted to shoot pool I'd have happily turned up with folding cue, in its neat little case, tucked under my arm. Softball, though, forget it. I've never seen the point in wearing myself out chasing a ball about in broad daylight.

Columnist Lester Bangs and my fellow traveller, David Goodman, the fun commissar from Dingwall's Dancehall, were somewhat less trepid. They stepped forward manfully, despite the fact that Goodman had never been closer to the game than primary school rounders, and Bangs hardly shapes up to Joe DiMaggio in terms of muscle tone. The spectacle of these two standing resolutely in the outfield watching the balls go by was little short of surreal.

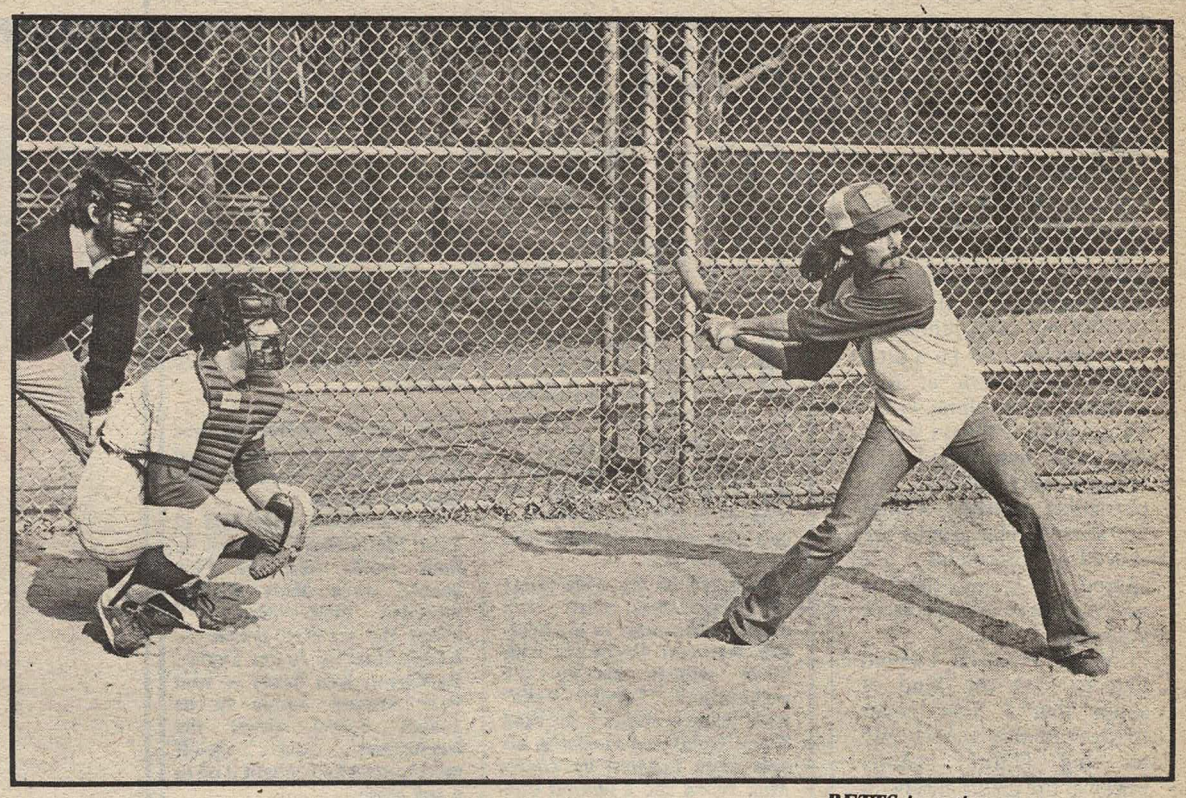
Needless to say, the game was a disaster from the rock critics' point of view. With a cry of "Which one of you Mothers gave me that bum review?" Betts and his crew smashed balls all over the park. Even the substitution of two sprightly freelance photographers couldn't stop the rout. The rock writers crawled away to console themselves with the free booze.

At the reception, Dickey Betts and the rest of the band didn't seem too interested in talking about the convolutions and complexities of the Allman break-up.

"If I don't get a shower real soon this bar's gonna smell like a locker room," is a typical comment. They are elated from the ball game and now seem intent on getting even more elated on whiskey.

The next night, at the Bottom Line the fun has been forgetting. Playing their music is the most important and serious thing in the lives of Dickey Betts and Great Southern.

The Bottom Line tends to add to the seriousness of the occasion. It isn't one of New York's most fun places. Nobody really goes there to hang out. It's like a factory for the presentation of live music, and almost totally monopolised by the record companies for showcasing acts to the disc jockeys, press and the rest of the



BETTS in action . . .

Pogo. Exercise which became popular in 1921. The pogo jumping-stick is a pole short or long according to the height of the user, with foot rests on either side. At its base is an indiarubber pad, and in the interior of the stick is a strong coiled spring. The mechanism is simple, but makes hopping an excellent exercise, the shock being broken by the indiarubber pad. The kangaroo-like attitude of the players causes some amusement at first, but enthusiasts claim [illegible] for pogo.

Pogo. The jumping-stick in use

From Harmsworth's Universal Encyclopedia (published c. 1925).

OUR PRICE RECORDS

CHECK OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!!

90p OFF TOP 50 ALBUMS OF THE WEEK

		OUR PRICE
1	Hotel California — Eagles	2.90
2	Exodus — Bob Marley & The Wailers	2.60
3	Book of Dreams — Steve Miller Band	2.60
4	Arrival — Abba	2.90
5	The Clash	2.50
6	A Star Is Born	2.50
7	In The City — The Jam	2.35
8	Deceptive Bends — 10cc	2.60
9	Im In You — Peter Frampton	2.70
10	Rattus Norvegicus — Stranglers	2.60
11	Rock Follies '77	2.70
12	Time Loves A Hero — Little Feat	2.40
13	Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers	2.60
14	*Pure Mania — Vibrators	2.50
15	Sneakin' Suspicion — Dr. Feelgood	2.35
16	*The Muppett Show	2.60
17	Rumours — Fleetwood Mac	2.40
18	Izitso — Cat Stevens	2.60
19	A New World Record — Electric Light Orchestra	2.60
20	Two Days Away — Elkie Brooks	2.70
21	Period of Transition — Van Morrison	2.40
22	Greatest Hits — Abba	2.50
23	Animals — Pink Floyd	2.70
24	Their Greatest Hits — Eagles	2.90
25	Greatest Hits — Smokie	2.45
26	Fly Like An Eagle — Steve Miller Band	2.35
27	Even In The Quitest Moments — Supertramp	2.70
28	Songs In The Key Of Life — Stevie Wonder	5.25
29	Endless Flight — Leo Sayer	2.60
30	One Of The Boys — Roger Daltrey	2.70
31	Peter Gabriel	2.60
32	Now — The Tubes	2.70
33	*In Flight — George Benson	2.40
34	Morroccan Roll — Band X	2.35
35	Alessi — The Alessi Brothers	2.70
36	Get It — Dave Edmunds	2.40
37	Lace and Whiskey — Alice Cooper	2.40
38	Heavy Weather — Weather Report	2.50
39	This Is Niecy — Deniece Williams	2.50
40	Classic Ash — Wishbone Ash	2.45
41	Dark Side Of The Moon — Pink Floyd	2.70
42	Best Of Car Wash	2.45
43	Evita	4.65
44	Works — Emerson, Lake & Palmer	5.50
45	Wish You Where Here — Pink Floyd	2.70
46	Wind and Wuthering — Genesis	2.60
47	Wings Over America — Wings	5.15
48	The Best Of The Faces	3.65
49	Clear Air Turbulance — Ian Gillan Band	2.60
50	Smash Hits — Detroit Spinners	2.40

WHY PAY MORE!!

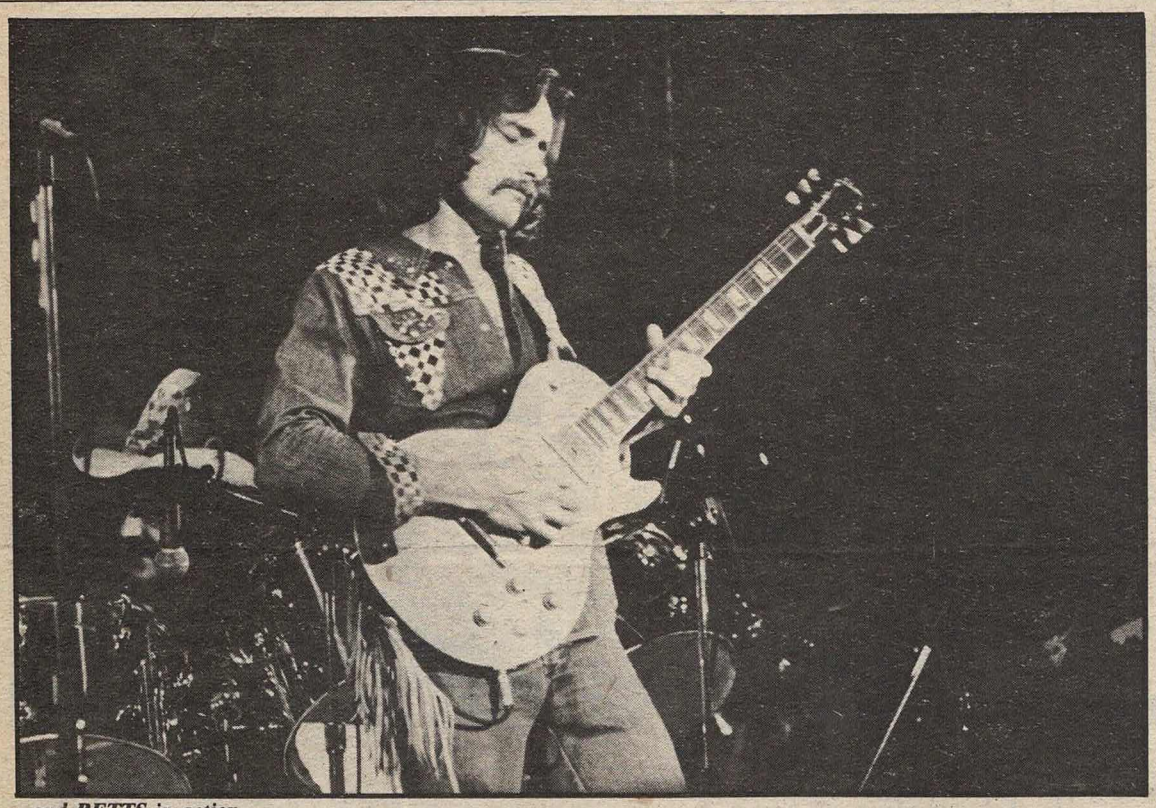
ALL ALBUMS DISCOUNTED (EXCEPT T.V. ADVERTISED ALBUMS)

FOREIGN VISITORS SAVE 8% VAT on orders of £80 plus by our Export VAT Scheme; available at Charing Cross Road Branch only.

SUPERDEALS

		RRP	O/P
1	Exodus — Bob Marley & The Wailers	3.50	2.60
2	Pure Mania — Vibrators	3.40	2.50
3	The Muppett Show	3.50	2.60
4	I'm In You — Peter Frampton	3.60	2.70
5	Book of Dreams — Steve Miller Band	3.50	2.60
6	Sneakin' Suspicion — Dr. Feelgood	3.25	2.35
7	Rock Follies '77	3.60	2.70
8	Hotel California — Eagles	3.80	2.90
9	Two Days Away — Elkie Brooks	3.60	2.70

137 CHARING CROSS RD. (OXFORD ST. END) WC2 TEL: 01-437 1713 • 70 NORTH END (NEXT TO WOOLWORTHS) CROYDON TEL: 01-681 7107
12 TOTTENHAM COURT RD. W1 TEL: 01-636 4631 • 26/28 KENSINGTON CHURCH ST. W8 TEL: 01-937 4282 • 95 CLARENCE ST. KINGSTON TEL: 01-546 6353
219A FINCHLEY RD. NW3 TEL: 01-624 2217 • 16 GOLDERS GREEN RD. NW11 TEL: 01-455 1078 • 151 EDGWARE RD. W2 TEL: 01-723 1883.



. . . and BETTS in action

music business. Almost every night they reserve all of the best and most of the worst seats.

The Bottom Line manages to cram in two shows every night. They do this by packing in the first audience, seating them at their reserved tables, serving them drinks, bringing on the band and then, once the set's over, throwing the crowd out to make room for the next lot. It hardly makes for what you'd call ambience.

The legendary nights like the one when Bob Dylan got up and jammed with Muddy Waters are few and far between.

The preamble to the arrival on stage of Betts and Great Southern is one of those boring, brittle, music business half hours when a whole lot of people who don't perticularly like each other talk shop with phoney enthusiasm. One of the mercies of being a stranger in a strange town is that you're not expected to engage in this kind of thing. Even the photographers prowling the tables and taking snaps of minor celebrities leave you alone.

While the road crew are making the final adjustments to the equipment, the band's wives and girl friends are escorted by a hulking roadie to a corner table. They have flowers in their hair and are wearing their best dresses. One is pregnant. It's just another gesture that seems to add to the air of phoney ritual.

The cut glass atmosphere is dispelled when the band hits the stage. Right from the start, they're laying it down in such a righteous vein that no weight of scenes and society is going to stop them being the sole focus of attention in the room.

The set opens with a cut off the new album, "Out To Get Me". It's a confident start, but nobody in the band has really committed himself. It's not until the second tune, "Run Gypsy Run" (another album cut), that the power starts to show through.

The first strength you notice is that of the two drummers, Jerry Thompson and Donni Sharbono. There's a tendency for some outfits who feature a double drum line to sound messy and disorganised, with percussion turning into unsynchronised thrashing This isn't the case, however, with Great Southern. Thompson and Sharbono lay into their kits with gusto, but it's co-ordinated to a powerhouse surrounding bass Ken Tibbetts, leaving him free to work out some stunning harmonic figures.

It's during "Run Gypsy Run" that the guitaring starts in earnest. Betts almost always plays the dominant role, with Dan Toler, who looks like a strange combination of Robert Plant and Marty Feldman, providing constant support and comfort. This kind of relationship between two guitar players has to be the result of not only strong empathy, but a great deal of hard work.

With this band, and particularly with his guitar playing, Dickey Betts walks a narrow line. On one side there's the danger of falling into the trap of merely becoming an Allman Brothers surrogate, and on the other, departing too far from the glorious days of "Eat A Peach" and alienating fans.

Betts does, in fact, carry off this delicate sleight of hand with flying colours. The trademark of the Allman days is firmly stamped on each solo, make no mistake about that, but instead of just recreating the past he manages to leave the listener with the firm idea that the music is positively going somewhere.

This is quite easy to do on "Run Gypsy Run" or "Nothing You Can Do", another of the new songs in the show. Where Betts' strength really shows is on Allman classics like "Elizabeth Reed" and "Jessica", which forms the triumphal set piece close for the Bottom Line set.

As soon as the band has finished, the club moves into its emptying out process. It would have been nice to sit around, have a few more drinks, and reflect on just how good Betts and Great Southern sounded. It doesn't, however, work like that at the Bottom Line. Within minutes we're out in the New York night, wondering which way to go. Not even that, though, can kill the good feeling that Dickey Betts and his boys have left us with.

□ MICK FARREN

STEELEYE SUNDERED

COMPILATION ALBUMS sometimes have a way of being epitaphs too.

It happened with the Allman Brothers "The Road Goes On Forever" — a misnomer if ever there was one — and now seems to have happened with Steeleye Span. Their recently issued anthology "Original Masters" has proved the harbinger of an internal rift.

Bob Johnson (guitar) and Peter Knight (fiddle), the two band members who collaborated on "The King Of Elfland's Daughter" (initially a spin-off project while the band themselves were recuperating from recording and touring activities of last year) have decided to leave Steeleye on the eve of the band's upcoming world tour to concentrate on their own writing and production assignments.

The band rallied from this shock double departure, and, before even announcing the split, managed to engage replacements in Martin Carthy, veteran of the English traditional folk scene (who had actually been in the band once before from 1970-72) and John Kirkpatrick, the accordionist well known for sundry activities in the folk field and his work with Richard and Linda Thompson.

Though Steeleye Span are thus officially still in existence, the line-up changes suggest that it will be a band of a different complexion henceforth, one that will probably adopt the soft folk approach of albums like "Please To See The King".

In any case, the considerable talents of Knight and Johnson will be greatly missed, and it now seems inevitable that Steeleye, like Pentangle and Fairport Convention before them, are destined to be another major English electric folk band who never made it in America

The story, which had been broken by Robin Denselow in Wednesday's *Guardian*, was confirmed by a spokesperson for Tony Secunda, Steeleye's manager. It's only fair to mention that they didn't share my forebodings, and said, "We're all very pleased . . . it's worked out beautifully for everybody."

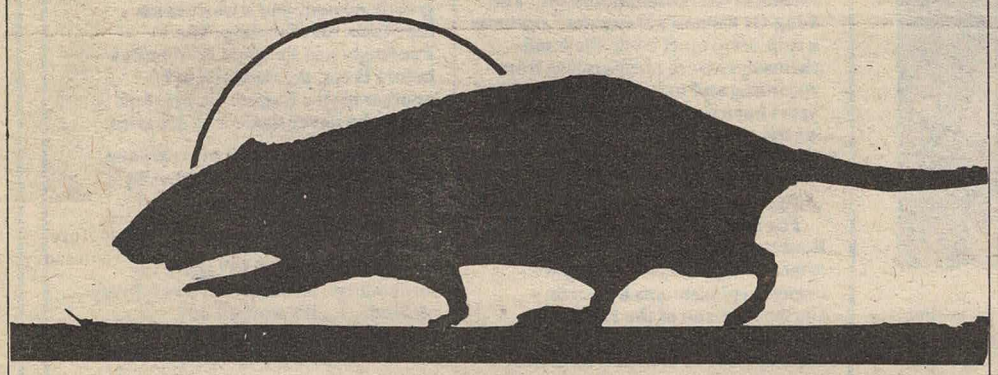
□ BOB WOFFINDEN

"As I've said many times, what can you say about Boz Scaggs that isn't going to sound like just another hard-sell line? Perhaps it's this. If you've already heard 'Lowdown' and 'What Can I Say' and 'Lido Shuffle' and thought they were great, wouldn't it be reasonable to go for the complete package- the album that these songs were taken from 'Silk Degrees'.

After all a single is only a single. And there are songs on this one that need an album to do them full justice. Songs that form an integral part of the mood, colouring and musical ambience that you might not otherwise get a chance of hearing. Can I help it if I personally think that 'Silk Degrees' is an album that deserves pride of place in any self-respecting record collection. Boz Scaggs called it 'Silk Degrees.' I'd have called it his 'Greatest Hits'."

Produced by Joe Wissert
Boz Scaggs
'SILK DEGREES'
CBS 81193
on records
and tapes

the stranglers



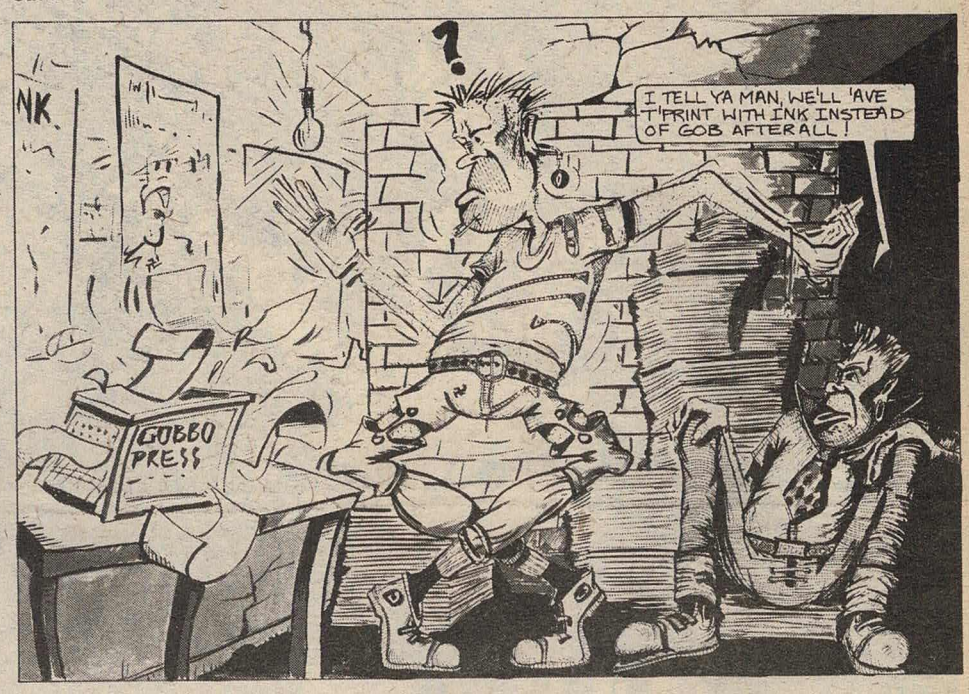
PROMOTED BY OUTLAW FOR ALBION MANAGEMENT

May		
20	University	BRUNEL
21	Sports Centre	BLETCHLEY
24	Top Rank	BRIGHTON
25	Essex University	COLCHESTER
26	St Andrew's Hall	NORWICH
27	Top Rank	CARDIFF
28	Odeon	CANTERBURY
29	Civic Hall	GUILDFORD
30	Village Bowl	BOURNEMOUTH
31	Civic Hall	WOLVERHAMPTON
June		
1	Barbarella's	BIRMINGHAM
2	Barbarella's	BIRMINGHAM
3	Corn Exchange	CAMBRIDGE
4	Casino	WIGAN
5	Electric Circus	MANCHESTER
6	Tiffany's	COVENTRY
7	Odeon	TAUNTON
8	Castaway Centre	PLYMOUTH
10	Grand Pavilion	LLANDRINDOD WELLS
11	California Ballroom	DUNSTABLE
12	Top Rank	SHEFFIELD
13	St. George's Hall	BRADFORD
14	Tiffany's	SHREWSBURY
15	City Hall	NEWCASTLE
16	Town Hall	MIDDLESBROUGH
17	Gaumont	DONCASTER
19	Empire	LIVERPOOL
20	Top of the World	STAFFORD
21	Victoria Halls	HANLEY
22	City Hall	GLASGOW
23	Winter Gardens	CLEETHORPES
24	Exhibition Centre	BRISTOL
26	Roundhouse	LONDON (Two shows)

* From the 19th – Joined by Andy Dunkley and his Livin' Jukebox

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

Cartoon: BENYON



IT JUST

LAST TIME I wrote about the current crop of fanzines, I was sent a Patti Smith bootleg by *Panache* and involved in a public scuffle with *New Wave*. I can only hope that a multitude of fights and free albums will result from the following Shock Horror Probe . . .

The ostentatiously expert *Sound Of The Westway* is a public parading of the craven idols of "Punk", the golden calves in this case being collages of the Queen, the Pistols and blaring headlines of unemployment, anarchy and Armageddon; all the old one-chord cliches. Will we still be living through Armageddon in ten years time?

Despite the aura of a golden age already past, *Sound Of The Westway* is succinct and stylish, rampaging through its tirades against love and peace with admirable brevity — and anyone who's crazy about The Clash has got to have a good heart. You can get this little gem for 30p from Priory Youth Club, Petersfield Road, Acton W3 — gee, a *youth club?* In my day it was Fanta orange juice and Gary Glitter — now it's Government-sponsored chaos.

It's run by an 18-year-old unemployed person named Derek Gibbs. I bet he got A-Levels.

New Wave is as boringly wimpy and wet as ever. The 30p this would set you back could get you three copies of the *News Of The World!*

The Scandinavian *Rocke Filla* shows great taste in quoting from *NME* and giving extensive coverage to Patti Smith and The Runaways, but I fear that the Scandinavian languages are all Greek to me.

Despite its primal title, *I Wanna Be Your Dog* comes over like an Eagles Souvenir Programme, so glossy and sweet-smelling is it. More or less an Iggy Fan Club fanzine, it also features such giants as The Heartbreakers, Little Bob Story and Daryl Hall and John Oates plus the incomparable bonus of a Patti Smith negative *sans* garments *mais avec beaucoups de* crucifixi. *Quelle* shock!

Their English, however, is apparently even more lacking than my Francais; in attempting to translate several Iggy songs they fall flat on their collective *visage*. Did *you* know that "Ann" begins; *"You turn my arm and you broke my whip/You make me shiva wiver"?* Or that the magazine's namesake goes: *"Now I'm ready to feel your prim/And loose my heart cause I'm born in sone"?*

These foreigners, eh kids?

From the West Country (where else?) comes "cheap and nasty" *Stranded*. And that's just *their* description! I wouldn't say you were *cheap* and *nasty*, honey, I'd say you were *worthless* and *putrid!* There! You wanted constructive critique, baby, you got it! *Stranded* also contains a v. good Buzzcocks interview.

Sideburns is completely revolting, very funny and competently comprehensive, run by two Tonys who seem to be rather unbalanced boys. Clean up your act, sweethearts, and you'll be right up there with the legendary Randy Bollocker (now Arcane Vendetta) of *These Things* — a publication second only to that

SO I'M sleeping and I'm having this terrible dream. I'm dreaming my girlfriend sent me downtown to buy her Neil Diamond albums because she said they had a sale at this certain store.

I go there and they do have a sale, every Neil Diamond album is $1.97. The only trouble is that there are about 537 different Neil Diamond albums to choose from.

I never realised the man was so prolific. There are albums of him with his shirt on, albums with his shirt off. Albums with geese on the cover. Neil Diamond's version of "Dance In A Greenwich Farm," with a pic of the hut where it was held. That sort of thing.

I am just about to give up when I see a shiny cover which says "Neil Diamond Sings Popeye The Sailor Man". So I just buy that.

When I get home we have a fight about it. "You lied to me, you bitch! You said that was a great bargain bin and all they had was Popeye records!"

"Well *I* didn't tell you to bring Popeye home, *I* wanted *Neil Diamond*, that hunk of *man* . . ."

LESTER BANGS: BACK IN THE USA

At this point the telephone rings. I wake up, see her sleeping beside me, give her a shove. "That was a hell of a thing to do!"

"Whahht . . .?" Muzzy with sleep.

"Making me buy Popeye records!"

"What are you talking about, I'm asleep, leamme alone!"

The phone is still ringing, so I drag myself into the living room to answer it. It's Morro Brum, my most dreaded robot press agent. The kind of guy who keeps a little beeper on his belt. Voice like a dachshund on lithium, boring ever forward.

He wants to know if I have listened to the Al Stewart albums he has sent me. I haven't but lie and say I have.

Do I wanna do a story?

No. Don't like Al Stewart, I say. The truth is that I keep putting on one cut from his new album, "Year Of The Cat", but never seem to make it all the way through.

It's about this guy who misses his train in an exotic foreign country because he got stoned on "incense and patchouli" wafting his way from this exotic-type local maiden. What this has to to with the song's title is anybody's guess, unless she's the cat and knowing the indeterminacy principle of bureaucracies in outback nations it's gonna take a year to get this guy's papers in order sufficient for him to skedaddle.

The cover of the album is a truly imaginative rendering of a cosmetic counter laden with every type of cat oriented device the artist could dream up, including a postcard from Katmandu and matchbox from the Pussy Club. I've stared at this cover quite a bit but have yet to make my way through the 6.40 of the title cut, although I've heard it wafting from several ventilators.

Basically Stewart seems like

Protesters say Taj Mahal threatened by pollution

From Richard Wigg
Delhi, May 23

Two members of Delhi's Society for the Defence of the Environment stag[illegible]-hour [illegible] fighting the industrial pollution affecting Venice for an experts' report. This is not likely to be ready until next year, however.

With Taj's current output (three import albums so far this year) this headline is quite credible.
From The Times, May 24 1977.

AIN'T WRITE

notorious Clash fanzine, *The New Musical Express*.

Spittin' Blood (Whitstable's Answer To Amateur Gardening) incorporates a free safety pin with every issue. The best thing in it besides aforementioned free gift is a piece from *Private Eye*. Lots of boring bits on The Damned, The Jam and The Pistols, it gets my vote for Best Fanzine To Sniff.

Strangled is simply an extended fawn over those cheery chauvinists The Stranglers, with Ian Dury and The Jam thrown in for good measure. Printed in a fetching shade of blue, the front cover proudly proclaims "This is a dangerously subversive book!", but you can safely line your hamster's cage with it without upsetting the little beast.

The hefty *Gun Rubber* simmers with sporadic trendy-bashing anger fragmented between extensive par for the course ramblings on The Pistols, The Clash and The Damned. *Gun Rubber's* anger with mohair-sweatered King's Road cuties (who was it said that being natural is the biggest pose of all?) is matched only by their appalling taste (they adore The Damned and despise "Keys To Your Heart"). *NME* is dealt with delicately and articulately: "Aiiiiiieeeeeeeee! The worst of the bunch!"

How long can the New Wave keeping calling itself "New"? For as long as *NME* can do the same, presumably. Publications such as *1st Avenue* (25p from 33 Norton Road Hove) featuring Carol Grimes and Graham Parker (neat) and Led Zeppelin and Arthur Brown (crumby), *Shews* (25p) starring The Stranglers, supported by the Feelgoods, and *Manchester Rains* (1 Thornby Walk, Manchester), a slender slobber over Slaughter And The Dogs, hail the arrival of "product" on the crest of the New Wave — glossy productions for mass consumers, publications with as much to do with the spirit of the new music as has *Horse And Hound*. Those concerned in these tidy debacles would appear to have little feeling for what they're writing about, and enough money to disguise the fact. Do you need these magazines? No you don't — they look like something touted by IPC (and you really *don't* need IPC), as Phyllis says in the latest *Ad Lib* — which is still one of the more bearable efforts, but sadly Deterioration City has spread as far as St Albans. Still, it's free, which is something of a miracle in times such as these.

Cells seems kamikazically determined to live up to its legend as "The Mouthpiece Of The Blank Generation", with a layout that could push a sensitive person over the edge from hysteria to suicide — patchy purple print and no pictures. Yeukkk!

A word to the wise: those of the New Wave who mean anything have already come up with the goods, and it's a little late to jump on a bandwagon already losing its wheels. Go invent a riot of your own, and leave the fanzine market alone.

A word to the *Aylesbury Roxette;* it is easier for a dromedary to pass through the eye of a syringe than for a bunch of middle-class wimps to run a fanzine.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

12.15 THURSDAY night at Dingwall's. Little Bob Story have just played a real good set and been brought fatally down by the jaded London audience. At the bar I rub shoulders with Wayne County, and later I waylay Wayne and his guitarist/Special Friend Greg Van Cook, and bribe Wayne to gossip with the help of Black Russian cigarettes.

"I *never* smoke cigarettes but these are just so *elegant,"* muses Wayne.

Wayne is wearing a white shirt, blue tie and beige trousers. His coiffure is straight and dark blond *a la* Marthe Keller and he wears definitely *no* make-up, not even a hint of lip-gloss.

Wayne County is incognito as a Man.

Do you like being a man, Wayne?

"No. I'd rather be a girl. When I make some money I can have the rest of my Operation."

***Never* ask after people's Operations. Do you like girls, Wayne?**

"I'm a virgin where girls are concerned. Girls are like sisters to me, but I couldn't sleep with one — that would make me a homosexual! I've always thought of myself as a woman, so boys are wary of me. They feel threatened."

Do the boys in the provinces act more threatened than London boys?

"I must tell you, the best reception we ever had was in Eric's of Liverpool! They loved us! London audiences tend to get a bit too cool — 'Oh, we're not gonna clap tonight?' "

You don't seem to do your Patti Smith imitation much anymore. Have you heard the "Superbunny" bootleg where she giggles about you breaking your collarbone?

"She had it all wrong! It wasn't *me* who had a broken collarbone — it was me who broke this other guy's collarbone! He jumped up on the stage waving a beer mug and yelling insults at me so I picked up the microphone stand and swung it at his neck!"

Gosh!

"Yes! And there was a court case which lasted for about a year! And the judge finally dismissed it, saying I broke the guy's collarbone in self-defence!"

Gee! London must be real boring after New York!

"Well, in London things close too early. In New York things close at four and then all the afterhours bars stay open till nine."

WAYNE'S New Look. ***Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY***

WAYNE DRESSES AS MAN SHOCK

What did you do before singing, if that isn't too saucy a question?

"I used to write for *Hit Parade!* I wrote a huge article called 'Whatever Happened To The Dave Clark Five?'! And loads about Dusty Springfield — I loved her! Those eyes!"

Why do you use other people's songs in your act? How can your own modern classics such as "Toilet Love" and "If You Don't Wanna Fuck Me Baby You Better Fuck Off!" ever be equalled?

"I sing stuff like 'The Last Time' because I think it's nice to include songs by unknown artists now and then!"

Contrary to the gay facade which sweet Wayne presents, a hermaphrodite's life is not a happy one.

As we leave he confesses:

"I can't get a recording contract because I wear dresses."

□ JULIE BURCHILL

BOY MEETS GIRL

"Hey, baby, you wanna come utpstairs and see my bow and arrow?" Ted Nugent with Runaway Jackie Fox. Pic: RICHARD CREAMER

collegiate Frampton, fraught with heavy literary/historical namedropping but musically similar in being the kind of thing that's so bland it's almost ethereal, that if it was any blander it could not possibly exist on the face of the earth. A feat of sorts, I suppose, but would you want *your* sister's hymen broken with Q-tips?

But if Al Stewart is bland, Morro Brum most certainly is not. The word "dogged" does not do him justice — say rather a desperate dog which never sleeps but just keeps digging, digging, digging, until . . . he broke into a sealed cubicle in the basement of the Brill Building and found a skeleton in tattered jester's jangles and several dozen cases of soured Amontillado. Just kidding.

When I pass on Al Stewart, Morro launches Kayak. Owing to their name, I suspect Kayak to be of Canadian derivation. It suddenly occurs to me that I could have been just about to step into the shower when Morro called (I'm not a quick thinker, in case you hadn't noticed), or just on my way out the door to a crucial dental engagement.

So I break into the middle of Morro's Kayak exegesis to tell him that I was just pulling my teeth out so I could go to the showers.

"Great!" he says. "When can I call you back?"

Three days after my funeral, I think. "Tomorrow," I say.

"Great!" he says. "Because we got this great new group you must see, and I can tell you about Kayak later but we can fly you to Cleveland now, that's how hot this group is —"

"Kayak?"

"No, this other group, the one from Cleveland!"

"What's their name?" I ask, since I know some musicians in Cleveland.

"Ahh, ah, Chokey Fog or something like that, I think. But we figured you'd like 'em."

"What do they sound like?"

"I dunno, we don't have test pressings yet. Don't worry, we'll send you to Cleveland on Monday, you can see 'em for yourself, come back and I'll give you a test pressing."

The idea is appealing. The temperature in Cleveland as Morro and I speak is approximately 40 degrees below zero, the whole town is snowed in, and the friends I have there are all trying to hitch a ride to New York so they can camp on CBGB's doorstep and get discovered and become rich and famous like everyone else that plays there.

I tell Morro that Monday is too early, but maybe later in the week if we can get back together I'll think about it. Solid, he says, later.

I hang up and look at the clock on the TV. It's ten minutes to noon. That means if I want to make sure not to miss *The Gong Show* I'll have to brew tea to keep myself awake through *The Don Ho Show* and *Search For Tomorrow*. It's just not worth it.

I stumble back into the bedroom.

Mein Gott!

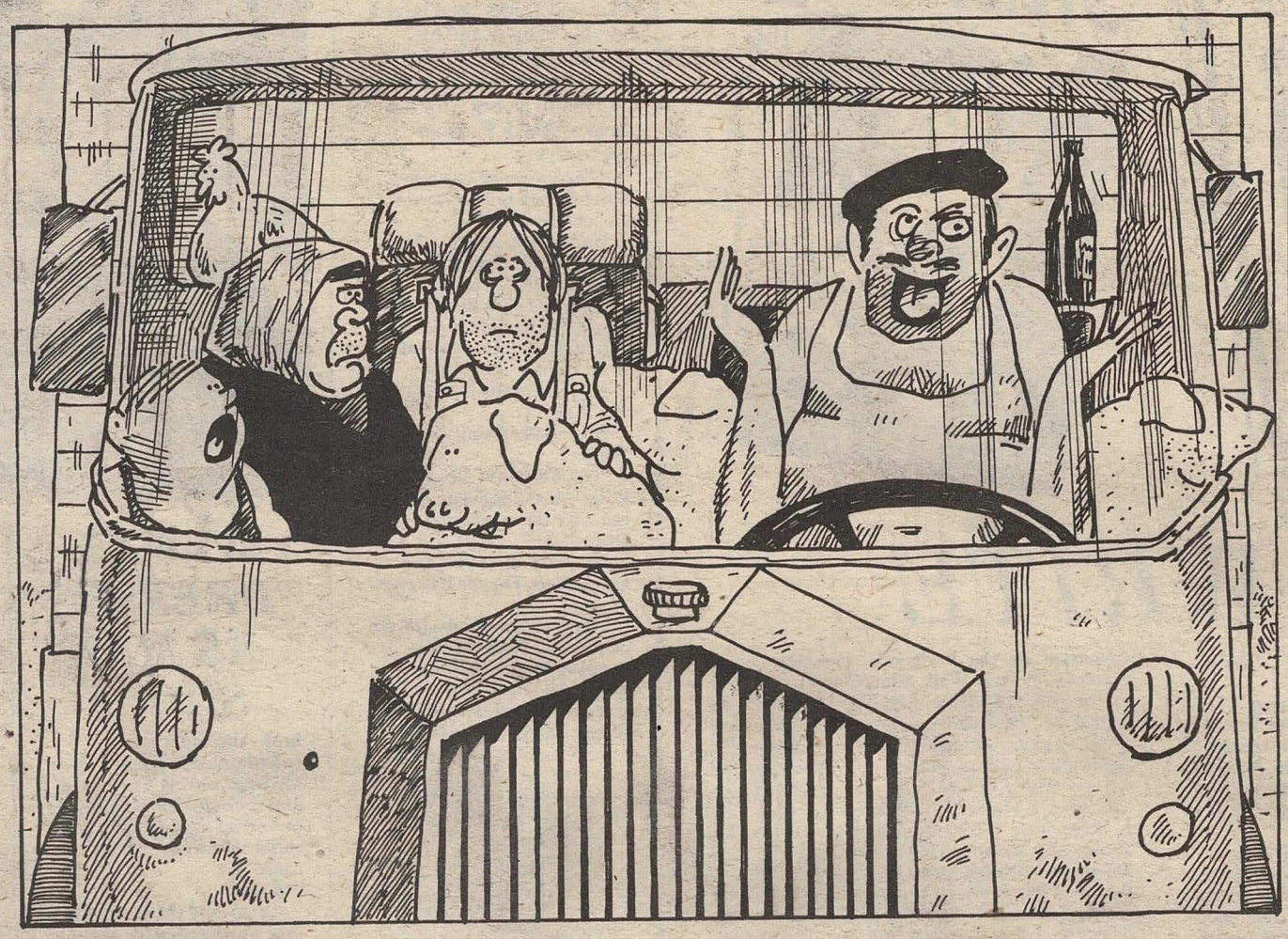
TXSR 116

UDO LINDENBERG'S AMAZING ALBUM 'NO PANIC' IS AVAILABLE NOW FROM DECCA

The Decca Record Company Limited Decca House Albert Embankment London SE1 7SW

SIDESWIPE

HOW TO SURVIVE ON THE INTERNATIONAL OPEN ROAD



Cartoon: EDWARD

Thumbertime Blues

TONY PARSONS packs his Kerouac and sleeping bag and sets out for blue skies

THOSE OF YOU who feel the *wanderlust* pumping through your veins as soon as the weather gets noticeably warmer will probably be dusting down your battered pack and sleeping bag just about *now*.

Because there's no finer way to spend the summer than cruising the highways of the continent with a few essentials on your back and a thumb out, leaving behind millions of less adventurous souls to soak in their sweat in the teeming cities.

The beauty of being on the road is that you can stay there for as long or short a time and distance as you want, depending on (i) how tough and (ii) how clever you are.

There's no guarantee what will happen to you on the road. Raw hitchers learn quickly and the hard way and experienced hitchers know you always get where you want to *eventually*, or maybe somewhere else instead which is even better.

You find out about foreign countries and people the way a tourist never can, and, when the rides don't come and you're hungry, lonely and scared, you find out about yourself.

But most veteran hitchers consider the best times of their life have been had on the road, and it follows that the worst times of your life will be included in the same lifestyle. Like you get sick. Or you run out of money. Or get your things ripped-off. Or you're caught in the middle of some political upheaval, a war even.

But somehow you always get through, and as you flag down that blonde in the Maserati a week later, you're real glad you didn't stay home . . .

ONCE YOU'VE decided to hit the road, the first thing to consider is what to take with you. This *must* be kept down to your pack and what goes inside it, otherwise you'll not only make endless trouble for yourself when faced with a five-mile walk in the countryside or through teeming cities, but will also discourage drivers from fitting into their vehicle what looks like a walking luggage-rack.

You got two choices of pack — the high, thin nylon backpack, or the short, wider canvas rucksack. Most hitchers favour the former because it's easier for getting in and out of cars, although personally I prefer the canvas pack which, although slightly less manoeuverable, is less inclined to rip after a few months' wear and tear.

Next is a sleeping-bag, a must whether you're intending to sleep out (it gets cold at night in the hottest country) or check in at a youth hostel, where they don't like you soiling the sheets.

The youth hostels are good for cheap, hot food, and a roof for the night, and also a great place to meet people for information, road partner, social activities whatever. Join the Youth Hostel Association before you take off.

After your passport, travellers' cheques (don't matter *how* little cash you take, if you don't carry it in travellers' cheques you're begging for trouble) and anti-diarrhoea pills (everybody's metabolism gets turned upside down on the road).

The rest is up to you, although a book you should not be without is *Hitch-Hiker's Guide To Europe* by Ken Walsh and published by Pan Books.

I've got through more copies of this gem than any book I've owned. It's updated regularly and includes chapters on what to take, emergencies, roughing it, survival, best buys in particular countries, routes, where to eat, sleep and drink, local transport, working abroad, useful phrases, currency hints and more.

It doesn't contain *all* you need to know, because that would be impossible, but it remains quintessential rucksack reading matter.

Ken Walsh is a Young Australian writer with literally countless hitched miles behind him. In the introduction to his book he says, "Although it's called *Hitch-Hiker's Guide* and is aimed at people on a hitch-hiking budget, van and car travellers will also find it useful because it lists facts which someone with their own wheels can use just as well as someone who's moving around on temporarily borrowed wheels. For every guidebook which is written, three-quarters of its readers can do better than it. That's because they are guidebooks and not at all holy. This book is no exception and it's certainly not sacred . . ."

MY DISAGREEMENTS with Walsh are inevitably to do with personal hitching taste. He recommends humping around far too much gear for instance — although I'd go along with his instructions concerning road tactics.

He points out that the more "normal" you look the more lifts you'll be offered, most rides coming from ordinary working people who ain't gonna slow down for anybody *looking* as though filth, drugs and violence are a part of their life.

This also covers the area concerning whether to hitch alone or in company. Personally, I prefer taking off alone because you've got no one to please except yourself, and if you decide to head for Portugal instead of Finland then there's nobody to hold you back. Also, you tend to meet more people when hitching alone because if you want company you have to find it. And a loner can move at his own speed.

I wouldn't argue with Ken Walsh's success league of hitching partnerships though. He usually travels with his wife and says, "Men travel fastest by themselves, but not as fast as a woman by herself. Two women travel faster than two men, but a mixed couple travel faster than any other pair. A lone woman is going to travel *very* fast, but it might not be pleasant travelling. Two girls are safer than one girl and the chances of getting a ride don't drop dramatically. A man and a woman together is the ideal combination if you must travel in company. You don't get lonely on and off the road and you still get plenty of rides."

If you are hitching alone then you're gonna have to face some *looooooong* hours of loneliness or, at the very least, nail-chewing boredom. Walsh has several suggestions for conquering boredom.

Letters to home, calisthenics, and more are all suggested by Walsh, plus a line which suggests that it's all down to self-discipline in the final analysis: "The tougher you are when you set out the more you're going to like yourself when you're slap bang in the middle of what you just know is going to be a rideless day."

Some more good advice is his guide where to catch rides. Although this section is purely for hitching neophytes it's good to see in black and white the basic code of the road for the benefit of those retards who *still* hitch on a bend or motorway and don't give drivers a good chance to get their vehicle off the road.

He doesn't mention pre-trip jabs, but Tetanus and Typhoid are both wise to my mind, and the outbreak of Cholera a few years back in Portugal would seem to indicate you should check out the International Diseases Chart before you leave.

Destination placards are often used but tend to discourage drivers who could take you somewhere equally appealing from stopping.

Don't get in a car with anyone blitzed out of their skull at the wheel, and if you discover the driver's a psychotic kamikaze who thinks he's James Hunt, then act like you're gonna throw up until he lets you out. Girls hitching alone always run the risk of rape and, if you can't fight your way out then tell your attacker *anything* to put him off; VD, periods, gruesome operations. Just make it sound convincing and watch for a chance to kick him in the balls and *run*.

THE AREAS where Walsh's book really comes into its own is in the where to stay / where to eat / what to see sections that every major city in the book is divided into.

Crashing out in the countryside, even if you have to share a field with a few cows, is no problem, but sleeping out in the city street (especially a city like Istanbul or Roma) gets you into trouble with everyone from cops to thieves. If you want a cheap room or hostel in a city then *Hitch-Hiker's Guide To Europe* gives some good tips on where to try. If you *do* sleep out then the doorways of big office blocks offer shelter, as do railway stations and churches.

Always sleep with your valuables inside your sleeping-bag, but not as far down as your feet or else some improvising criminal will simply slice the bottom open with a blade and help himself as you blissfully doze.

Walsh supplements his list of cafes and cheap restaurants with pointers to cheap, slightly damaged food in market places, together with lifts from truck drivers returning home after making a delivery. Also you can always buy a cup of coffee and help yourself to leftovers in a crowded cafe if you're really down and out.

But getting some food in your gullet is never really *the* major problem; as Walsh says, the worst thing is if you get sick. The best bet is to keep moving until you hit the nearest village with a doctor. If he refuses to treat you unless he gets paid more money than you can afford then (a) simulate agony until his heart melts or (b) part with anything *except your passport.*

Passports, like fake student cards (for cheap entry into places of historical interest like the Acropolis) are always sought for re-sale by black market dealers.

If you're desperate for a few quid then you can always sell a pint of your blood once a month down in countries like Greece, Turkey or Spain. If you do (average price about a fiver a pint), then make sure the needle they use is clean and also that they don't take more than they're supposed to.

There are plenty of other ways to make cash while on the road, especially if you're from a Common Market country in which case you don't need a work permit in other EEC countries. Also, as long as you've got anything in your pack, or even your pack itself you've got something to hawk to fellow hitchers or a pawn shop.

EVERY HITCHER has his or her favourite country, and in the case of Ken Walsh it's Spain, where he waxes lyrical.

"I particularly prefer the southern region of Andalucia, the land of tiny white mountain villages, old and smelly bars and cafes, cheap wine, bull-fights, and a to-hell-with-it philosophy which leaves plenty of scope for tomorrow to look after herself . . ."

Greece remains my personal preference for similar reasons; beautiful, friendly people in a country where one word — "xenos" — means both stranger and guest, limitless sunshine, sea and beaches to sleep on under the stars, cheap, good food and booze.

Greece also has a reputation for political upheavals that, if they occur during your stay, will put you very much at the mercy of the hospitality of the people. I was marooned on Crete during the war in Cyprus while all the banks and food shops were closed, and all the ships, buses and men of eighteen years and older were taken for the war effort. Brother, my travellers' cheques were *trash*.

I was taken in and fed by a Cretan family whose youngest son came home from Cyprus in a box. When I finally made it back to Athens the Fascist Colonels' junta had just ended after seven years and the streets were filled with Greek people celebrating their freedom.

Some countries are so expensive that they could financially cripple the careless hitcher, but *nowhere* is so dear that you should avoid going there. You can always pick up items in one country you'll be able to unload for a profit elsewhere, like the cheap, flash Swiss watches that drive 'em wild in Morocco.

Germany can be passed through quickly on the speedy *autobahns*, although the best way to move through that country is to hitch a ride on a Rhine barge, from Holland all the way through to the Swiss Alps if the barge captain is going that far.

Scandinavia shouldn't be missed despite the cost of living because of the overwhelming beauty of the fjords, mountains and women.

Italy is by far the best country to pass through on your way to or from the Greek Islands as sprawling, endless Yugoslavia is difficult to hitch through and also quite boring if you're not moving along the coast and sleeping in the beach-side caves.

The most interesting parts of France are both expensive and difficult hitching terrain although the Riviera has a surplus of bored, rich women if you get tired of picking grapes.

Basically, the Communist countries rate as the hardest countries to hitch in, along with Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Switzerland, France, the Netherlands and Scandinavia are much easier, though not as easy as Germany, Italy or Austria. That's subjective opinion, and you'll always find the exception to *any* code of the road.

The final section of *Hitch-Hiker's Guide To Europe* is devoted to hitchers who have read the book and want to pass on tips, advice or scurrilous rumours to the rest of you rancid, rucksack Marco Polos. It's my favourite part of the book, a superb reflection of the joy, horror, humour, optimism and cunning of hitchers and hitching.

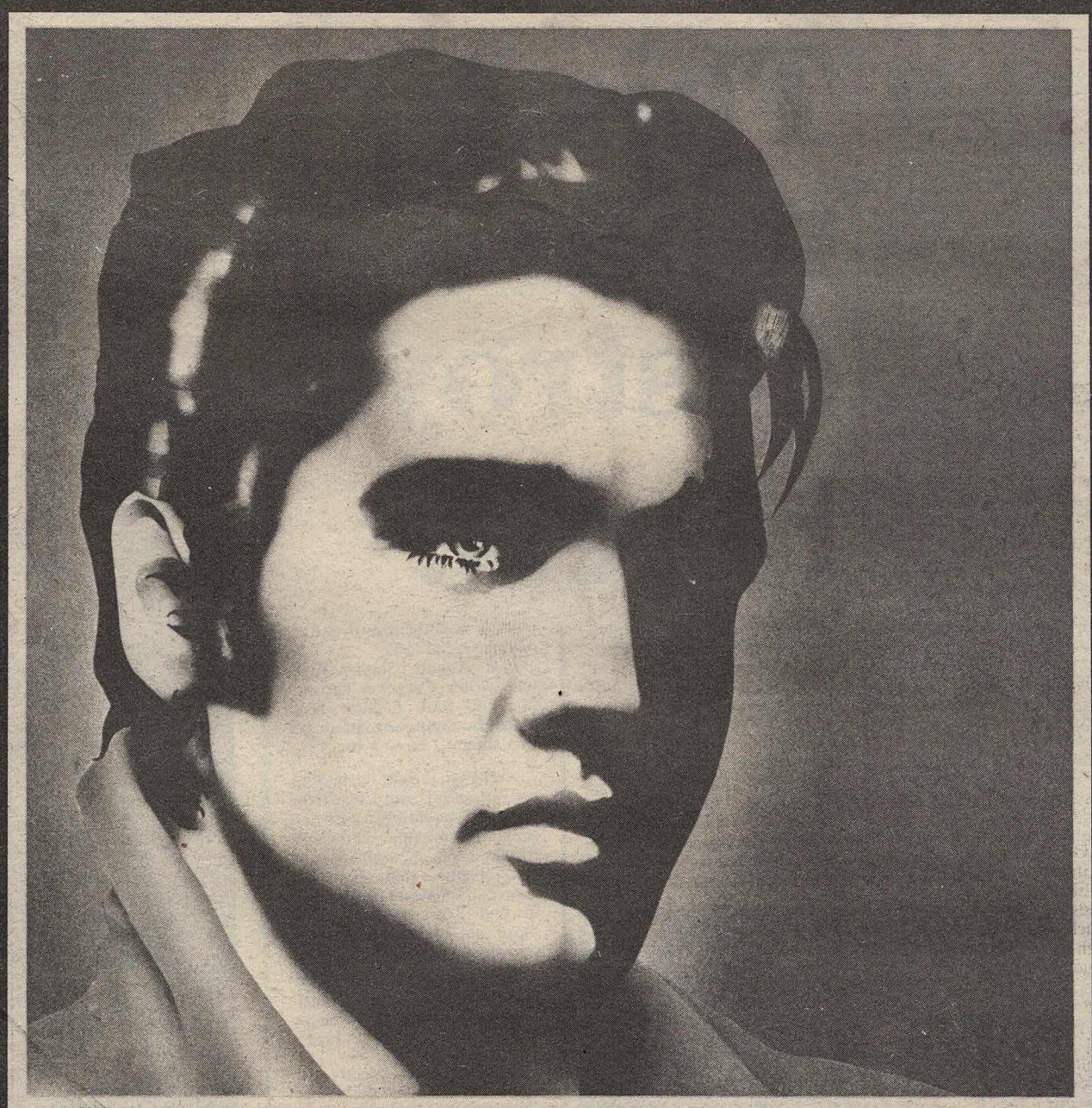
Subject matter of the letters includes best cures for diarrhoea, the danger of crashing in Italian parks, working in a travelling circus, sleeping in a hammock, five pence coins instead of Deutschemarks in German slot machines and what to buy when hitching into Turkey.

Plus the classic story of the hitcher whose lift landed him a two-way charter flight complimentary air ticket to California. For sure, the best days of your life. All you need is LUCK.

Somewhere Sal Paradise is smiling.

PRESLEY GOLD '16 NUMBER ONES' IN YOUR SHOPS NOW

EACH ONE IN ITS ORIGINAL AMERICAN COLOUR SLEEVE. AVAILABLE NOW A SPECIAL PRESENTATION BOX TO HOLD ALL 16 SINGLES



1957	All Shook Up/Heartbreak Hotel	RCA 2694	1961	His Latest Flame/Little Sister	RCA 2702
1958	Jailhouse Rock/Treat Me Nice	RCA 2695	1962	Rock A Hula Baby/Can't Help Falling In Love	RCA 2703
1959	I Got Stung/One Night	RCA 2696	1962	Good Luck Charm/Anything That's Part Of You	RCA 2704
1959	A Fool Such As I/I Need Your Love Tonight	RCA 2697	1962	She's Not You/Just Tell Her Jim Said Hello	RCA 2705
1960	It's Now Or Never/Make Me Know It	RCA 2698	1962	Return To Sender/Where Do You Come From	RCA 2706
1961	Are You Lonesome Tonight/I Gotta Know	RCA 2699	1963	Devil In Disguise/Please Don't Drag That String Around	RCA 2707
1961	Wooden Heart/Tonight Is So Right For Love	RCA 2700	1965	Crying In The Chapel/Believe In The Man In The Sky	RCA 2708
1961	Surrender/Lonely Man	RCA 2701	1970	The Wonder Of You/Mama Liked Roses	RCA 2709

RCA

Top shot: BOB GRUEN; below: PENNIE SMITH

This man destroys hotels.

FLASH: *April 19, 1977, Cincinnati, Ohio:* Led Zeppelin, a British rock group, again brought violence in its wake when about 1,000 fans tried to gate crash a Zeppelin show in Cincinatti last night. Police arrested 100 youths during the mini-riot, which was punctuated by thrown bottles and fights.

"Just as I was approaching some semblance of slumber, there was a dull thud, a louder crash, and suddenly the wall between my room and the next was lying in pieces on the floor. Needless to say, I was awake. Shit, I knew this was going to happen, I muttered to the intruder. 'Yeah, but did you know it would be the Prince of Peace?' inquired Robert Plant gleefully."

I suspected that Led Zeppelin's legendary form of rock 'n' roll expressionism (commonly referred to as "Zeppelinizing") still existed, when the location for this interview was suddenly changed to an uninspiring single-occupancy. Gidget-Goes-Continental breakfast room in Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel instead of in Plant's suite of rooms, as originally planned.

"I went down to the front desk to plead for a new room. The clerk protested until I asked him how he'd like to reside in a room with wall-to-tall hamburger patties, uncola-drenched bedsheets, french-fried plastered walls, mustard-smeared mirrors, a sixteen-piece telephone and gutted cushions where the furniture used to be. I got a new room immediately."

"YOU KNOW on some nights after a gig, it's just like the 1973 Led Zep tour (more commonly referred to as the Continental Hyatt House Capers, to the initiated). We've already equalled *that,* even in our short stay," Robert Plant confesses, when I mockingly inquire whether the band is mellowing with age.

"The management has been most kind," chuckles Plant, lead singer of rock 'n' roll's biggest band, both in popularity and tales of debauchery.

"It goes as far as it does because it's a laugh. It's not any release, you know, all that shit about road fever is just bullshit. We only do what we do because it's fun," Robert tells me playfully.

"But Robert, what is *it?* and how far does *what* go?"

Robert's only reply is a coy and knowing smile.

"Well, Robert, if you don't want to talk about specifics, why don't we discuss the, er, psychology of the lifestyle of rock 'n' roll on the road?" I prod.

"Ah . . ." He settles on one elbow savouring his own images before continuing. I'm surprised he doesn't lick his lips.

"The lifestyle of rock 'n' roll is to live well and to take a good woman."

Well, does our daring rake ever find one of his female followers trying to lure him away from his happy home back in Merrie Olde?

"Yeah," Robert replies a bit reluctanctly. "But you know people can't fall in love with me just because I'm good at what I do."

"But do they?"

"Errrr . . . Yeah."

"So, what do you do, put up a red flag and say don't get too involved, I'm married?"

"You've got to do that or say, 'Hey, you've got to go,' " he says resolutely. "The time may never come that I'm influenced, but I *am* prepared to go out and look . . . Whoops, I hope this doesn't get back to England!"

ROBERT doesn't have much to worry about; Swan Song Records makes sure that as little as possible of Zep's after-hours antics ever see the light of day, much less the public eye. Much of the mystery of what goes on behind closed doors (or closets for that matter) remains a matter of speculation and rumour.

There is the ever-present bodyguard barricading the hallway with a chair propped outside his room, so he can both scrutinise all seventh floor trafficking and watch continuous colour TV, making it difficult to be a first-hand observer of any of the dirt that lies hidden under the sand-coloured shag carpets of the Ambassador.

Six days into an American tour, the backstage broadcasts are scorching with new and improved tales of the perverse.

"You've got to be kidding, *nobody* can do that non-stop for four hours!" . . . "In a fish-bowl?" . . . "You mean the limo driver never even turned around?" . . . "He did all that and walked away from the table?" . . . "It cost how much to keep it quiet?"

But wouldn't you be disappointed if there weren't *any?* I know I'd be aghast if I heard that Zeppelin had cleaned up their offstage act.

"It was about 5.30 am, and I had finally managed to sneak away from all the carousing and carnage of the past 48 hours, and had successfully thwarted Bonzo from breaking down my door or dousing me with a wastebasket full of what I hoped was water.

"Bonzo was entertaining himself by going from room to room with a broken bedpost slung over one shoulder, demolishing as many rooms of Swingle's Celebrity Hotel (where everybody is a star) in as little time as possible."

FLASH: *January 29, 1977, Oklahoma City, Okla.:* A three day vigil of Led Zeppelin fans resorted to desperate measures as the cold became more intense and they began tearing down fence posts to feed the fires they had built in metal cans.

Last August, Jimmy Page told writer Cameron Crowe: "I'm no fool, I know how much the mystique matters, so why should I blow it now?"

And Page is right. By casting himself as his own Loch Ness monster, sequestered between tours in Aleister Crowley's former castle, he only adds to the enigma that goes on forever. Whatever the chinks in Led Zep's armour, we'll never get to know without a can opener.

My first encounter with Jimmy Page was not what you'd call cordial; if I want to be kind, it was chilly at best.

He sauntered unsteadily into the room on his obscenely (and enviably) thin legs, dressed in his regalia of the night before, which caused a passerby in the hotel lobby to remark to her companion, "If that's not a rock star, he's a flaming wonder!"

The attire in contention, or should I say, *attention,* was a pair of white billowing military jodphurs, a bit on the soiled side today, a crayola crayon-coloured magenta blazer, and strange braided leather appendages that trailed down his backside and scuffed umber, knee-high boots.

The outfit was flamboyant for evening, much less mid-afternoon, and Page looked anything but *flaming* — I'd venture he belonged (as usual) in the pale and gaunt category, probably due to his recent bout with the flu which caused Led Zep to stop midway through one of their Chicago concerts because Page was too ill to continue.

He informed Janine Safer, Swan Song resident exec (and Girl Monday through Monday) and myself that he hadn't eaten in three days (but when he does ingest a meal, it's liquid, he revealed — something he concocts in his own room out of vitamins, bananas and a blender); so I attribute his unsteady entry to ill health and not drugs since his dark eyes are remarkably clear.

Anyway, the general consensus of the members of this tour is that the usually excessive and over-indulgent Mr. Page is virtually drug-free. In fact, Robert was overheard to say that this is the first time in years that Jimmy has been straight, adding that this was just like the old days.

"I haven't had this much fun with Jimmy in years," Plant testified.

So does this man . . .

JIMMY'S commentary also seemed to substantiate the testimony, when he retold the case of the missing quaaludes (more on that caper later):

"I don't know who the doctor thinks he is, asking me if I took his drugs, especially now, when this is the first time I've been healthy in years."

Oh, so we can reasonably assume that healthy is a euphemism for straight.

After his initial tirade, we get around to introductions, and as I am introduced as working press, the ever inscrutable Mr. Page flippantly announces that it's now time for him to "cellophane his mouth". I didn't expect anything more from him, considering Page and the press have traditionally been in uncomfortable company.

To further punctuate his point, Jimmy informs me that he intends to have a cocktail party (where, here?) and is going to invite just everyone but the press.

"They only come for the free drinks," he says darkly, angrily flicking the ashes from his cigarette onto the floor to further illustrate his disdain.

But, paradoxically, he is very interested in my reaction to the previous night's performance. I inform him I've seen better Zeppelin, and thought this particular show seemed a little lack-lustre; more remote than control.

Janine makes the comment that both the Minneapolis dailies and Robert echo that sentiment. I add, but not in any act of appeasement, that Page seemed more enthusiastic and animated onstage this time than in the previous tour.

"That's why Robert is so pissed," Jimmy says solemnly, without betraying whether the comment is in jest or not. "I'm very animated, that's because I'm happy," he tells me.

"In fact, I think there were some tremendous moments last night. It was very intense . . ." he trails off, looking vaguely out the window at the parking lot below.

Yeah, like during the acoustic set when he became so absorbed and enraptured in his guitar work that he leaped out of his chair and edged toward the end of the stage — unplugging his guitar in the process.

Suddenly brightened by some memory (the same one?) of last night, he adds, "We were tight, yet loose. Loosely tight."

As if savouring the phrase, he says, "You know, someday I'd like to call an album that, *'Loosely Tight'.*"

FLASH: *January 30, 1977, Houston, Texas:* In South Houston, police had to call in fire trucks to hose down the 3,000-3,500 Led Zeppelin fans who tried to stampede Warehouse Records and Tapes to buy tickets for the band's April concert. Store officials instructed the successful buyers to hide their tickets and leave by the rear entrance of the store, to avoid having them stolen by the crowd.

FLASH: *March 17, 1977, Chicago, Illinois:* Thirty young men, including several juveniles, were arrested by police during a disturbance around Chicago Stadium, as thousands of people sought to buy tickets for a concert by Led Zeppelin, "a rock group."

This tour consists of 40 cities in two legs, over 700,000 tickets sold, and a projected gross somewhere in the altitude of ten million dollars.

"But just suppose Led Zeppelin were scheduling their next tour and the tickets didn't sell out and it looked as if you weren't as big as you used to be?" I ask.

"We'd just do the tour," Robert replies confidently, maybe a little surprised that I'd even hint that they'd throw in the towel.

"We'd tour and become our own best advertisement . . . I mean, our music may change so much in times to come that our audience does diminish. Because I know we won't become *passe,* we might take things beyond what people are prepared to accept from us.

"For example, our third album wasn't immediately accepted, but it was a signpost for the continuity of the internal stimulus of the band. It had to be. It was the next step and people didn't take to it too quickly.

"They were more interested in where's 'Whole Lotta Love'? Had we not done that, we would probably have stayed together for only one more album. When you think you've reached a dead end, you have to get off the horse."

Instead of dismounting, they've increased their horsepower considerably; for this tour they're travelling in a Boeing 727, which jets from city to city, and back to the home base they've set up at the Ambassador whenever possible. (As long as the supply of new rooms holds out!)

TONIGHT, however, the twenty-some persons belted into their cushioned seats are travelling to Minnesota for a two-day stint in the Twin Cities.

The interior of this pleasure ship is blue and metallic silver, decorated in early video cassettes, Swan Song's Icarus logo, Caesar's Palace swizzle sticks and a bar dispensing brain-altering banana daquiries.

The mood of the journey is not quite that of four businessmen commuting to work, but more like one of those chartered social excursions sponsored by the Elk's Club or Acme Travel to such exotic digs as Las Vegas or Palm Beach.

Maybe it's the caviar canapes, the light chit chat, John Paul Jones' backgammon tourneys, or perhaps the presence of Dr. Larry Something, the tour doctor, who is threading his way through the cabin, passing out pre-"game" vitamins to all occupants of said cabin, regardless whether you're one of the "players" or not.

Very coffee, tea, or vitamin E.

Dr. Larry is a veteran of two Zep tours and one Rolling Stones invasion, besides being a graduate of Harvard. He seems to do little more than administer the occasional throat spray and aspirin, in addition to picking up as many willing young lovelies as medically possible.

Tonight, our MD is having an especially heavy workout, beginning with the task of trying to revive Robert's current travelling companion who has just fainted — probably from the high altitude, or else too close contact with one of rock's most desirable dream dates.

Two more will crumble before the night is over, and the dear doctor doesn't seem at all amused that he had to discontinue socialising with the giddy Cher lookalike that he's brought along for the ride.

Dr. Larry only scowled, an expression he seemed to effect all evening. Especially when he discovered someone had rummaged through his satchel and looted his entire supply of methaquaalude.

He almost wrote his final prescription when he decided to corner Jimmy Page in a bathroom and cross-examine him as to the whereabouts of the stolen sopers.

"Accusing me!" Page exploded. "Who does he think is paying his salary anyways?" (Is that a disclaimer?)

Dr. Larry was so outraged and astounded by the theft of his drugs — no major infraction for a rock 'n' roll tour of this proportion — that you'd think he'd been hired to perform brain surgery, rather than installed as resident rock medicine man.

BUT THE TRIALS of the AMA took a backseat, and we all buckled up again, coasting into magnificent Minneapolis to begin the five point plan which began with deplaning into seven waiting limos, complete with motor-cycle escort, to hurry to the Minneapolis Sports Arena. It was teeming with about 18,000 of Zep's most faithful, all in a state of suspended anticipation to experience some auditory euphoria, after their anguishing two-year deprivation, part of which was spent slobbering on the shrink-wrap of the "Presence" album; awaiting the performance of the Real Thing, otherwise known as Led Zeppelin, the defending champs of heavy rock.

The audience will be administered three hours, seventeen-plus songs, 30,000 watts of hard and heady rock, English flash blues, and empyrean meanderings from Zeppelin's repertoire.

Dished up along with laser beams, a twelve-minute drum solo, smoke, dry ice, extraterrestrial guitar soars and stud-swaggering body language. *(Zzzzzz. — Ed.)*

You know it's 1977, and Led Zeppelin have been around for nine years now, and I can't help but wonder if part of their popularity is due to the fact that they're the last of an era of cock rockers who play dirty and, if you'll excuse the expression, "chauvinistic" rock 'n' roll, fulfilling all those wild-hearted bad boy aggressions on stage that their audience only fantasize about.

FLASH: *April 17, 1977, Miami, Florida:* Five hundred to 1,000 Led Zeppelin fans waiting in line to buy tickets, broke through the gates and began vandalising the Orange Bowl Stadium. Police had to use tear gas to break up that melee, and 16 policemen were injured as a result.

What does Robert Plant feel about the hysteria around Led Zeppelin?

"Well . . . One thing about us that does upset me — I see a lot of craziness around us. Somehow, we generate it and we revile it.

"This is an aspect since I've been away from it which made me contemplate whether we are doing more harm than we are good. That's very important to me.

"I'm not doing a Peter Green or anything. What I mean is, what we are trying to put across is positive and wholesome; the essence of a survival band, and almost a symbol of the phoenix if you will; and people react in such an excitable manner that they miss the meaning of it, and that makes me lose my calm, and I get grrr, angry."

("Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up. Cool out the 'works, they don't help our show very much."

Robert admonishes the firecracker-happy audience from centre stage, stopping the show after the third song.

"Why don't you save 'em until you get home and stick 'em down a drain," he suggests irritably.)

"I don't know why the fans toss firecrackers. I think it's horrible. That's the element that makes you wonder whether it's better to be halfway up a tree in Wales," Robert proclaims to me.

So what are you doing here instead of up that tree?

"The thing is, I look into so many eyes every night, and when I initially look, those eyes are sort of sealed 'cause they don't think I'm real, but bit by bit, I work on just those pairs of eyes until they glow with warmth, and then it makes it worthwhile, and woooosh, the firecrackers dim down . . ."

IN AN ERA where disposable bands and itinerant musicians constantly play a game of musical chairs, it's an oddity to find a band existing as a unit for the past nine years with the same members that were involved at its inception. In light of that, Led Zeppelin is a study in endurance.

I ask Plant whether any of them had ever anticipated LZ being together this long.

"No. It took a long time before we could look at ourselves from a distance, look back and say: there's no reason why this thing should ever stop! It's one of those bands with enough imagination amongst us to keep it going."

But, if you hadn't beat the odds, could Led Zeppelin ever have been strictly a recording band?

"Had it been me, I wasn't going to compromise by being Frank Sinatra or somebody. Still having a voice, I've got a *right* to perform. The performance always comes first," says Robert.

So now, Robert, you've given me the secret of your success, your speedy recovery, your peace of mind, your popularity, and pocket money. But there's one very, very important formula you've left out, that I'm sure all your fans are dying to know:

To what do you attribute your long life?

"Imagination, self-stimulation and chicks," he said with a straight face.

Any projections on the next thing, since you said before that there was no reason why your band couldn't go on forever?

"There are two paths you can take . . ." he pauses to see if I get it. Very funny, but the words go like this, wise guy: *"There are two paths you can go by, but in the long run, there's still time to change the road you're on . . ."* Robert, taken only slightly aback by the proper lyrics, pauses and grins.

"I don't know . . . I think it's an extension of what I'm doing but I don't think I'll be surrounded by so much hysteria. I think I will go to Kashmir one day, when some great change hits me and I have to really go away and think about my future as a man rather than a prancing boy."

FLASH: *June 1, 1977, Poughkeepsie, New York:* Rumours of a Led Zeppelin tour scheduled for fall of 1979, spanning 30 cities in 28 days, has sparked off an unprecedented appeal for ticket information. Unhappy fans, when told that tickets were not yet available, resorted to sending plastic explosives to Ticketron offices across the U.S.A.

● *Courtesy Creem magazine.*

LED ZEPPELIN TOUR CARNAGE '77

by JAAN UHELSKI

Top (JOHN BONHAM) and bottom (JIMMY PAGE) by CHALKIE DAVIES

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Unhappy veteran toys with escape plan

WHAT HAS happened to ex-Nice and Jackson Heights bassist/vocalist Lee Jackson since the demise of Refugee? — **J WORTHINGTON, Crawley, Sussex**

● **Jackson says that after the Refugee split ("It was obvious all along that Yes wanted Patrick Moraz — the whole thing about them wanting Vangelis Papa-what's his name was all a blind!") he just kicked around for a while, trying out various ideas. Then, just a few months back, he formed a band name Stripjack, a three-piece comprised of Jackson, bass and vocals, Anthony Crowell, a guitarist who studied music theory at L.A.'s Santa Monica City College before returning to Britain to play with such outfits as Zeus, The Houseshakers and Wild Angels, also cutting an album in Norway with Rockhouse; plus drummer Mo Evans, who hails from the Tilbury area, his previous bands including Days After Eight, Goliath and the Red River Band.**

A fourth member, vocalist Tony Reece, also joined the band for a couple of gigs but things didn't work out and Stripjack has remained a trio ever since.

Forthcoming gigs for Jackson's outfit include Bogarts, Birmingham (June 15), Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (19), Greyhound, Fulham (21), Brecknock, Camden Town (26) and The Green Man, Plumstead (July 9 and 16) but it's possible that these may be among the band's last dates as Lee is dickering with the idea of heading for L.A. later in the year. "I came South to make it once," he says, "so maybe next time I'll head West and make it again."

Currently he's unhappy about the situation which requires minor bands to pay heavy fees in order to qualify as support acts on major tours. "Things have changed drastically over the years," Jackson claims ruefully. "At the end of 1969 The Nice did five dates on which Yes, then an up-and-coming group, played the support — and we paid *them* £125, which was good money then!"

EMBARRASSING PIX DEPT: The Nice (from left) David O'List, Lee Jackson, Keith Emerson, Blinky Davison

COULD YOU tell me the names of the rock'n'roll artists and songs that made up the soundtrack of Kenneth Anger's film *Scorpio Rising*? — **R. M. SIMPSON, Hanley, Stoke on Trent, Staffs.**

IS A soundtrack album available for the film *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*? — **M. JONES and E. GURNS, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands.**

● **Although I haven't got the titles of the songs that comprised the soundtrack to *Scorpio Rising*, a 1963 movie dedicated to "the myth of the American motor cyclist", the BFI files reveal that Little Peggy March, Elvis Presley, The Randells, The Angels, Bobby Vinton, Ray Charles, The Crystals, Kris Jensen, Claudine Clark, Gene McDaniels and The Surfaris were the artists featured. A soundtrack album of Jack Nitzche's music to *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* is currently available on Fantasy FTA 3004.**

HOW CAN I get hold of a copy of The Stranglers fanzine mentioned in *NME*'s ridiculous review of "Rattus Norvegicus"? — **DEE PRESSIVE, Wakefield.**

● **I can imagine why you'd need something to take your mind off your environment — Wakefield station, for instance, looks as if it was the venue for a punk riot that took place around 1903. So accept my deepest sympathy and also my advice — which is to send 30p to Tony Moon, 40 Woodyates Road, Leigh, Essex, an action which should result in a copy of "Strangled" being dumped on your doorstep within a few days.**

CAN YOU give any info on a group named Frabjoy And Runcible Spoon, who had a record out on Marmalade in 1969? The 'A' side, "I'm Beside Myself", was written by Godley and Creme. — **KEVIN FOWKES, Derby.**

● **Frabjoy And Runcible Spoon was a group name concocted by Giorgio Gomelsky to hide the identities of Messrs. Godley and Creme. Eric Stewart played lead guitar on the sessions which were intended to produce an album, though this never finally materialised. Two other tracks from this period, Kevin Godley's "To Fly Away" and Graham Gouldman's "Late, Mr Late" eventually found their way onto a Marmalade sampler, the latter track featuring all four members of the original 10cc Godley's "To Fly Away", recorded in 1969, recently resurfaced once more on "Rare Tracks" (Polydor 2482 274).**

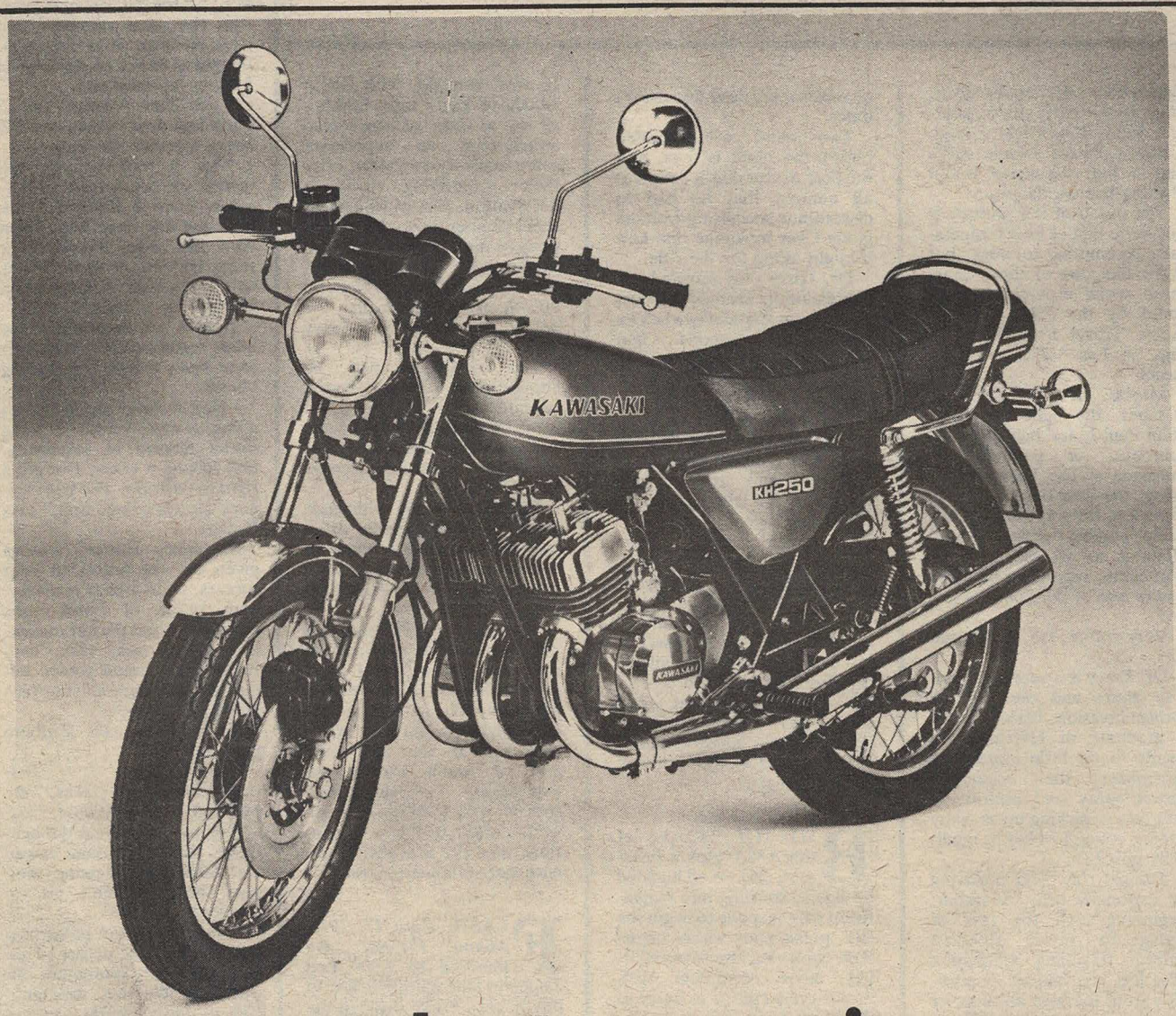
IS "AT The Present Moment", an LP from the late '60s, by Ewan McColl and Peggy Seeger, still available on Rounder Records? Any information you can supply about the label itself would also be very much appreciated. — **TONY McCARTHY, Portaoise, Ireland.**

● **"At The Present Moment" *is* available on Rounder 4003, though the disc was recorded in 1972 and not during the late '60s as you believe. Rounder is one of America's leading ethnic labels, its range of artists including Norman Blake, session guitarist on Dylan's "Nashville Skyline" etc.; the late Aunt Mollie Jackson, an early protest singer whose political views forced her to be blacklisted in her native State of Kentucky; the Women's Liberation Rock Bands of Chicago and New Haven, whose album provides such anthems as "Ain't Gonna Marry" and "Abortion Song"; and The Holy Modal Rounders, the arch-loonies who achieved a modicum of fame when their recording of "If You Wanna Be A Bird" was selected to form part of the "Easy Rider" movie soundtrack. Rounder albums can be found in most good import shops while a copy of the latest catalogue can be obtained from Rounder Records, 186 Willow Avenue, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144, USA.**

COULD YOU list *all* the albums released by The Firesign Theatre Company? — **PAT COOKE, Chesham, Bucks.**

● **The latest Firesign Theatre release is "Just Folks, A Firesign Chat" (Butterfly 001), previous offerings being "Wait For The Electrician" (Col. CS 9518), "How Can You Be In Two Places At Once?" (Col.CS9884), "Don't Crush That Dwarf — Hand Me The Pliers" (Col.C30102), "Dear Friends" (Col.PG31099), "Not Insane" (Col.KC31585), "Giant Rat Of Sumatra" (Col. KC32730), "Everything You Know Is Wrong" (Col.KC33141), "In The Next World You're On Your Own" (Col.PC33475), "Forward Into The Past" (Col.34391) and "I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus" (Col.C30737).**

Other albums featuring members of the Firesigns include Proctor and Bergman, "TV Or Not TV" (Col.KC32199); David Ossman, "How Time Flies" (Col.KC32411); and Phil Austin "Roller Madam From Outer Space" (Epic KE32489). As far as I know, none of these discs were released in Britian though "I Think We're All Bozos" made an appearance and is still available — in quad tape form (CBS CAQ 30737). Odd that.



The 250 that's out on its own.

The Kawasaki KH250 is the world's only 250 triple cylinder 2-stroke. And it showed its supremacy by being voted the outstanding 250 in the 1976 'Machine of the Year' awards.

Its engine makes it special. Its performance makes it sophisticated. And its slim trim styling puts it definitely ahead of the crowd.

The KH250's extra cylinder delivers smoother engine power than any other 250 can manage on only 2 cylinders. Add to that the triple's responsive burst of acceleration — and the KH250's lightness and manoevrability — and you have handling that few can match.

It also combines many refined features for rider comfort, safety and convenience. The engine is slim, and neatly 'tailored' in its race-proven double frame, to give you a comfortable and streamlined riding position. Confident braking power is provided by the combination of front disc with rear drum brake. The 3-way separated fuse electrical system prevents complete electrical failures.

Other features include a positive-action engine kill switch, a single key system for all locks, and a convenient tail-housing compartment.

The KH250 is designed to give you second-nature riding. Relaxed and comfortable when that's how you feel. Sporty and fun when the mood hits you. Efficient and determined when you call for it.

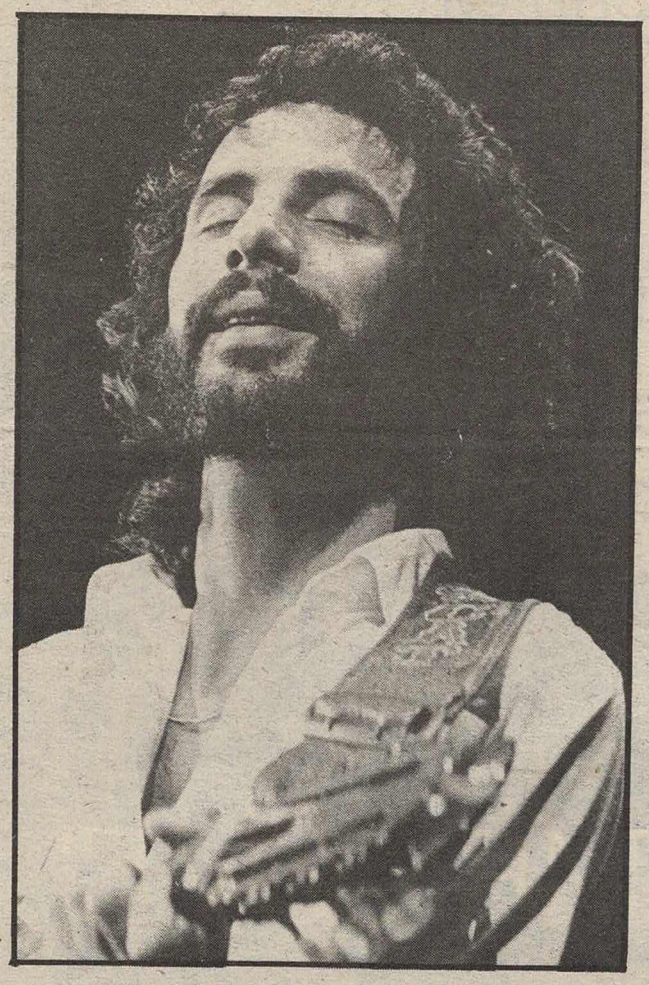
Flowing power, easy stride, responsive sprint: that's what separates the KH250 from the pack. Don't wait for the rest to catch up. Ride the 250 that's out on its own.

Kawasaki
sets the pace

Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd. 748-749 Deal Avenue, Trading Estate, Slough, Berkshire Tel: Slough 38255

SINGLES

"Single of the . . . What! You mean . . ! Really?!" (No, actually). CAT STEVENS — pic, RICHARD CREAMER



Jubilee tedium strikes again

I CAN'T believe it. Here we are in a boom time for real rock singles, and I manage to land in the middle of the most tedious heap of 45s dredged together since 1962. Single of the Week? How can you make Cat Stevens Single of the Week?

Never mind, it's an absolutely fascinating column, and at the end of it you'll be given a quiz on such subjects as: How old is Alan Longmuir? Where does Tapper Zukie go for his holidays? Was he on the same flight as Graham Nash? Why aren't The Sex Pistols mentioned on this page? Why doesn't Prince Charles go out with girls? Eh? Answer me that.

SOMEONE ELSE GOT HERE FIRST

CAT STEVENS: Remember The Days Of The Old School Yard (Island). Written in the '60s, I believe, and cut two years ago on Linda Lewis's Arista debut album, this is almost a song to rank beside Cat Stevens' other great songs-for-other-people (Jimmy Cliff's "Wild World", P. P. Arnold's "First Cut"). Cat Stevens' performance, which recaptures the mixture of power and tenderness he had in '71, knocks Ms Lewis' version into a cocked hat and makes me think I ought to take a listen to "Izitso." For a supposedly blanded-out religious dope he sure packs a ferocious rhythm.

UFO: Alone Again Or (Chrysalis). Look, mate, this isn't just another song. This is sacrilege. Try as they may — and they do genuinely attempt to do a sympathetic note-for-note version, trumpets and strings and all, but with the guitar playing the trumpet solo — UFO stand about as much chance of carrying this off as Kenny would have of playing "Voodoo Chile". Arthurly, where are you?

BETTE MIDLER: You're Moving Out Today (Atlantic). WEA seem to have an internal chart race on their hands, as Carole Bayer Sager's front-runner is on Elektra. Carole Sager's is considerably less jangly, less trite. The best woman's already won.

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN "AMERICAN GRAFFITI" CAME OUT?

NEIL SEDAKA: Let's Go Steady Again (RCA). A 1963 example of the much-vaunted Brill Building caucus, produced by Don Kirshner and penned by Sedaka and Howie Greenfield. A minor US hit back then (if a hit at all), it s re-release is mystifying. You want minimalism? Follow the road mapped out here till you reach "Sugar Sugar" and asphyxiate.

TAPPER ZUKIE: MPLA (Klik). *"MPLA, natty going on a holiday"* — lyric of the week. Patti's toasting buddy gets his '76 skank hit — a classic, as Jah Reel would tell ya — re-released courtesy of RCA, who've just rescued Klik from its West London office-over-the-launderette knock-twice-and-ask-for-Delroy type existence. They'll probably turn it into a disco label. Meanwhile Tapper drones on about Babylon in a fairly weedy monotone as those ska horns fade in and out at unexpected moments and the drummer taps the side of his snare drum impatiently like he's waiting for the record to start. Tap on, mon.

DETROIT EMERALDS: Feel The Need In Me (Atlantic). A big hit in '73 on Janus, this looks destined to be Abe Tilmon and The Emeralds' sole mark in the history books. Pretty damn fine mark, though, its effusive swing overshadowing even Graham Central Station's manic version. Great.

CATEGORY? WHAT CATEGORY?

SUPERTRAMP: Give A Little Bit (A&M). This is the loosening-up intro track on "In The Quietest Moments". They're still an interesting band — the way they rise into John Helliwell's sax break, the austere textural control behind the superficially casual vibe, the vunerability of the singing (Roger Hodgson on this, I think) — but most of one's enjoyment of this comes from its frissons of "Crime" and that moment when you first got into that album (if, like me, you were ever uncool enough to let yourself). A one-album band.

SPIRIT: Farther Along (Mercury). I was under the misapprehension that the reformed Spirit were the last outpost of guitar virtuoso brain damaged psychedelic wonderfulness. Unless what we have here is an imposter, they're actually just a slightly superior bunch of LA groovers — which, come to think of it, was what they were when last observed back in 1970 on "Twelve Dreams Of Dr Sardonicus".

ULTRAVOX: Young Savage (Island). Fast, furious and futile — the New Vaudeville Band vocal style used on the album's "Wide Boys", dire semi-melody, terrible chorus line and spotty sounding words, grey music only relieved by Steve Shears' wired-up guitar — sounds like one that didn't make the album, though it's actually a new recording.

MOON: Name Of The Game (Epic). Whatever-happened-to time. Pleasant light rock-funk, very airy, very skilful, very uncommercial. They still seem awful reluctant to instigate The Moon Disco Experiment. Hope they never need to.

NOTHING TO DECLARE

MAGNA CARTA: Airport Song (Philips). Since Simon & Garfunkel split up, would-be replacements have been springing up at the rate of one a year, if not less. No wonder Heathrow's always on strike if it's clogged up with wimpy close harmony duos moping around with their Spanish guitars, drooping cigarettes and (I quote) dog-eared Sunday supplements. Never mind, they should be leaving for Singapore in the morning — or at least Radio 2.

CROSBY STILLS & NASH: Just A Song Before I Go (Atlantic). Are they going punk or something? This G. Nash epic clocks in at just two minutes six seconds — two minutes too long, you may think. Graham shoves past all the other wimps writing songs out at the airport and as he boards the plane he experiences this searing flash of parting loneliness. Then he writes about it. *"Travelling twice the speed of sound, it's easy to get burned."* Well, it rhymes with *"a lesson to be learned,"* doesn't it?

PLASTIC FACTORY

ALAN LONGMUIR: I'm Confessin' (Arista). Twenty-eight-year-old ex-Bay City Roller Alan could still pass for half his age, vocally at least. This was produced by Colin Frechter, who I believe currently performs that precarious role for the BCRs (they get through producers even quicker than they get through band members) and written by Russ Ballard (who's written some real crap alongside his recent pop gems, but this beats all). "I'm Confessin'" does have a pathetic kind of addictiveness in parts, those parts being the verses, which have that daft head-in-the-air bouncing-from-side-to-side feel the BCRs trademarked way back when — that strenuous sincerity really gets me. Unfortunately, Ballard's song is so convoluted that those bits only occur twice. Lose 50,000 sales.

HOT CHOCOLATE: So You Win Again (RAK). Problem: Hot Choc need another shift in direction, but they've got to hang onto the key ingredients — the doleful cellos, Errol Brown's bleat and the upfront dull thud drum sound. Solution: there is no solution. That lot lumped onto this (Russ?) Ballard re-write of "Stand By Me" done pseudo-Philly sounds completely bizarre. But what a pragmatic approach, eh? No categories are gonna stymie M. Most — and, awful though the results may be, all power to him. Witness the "Chris Spedding" album and The Vibrators' "Whips And Furs", both unheralded triumphs of entrepreneurial production. This one grows. Slightly.

REDNECK PRESERVATION

BILLY SWAN: Swept Away (Monument). It's extraordinary to think that in the grim days of late '74 this guy scored that massive left field hit with "I Can Help" — inspired rockabilly at No.1 in the States and battling in the UK Top Ten with Mud and David Essex. "Swept Away" opens his new "Four" album, recorded at Muscle Shoals (Hood, Hawkins, Beckett, Johnson) with the Muscle Shoals horns, and strings overdubbed in Nashville — an altogether bigger production than the "I Can Help" period. It's still pure Southern swamp R&B though.

DAVE EDMUNDS: I Knew The Bride (Swan Song). Heppy Nick Lowe "You Never Can Tell" re-model from the "Get It" album. Immaculately detailed, lovingly reconstructed with deluxe sound. Edmunds is hardly the world's most charismatic singer, but what the hell — I'm no R&R fan, but I'll give this foive even though it doesn't really mean anything to me. B-side bonus: "Back To Schooldays".

CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS: My Little Sister's Gotta Motorbike (Charly). Cavan Grogan? What kind of name's that? Seem to recall the RRs doing this for J. Street porter on TV recently. Heartland Teddy Boy rock, motorbike FX, hiccups, DAs, muted crepe-soled guitars, self-imposed mundanity.

ROD HART: C. B. Savage (Charly). Calling all "Convoy" owners — wanna hear "the ultimate CB song"? This, according to Rod Hart, is it. Instead of Rubber Duck, you get CB Savage — the gay trucker. Hilarious, huh? I won't spoil it by telling you that CB Savage turns out to be a transvestite speed cop.

SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY PHIL McNEILL

SWEATY BODIES CORNER

BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND: The Pinocchio Theory (Warner Bros). A Special Limited Edition 12-incher taken from "Ahh The Name Is Bootsy". Must confess I don't really get the Bootsy craze. Sure, great image, the madness is a groove — but Collins and Clinton, to my ears, aren't the greatest shakes as writers. I thought Fred Wesley and Maceo Parker were better off breakin' bread, thinkin' positive, givin' up food for funk and doin' the funky Watergate with The JBs. To me that band was really warm, often better on record in fact without JB himself. This mob's just too smart. Much too busy cracking funnies to ever give Fred a chance to "show you how a po' man play."

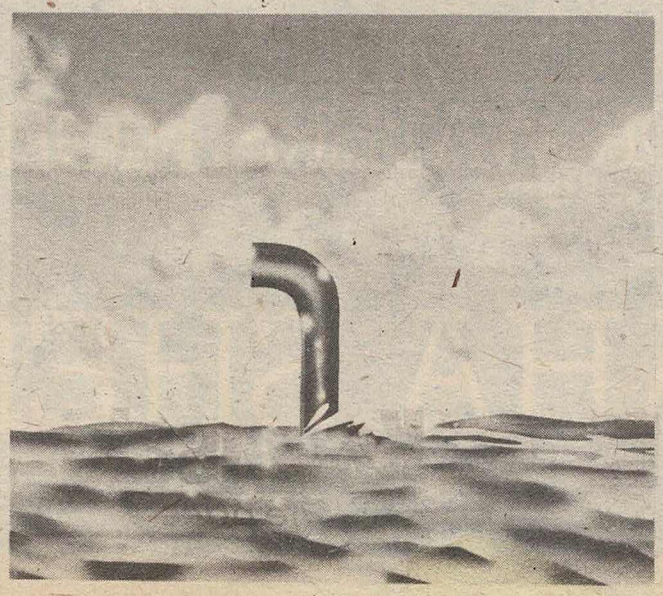
JOHN MILES: Slow Down (Decca). Give him his due — he's a real all-rounder. After a bright-eyed pop hit ("Highfly"), a commercial hard rock debut LP ("Rebel"), a kitchen sink muzak slush ballad superhit ("Music"), and an eclectic second album ("Manhattan Skyline"), John Miles has pulled another stroke to resuscitate a career which looked to be fading as quickly as it had flared, with — wait for it — an American disco hit! Really. This is it. A 12-incher, allegedly issued here in response to in-club demand, it's a fast funk thingy with a really good mouthbag solo and large amounts of relentlessness.

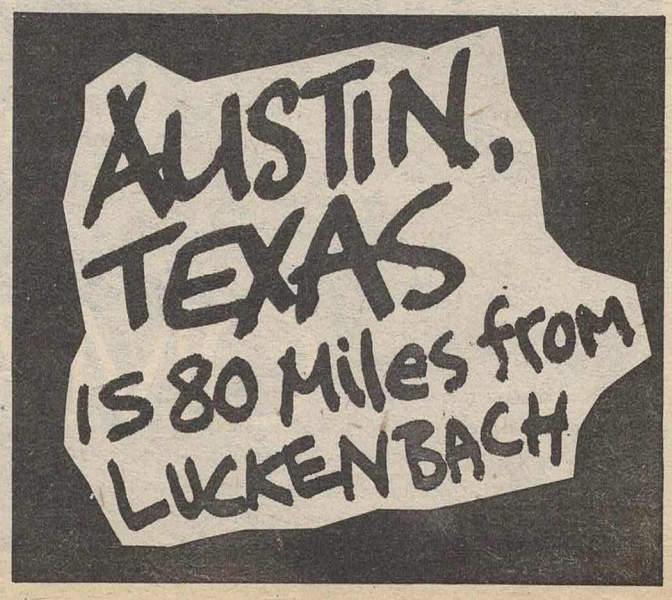
ROSE ROYCE: I'm Going Down (MCA). Another from *Car Wash,* just as trashy as the title track but dressed up somewhat. Whitfield at his best is astounding, yet even with The Undisputed Truth he seems unable to differentiate between greatness and gaudiness.

O'JAYS: So Glad I Got You Girl (Philadelphia International). Compared to the highs of the '72 "Backstabbers" period (great album), this is sheer candyfloss from the '70s Four Tops. Still, good instant hookline melody from Kenny and Leon. Just as well, because that's all there is to the song.

CAROL WOODS: "I'm In Wonderland" (RCA). Produced by Ian Levine, Northern soul DJ graduate, this is a seven-minute 12-incher that typifies the market-oriented mentality which is so peculiar to soul. Sure, it's disco junk, but it's still soul — and it exemplifies the ability of black soul / R&B / blues / disco to steal outrageously yet retain credibility (just). Here you get the "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" melody line, a Larry Graham bass riff, that same old same old drum shuffle . . . Because it's black it's traditional (in fact, as disco goes it's pretty soulful and far from the most derivative) but if it was by George Harrison he'd have legions of greedy people slobbering over his royalty cheque. (Not that Nick & Val would ever be so gross, of course.)

MARLENA SHAW: Pictures And Memories (CBS). Last year's fiery "Better Than Walking Out" was on Blue Note/UA, but despite the label change Ms Shaw's still working with Bert DeCoteaux, still struggling to inject a little class into disco dross, still just keeping her head above water. If these disco merchants don't have a complete re-think about training techniques soon, black music will turn into the England of the championships, all work rate and no flair.





COME HELL OR HIGH WATER OMAHA SHERIFF ARE GONNA' BREAK THROUGH

with their arresting new single

'YOU GIVE ME LOVE' GD 15

Taken from their album

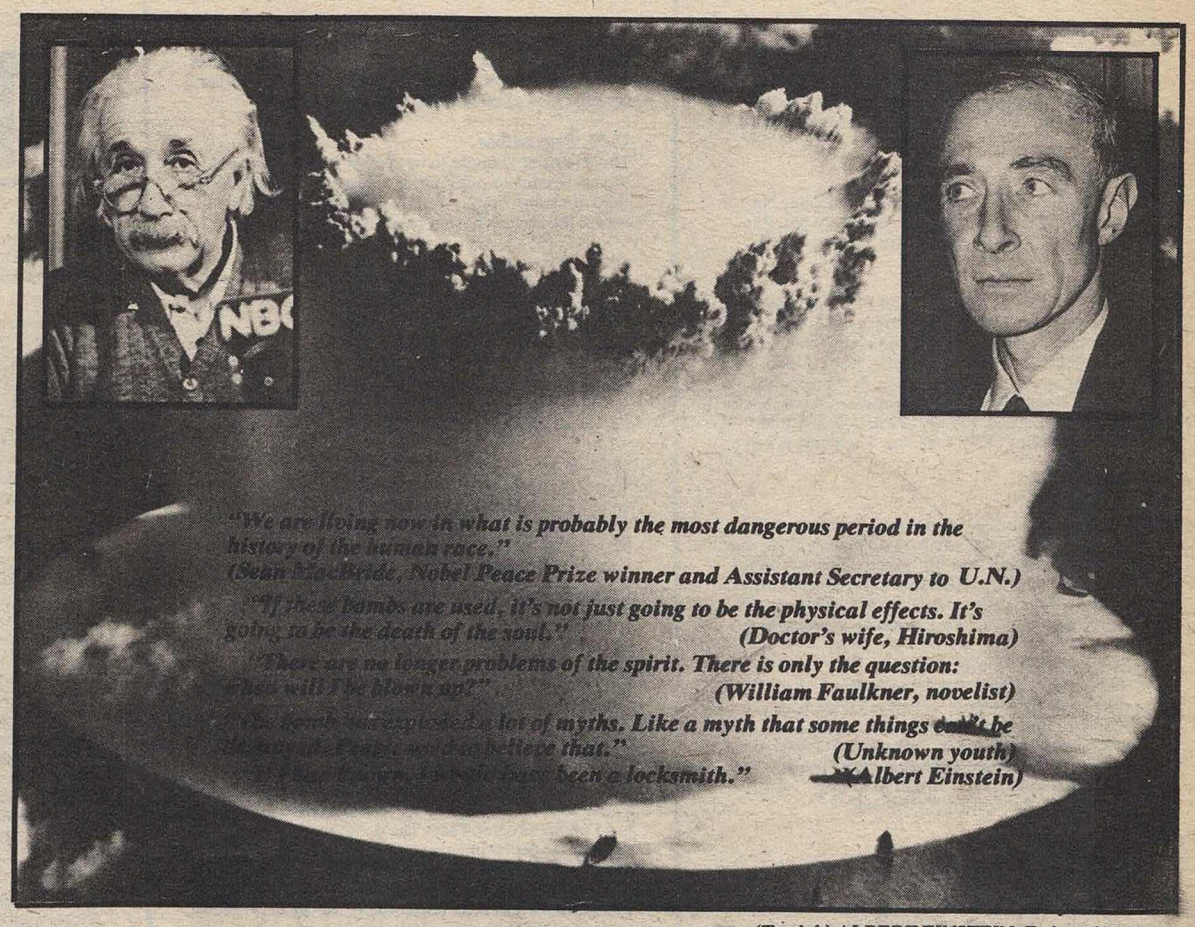
'COME HELL OR WATERS HIGH

GDS 803

OMAHA SHERIFF

c The Sheriff Of Omaha Ltd. 1977.

A GOOD EARTH PRODUCTION MARKETED BY R.C.A


"We are living now in what is probably the most dangerous period in the history of the human race."
(Sean MacBride, Nobel Peace Prize winner and Assistant Secretary to U.N.)
"If these bombs are used, it's not just going to be the physical effects. It's going to be the death of the soul."
(Doctor's wife, Hiroshima)
"There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up?"
(William Faulkner, novelist)
"We learn at school a lot of myths. Like a myth that some things can't be changed. People used to believe that."
(Unknown youth)
"I should have been a locksmith."
(Albert Einstein)

(Top left) ALBERT EINSTEIN, Father of Modern Physics; (top right) J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER, Father of the Bomb; explosion — Bikin Atoll, 1946.

NME presents a

Consumer Guide to The NUCLEAR Age

BRITAIN IS under nuclear attack. There has been no warning; no sirens have sounded.

The ballistic missiles now hitting our cities, industrial centres and military bases were launched from undetected submarines a mere fifteen seconds ago.

The missile warheads — hydrogen bombs — strike with computer-calculated accuracy, landing within 50 metres of their pre-selected targets.

One 15 megaton bomb has exploded in Central London. It has gouged a crater 80 metres deep — deeper than the Underground — and a mile across. It has thrown up a ring of rubble at least two miles wide around the crater.

Anybody who watched the fiercely brilliant fireball of the bomb's explosion has either been permanently blinded or had their eyes severely burned.

The blast wave from the bomb has swept along the tunnels of the Underground, killing everyone within 20 miles. The heat wave from the bomb and its storms of fire winds travelling at up to 200 mph has burned to death everyone caught in the open within 25 miles.

Uncontrollable fires now rage everywhere within 30 miles of the bomb's target. Every building within 5 miles has been completely destroyed; all buildings within 20 miles have been badly damaged.

This one bomb has killed over 4 million people almost instantaneously. The Russians have already tested nuclear devices at least six times as powerful.

Every sizeable centre of population and industry in Britain has been hit by the bombs; the attack has left between 35 and 40 millions dead.

Those who survived this first wave of destruction now face the invisible, creeping death of radiation from alpha, gamma and beta rays.

AS THE BOMBS EXPLODED, they formed characteristic mushroom clouds by scraping up thousands of tons of rubble and earth into the atmosphere. Within 12 hours the dust from these clouds — radioactive fallout — will settle over areas of up to 2000 square miles around each nuclear explosion and expose everyone within these areas to radiation.

The first effects of radiation sickness will soon be apparent. Sickness and vomiting will be followed by more of the same, along with diarrhoea, physical weakness and mental depression. Hair will begin to fall out in clumps. The mouth, nose and bowels will bleed profusely.

The intensive medical care essential for treating these symptoms is unlikely to be available to more than one in every thousand after the attack; hospital facilities will have been either destroyed or dispersed.

Millions more will die of radiation sickness in the next few days.

Those who live longer will absorb radioactive elements — Strontium 90, Iodine 131, Caesium 137 and Carbon 14 — into their bodies. These elements will 'decay' steadily, ensuring that those exposed to them either die slowly or, in the improbable event of their living long enough, give birth to crippled or congenitally defective children.

The chances of those living in rural areas surviving the attack are little better than those living in the cities. If the bombs haven't already killed them, the radiation will.

In addition, the explosion of a large number of nuclear weapons (or nukes) has disrupted the protective ozone layer in the upper atmosphere. This disruption will allow harmful ultra-violet radiation to fall onto the earth's surface from space.

Under this ultra-violet bombardment the incidence of skin cancer, blindness and acute sunburn will increase dramatically. Crops and farm livestock will sicken and die whilst the concomitant fall in average temperatures around the globe will cause major — and disastrous — climatic changes.

A nuclear attack and its fatal overdosage of radiation would leave Britain — and a sizeable chunk of Northern Europe — uninhabitable for centuries.

BUT WHAT OF British Civil Defence (CD) measures that might be taken in the event of a nuclear attack?

In Switzerland they take CD seriously enough to have ensured that if the country were involved in a nuclear war adequate shelter and supplies of food, medical aid and protective clothing will be available to 99 in every 100 Swiss.

In China shelters have been constructed to protect a substantial number of the population and it's been intimated that the Russians spend upwards of £6000 million a year on CD, their aim being to ensure the survival of at least 80 per cent of their population. Both China and Russia have launched enthusiastic CD instruction and rehearsal programmes.

Even in America, where little thought has been paid to the aftermath of a nuclear attack for over 15 years, plans for evacuating 200 million Americans from target areas are once more being studied by the Pentagon.

No such measures are either in operation or planned in Britain. As long ago as the 1950's the requisite decisions were taken to abandon them.

Government CD pamphlets offering vague advice (farmers were advised to milk as many of their cows as possible before taking shelter) were circulated half heartedly before being withdrawn in the early 1960's. A new, improved version was published last year.

Have *you* read one?

In the interim period the bias of British CD had altered significantly. It was now admitted openly that there would be little point in providing underground shelters for the vast majority of Britons.

Instead it was proposed that Regional Seats of Government (RSGs) — a holdover from World War II contingency plans — would be either constructed or rehabilitated around the country. These RSGs would provide shelter and protection for a handful of civil servants, politicians and military men.

So British CD has been "discreetly re-organised" at a cost of over £20 million a year, 25 per cent of which is drawn from ratepayers' money. The RSGs have been built.

There are plans for the circulation of booklets and CD information on radio and television "only in the event of war". It is tacitly assumed that there will be a period of "tension" before the nuke storm breaks, thus enabling this material and info to be effectively distributed.

For the British population to be fully aware of what (little) they can do for themselves before a nuclear attack, the new CD plans call for a minimum 5 days of concentrated info dissemination. Then, following the detection of an imminent attack, a "national plan" would be put into operation, using some 17000 sirens and local warning points (pubs, police stations, post offices, etc).

At the same time the CD plans admit that "a large proportion of the populace would be killed instantly or die within two weeks after exposure to radiation" and that, even if successfully implemented, CD measures "would save no more than 6 to 7 million lives in the United Kingdom".

More pragmatic observers have commented that both the 5 days' "tension" time and the possibility of some few minutes' warning of an attack are ludicrously optimistic.

AND WHAT OF Britain's much-vaunted nuclear deterrent?

The UK has 4 Polaris subs — America has 41 more advanced vessels, Russia 78. Of these 4 only 2 are at sea at any given time; the other pair remain at their base in Holyloch — vulnerable to attack. All 4 British Polaris subs will be obsolete in a few years. (It's even been suggested that the missiles carried on board them are 'keyed' into the US command system and so could not be fired without express American consent.)

By the same token, Britain's nuclear bomber strike force of Vulcan deltas and Buccaneers is already obsolete.

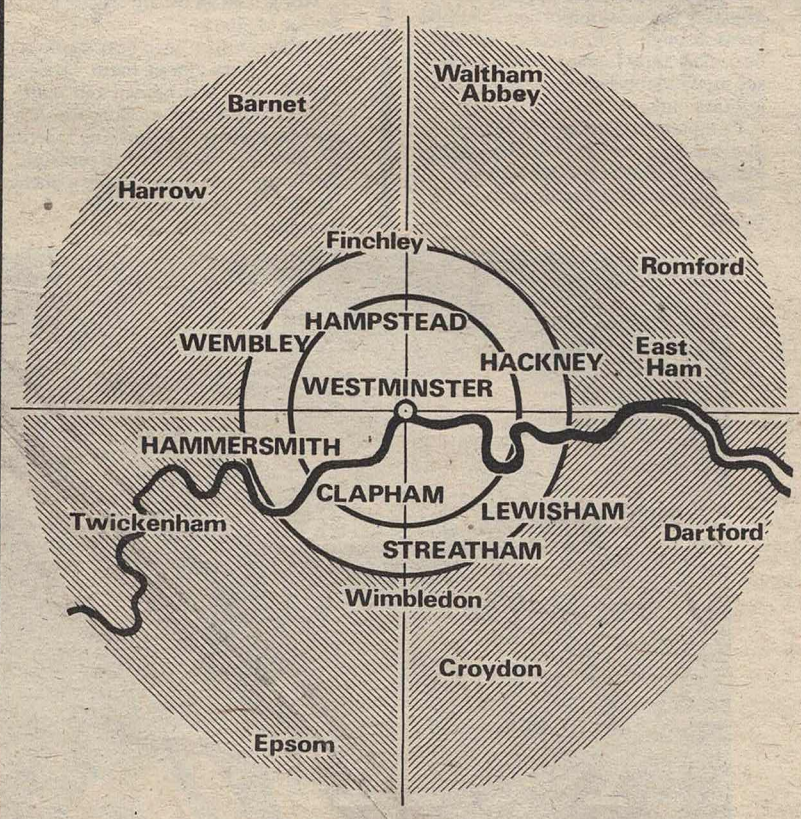
The RAF's possible replacement, a strike version of the Tornado Multi-Role Combat Aircraft (MRCA) designed by a combined West German, Italian and British consortium, will not enter service until well into the 1980's; its performance in prototype is by no means as competitive with *current* Russian and American equivalents as was planned.

These and other factors only underline the presumption in Britain — no longer a great or world power in any sense of the terms — undertaking to continue to develop and maintain a 'credible' nuclear deterrent force that, ironically enough, is unlikely to 'deter' *any* potential aggressor.

It is often argued that Britain might have played a far more positive role in world affairs if she had declined to develop her own deterrent (as Canada has done) instead of obsequiously following the USA and USSR in manufacturing yet more weapons of mass destruction.

Nonetheless Britain continues, despite her dire financial straits, to struggle to pay for the upkeep of a deterrent — and at ever increasing expense.

ONE BOMB ON LONDON



Inner ring = mile-wide crater; first circle (3½ miles) = total destruction and fall-out; second circle (5 miles) = shock waves leave few buildings standing, uncontrollable fires break out, fall-out; third circle (13 miles) = heavy damage, fires, radiation flash-burn, and fall-out. All this from 15 megatons. These days the Russians possess 100 megaton warheads.

IF THE two Super Powers, America and Soviet Russia, were ever to settle their differences with nuclear weapons, the conflict would have global repercussions. The ensuing Armageddon would devastate the Earth from pole to pole, leaving the planet a radioactive wasteland incapable of supporting human or animal life.

Whilst ambitious conquerors might in the past have subjugated peoples in extensive campaigns, the risk of permanent damage to Earth's delicate ecology was virtually non-existent. If crops were burnt or ravaged, they grew again; if thousands were slaughtered, populations invariably stabilised again. Wars were essentially 'limited' in scope and effect.

This is no longer necessarily so in the second half of the Twentieth century with the advent of nukes. Between them the USA and USSR have already stock-piled more than enough nuclear warheads to blow each other and Earth apart many times over. This state of affairs is glibly described in nuke jargon as one of Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD) and Overkill.

But the vicious spiral of arms escalation won't stop there. Each side is constantly obliged to try and forge ahead of the other, to build up their nuclear forces to achieve what's known as First Strike Capability. In everyday language, an FSC would mean that one side could attack the other and knock out all its opposing nukes.

THE AMERICANS held an early lead in nuke technology and maintained it through the 50's even though the Russians exploded the first properly strategic (transportable in a plane) H-bomb before them. The USAF had the long range bombers to carry their bombs; the Soviet air force had few comparable aircraft.

But both sides were busy developing missiles. The race was on in grim earnest.

Among the focal points of his presidential campaign in 1960, John F Kennedy argued for more US funds to be diverted to missile technology since it appeared that the Soviets were eroding America's initial lead in the field.

Kennedy was elected to office and America duly increased the size and potency of its nuclear forces by leaps and bounds — before it was realised the Russians had been nowhere near to threatening US superiority. Too late though — the USSR in turn set about accelerating their own nuke programme.

In the mid-60's it was believed that the Russians had screened their cities with a comprehensive Anti Ballistic Missile (ABM) system. The USA retaliated with Multiple Independently Targeted Re-Entry Vehicles (MIRVs) — warheads that scatter over their targets, so reducing the chance of these incoming nukes being destroyed before they struck.

There is still no definite evidence to suggest that the Russians had an ABM network at that time. They certainly have now.

Similarly in 1969 the US voted a vast military budget in response to info that the Russians had tested their own MIRVs. It was admitted in later years that the photographic evidence for Russian MIRVs in 1969 was highly suspect. Too late once more — the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces now have numerous MIRVs.

AND so it goes.

The Russians favour massive, blockbuster missiles, the Americans smaller, more accurate items of nuke hardware. Each side interprets any move by the other as a direct threat to itself. Fear feeds hungrily on fear.

Only recently the post-Mao regime in China, predicting a nuke war between the USA and the USSR in the near future, has declared every

■ *Continues over*

The NUCL

1945 — 1

1939
Hitler's armies slice through Europe. An atomic bomb may be possible — the real question is: who gets there first? A group of physicists pressure US President Roosevelt to initiate a crash bomb programme. They fail.

1941
Anti-fascist German scientists conspire to delay Nazi bomb plans. The bomb, they say, is just not possible. Speer, Hitler's armaments minister, believes them.

1942
After the final theoretical details of the bomb have been completed, Churchill and Roosevelt finally agree to an atomic programme; jointly co-ordinated under Project Manhattan. Such is the scale of the Allied project that one facility *alone* accounts for more than ten percent of all US electricity consumption. Beneath a Chicago grandstand, the world's first atomic pile achieves controlled chain-reaction. The bomb is just a shot away.

1944
As the Allies blitzkrieg Germany, it is confirmed that Hitler does not have the bomb. With the Germans due to surrender, Japan is now the target. Scientists on the Manhattan project ask Roosevelt to demonstrate the bomb, in public, before using it, with warning, on the Japanese. Roosevelt does not discuss the proposal.

1945. 16 July. 5.30 am
At Alamagordo, in the New Mexico desert, the atomic age rides in on the wings of thunder. The device, codenamed Trinity, exceeds all expectations. "Someone turned the sun on with a switch," exclaims a watching scientist. Robert Oppenheimer, head of the bomb team, quotes from a Hindu scripture: "I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds."

1945. 7 August.
At dawn, a Japanese General in Tokyo receives a report containing the incomprehensible sentence: "The whole city of Hiroshima was destroyed instantly by a single bomb." The attack comes without warning. 114,000 are dead. A week later, after a second attack at Nagasaki, Japan surrenders.

"Atomic bombing story received largest and heaviest smash play of entire war with three deck banner headlines morning and evening papers stop radio networks gave national play." — US Air Force telegram to Pacific commander.

"In 1945, when we ceased worrying what the Germans might do to us, we began to worry about what the government of the United States might do to other countries." — Leo Szilard, atomic scientist.

1949. September.
The Russians, thought to be at least ten years behind the US in nuclear research, test an atomic bomb. Both sides are tense: some Americans want to strike fast, before the Soviets have a bomb stockpile.

1949. November.
A right-wing Senator blows his top on nationwide TV and reveals the big secret. The US government is going ahead with the hydrogen bomb, the true 'super weapon'.

1951
An American experimental reactor at Idaho generates the world's first nuclear electricity.

1952. 1 November.
Shortly before dawn, the Pacific atoll of Eniwetok is lit up by the brightest light ever seen on Earth. In less than a second, a fireball 3 miles in diameter scoops up the island of Elugelab, leaving a hole two miles deep and a mile wide in the ocean floor. This is *Mike* — not a bomb, but a US hydrogen device weighing 65 tons, with an explosive power 700 times that of the Hiroshima A-bomb.

1953
Russia explodes the first true hydrogen bomb. Again, the Americans are taken by surprise.

1954
After months of effort, the Americans strap an H-bomb to a steel tower and vapourise Bikini Atoll. The detonation is twice as big as expected, equivalent to 15 million tons of TNT. The bomb showers radioactive debris onto several hundred people, including the crew of a Japanes fishing vessel — the *Lucky Dragon* — which has ventured too near. One of the crewmen dies from radiation, going down in history as the first casualty of the H-bomb.

"I had been to planetariums in New York . . . and you know how you look all round at the horizon, and there's the outline of a city, in silhouette? I sketched in my mind the outline of a city against that fireball, in silhouette. And I thought, 'Oh my God!' — Roy Reider, on Bikini firing team.

1955
The US Navy launches *Nautilus*, the first nuclear-powered submarine.

1956
In a typically English speech-filled ceremony, HM the Queen opens Calder Hall, the world's first full-scale nuclear power station. No-one mentions that the decision has already been taken to use the reactor to produce plutonium for Britain's own H-bomb.

Over 11,000 scientists from 48 countries sign a petition calling for an end to all bomb tests. US Vice-President Richard Nixon calls the proposal "catastrophic nonsense".

1957. May
Britain's first home-made H-Bomb wastes Christmas Island. Before the detonation, Harold Steele, an English chicken farmer and pacifist, announces his intention to sail into the test area. If the government wants to atomise a section of the Pacific, says Steele, then they'll have to take him with it. He arrives too late, but his action adds to the growing anti-nuclear movement.

An official defence report bluntly states that "there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the people of this country against the consequences of an attack with nuclear weapons."

"There are optimists and pessimists in Britain. The pessimists think five H-Bombs will wipe out everyone in Britain. The optimists think it will take eight. We have 200." — Soviet General.

1957. Autumn
Russia announces the first successful ICBM flight, followed by Sputnik. The Americans panic. Following alarmist reports that the Soviets will have 500 ICBMs by 1960, US missiles roll off the assembly lines by the dozen.

"More targets were being constantly dreamed up. There were times when I thought *individuals* would be named as targets." — US official.

After all safety devices fail, the Windscale (Cumberland) reactor spews tons of radioactive iodine into the atmosphere. Crops in a 400 square mile area are seized and burned.

1958. January
CND is born in a London flat. Three months later, on Good Friday, thousands march from Trafalgar Square to the Aldermaston weapons factory. CND has become a mass movement. The semaphore signs for N and D — *N*uclear *D*isarmament — are incorporated into a circular motif, becoming as universal a symbol as the 'Coca Cola' logo. Russia announces an end to nuclear tests. The moratorium is extended by America and the UK — but not for long.

1960
Radar in Greenland reports that a missile attack has been launched against the US. Nuclear forces are put on the alert, until it is found that the radar echoes are from the moon.

A new sick joke makes the rounds: following the film *On The Beach*, a US scientist invents a new unit of measurement — the 'beach'. One beach is the quantity of nukes sufficient to waste half the world's population with fallout. At the end of the year, it is estimated that the world's nuclear stockpile exceeds two-and-a-half beaches.

1961
The lid blows off a reactor in Idaho, roasting two men alive by radiation. The contaminated parts of their bodies are removed and buried in a nuclear waste dump.

Following a refusal by the anti-nuclear 'Committee of 100' to call off a Whitehall-based demo, Scotland

The crew of USS **Enterprise** *have a little fun on deck during a Mediterranean cruise . . .*

■ *From previous page*

intention of entering the arms race at full tilt.

The catastrophic potentials are infinite.

A politician under severe strain in the White House or Kremlin? A snap decision? As Richard M Nixon remarked petulantly during Watergate: "I can go into my office and pick up the phone and in 25 minutes seventy million people will be dead."

Various attempts have been made to scale down the extent of the nuke race between America and Russia. None has been signally successful. And paradoxically the period of *detente* between East and West has seen some of the most alarming developments.

Nukes are theoretically banned from the sea bed, outer space and Antarctica. However the December '76 issue of *Counterspy* gave details of American attempts to mine the bed of the Indian Ocean with nukes.

The Russians have themselves been experimenting with seismic warfare, as well as with the possibilities of altering weather patterns over Canada and the USA for the worse.

They have also tested 'killer' satellites, with some success latterly, capable of destroying others stationed in orbit around the Earth.

THE MOST recently 'uncovered' — and controversial — of Russia's atomic arsenal is the Proton Beam Weapon (PBW). The PBW's existence was announced to the unsuspecting West in the US journal *Aviation Weekly*, a hardline hawkish publication known affectionately in the trade as *Megadeath Weekly*.

But at least some of *AW*'s 'evidence' has been confirmed by American satellite snaps. The Russians, it would appear, have been uncommonly busy constructing what look like vertically-mounted atomic accelerators on sites near the Caspian Sea.

When (and if) operational the PBW would pulse or 'fire' a stream of charged protons (the nuclei of hydrogen atoms) up through the atmosphere. These protons would be aimed to derange the delicate electronic guidance of an enemy missile and then cause it to explode harmlessly, miles above its target.

If the Russians have got a PBW and have carried out the fantastically expensive research to develop it, then *they will be able to neutralise America's entire nuke force*, thus protecting Russian cities and missile sites against any number of US missiles. But the Russians are unlikely to inform the world at large that they indeed possess PBWs, so the issue remains open . . .

ALL THE SAME, neither the USSR nor the USA (until Carter's arrival in Washington DC) have seemed keen to take steps towards disarmament of nukes.

The progress supposedly achieved by the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) between Ford and Brezhnev at Vladivostok in '74 has proved slight.

The details of SALT are highly abstruse and technical, but their main purpose is to try and fix ceilings for types of nukes — in other words, to balance off the American and Russian nuclear forces.

Recent proposals by the Carter administration for the recent round of SALT were rejected out of hand by the Soviets.

The USSR claims that the new American Cruise missile (a type of sophisticated 'doodlebug' drone missile that's very cheap to make, has incredibly accurate computer guidance and is capable of flying below radar) upsets all prior agreements.

The USA answer that the newish Soviet Backfire B bomber will do the same. The Americans would prefer to leave both Cruise and Backfire out of this round. The Russians insist Cruise be included, but not Backfire.

Impasse.

Neither side has any radically new proposals and both continue to develop new nukes.

The Warsaw Pact Forces of the Russian satellite countries in Eastern Europe have 19,000 tanks and 4,200 military aircraft. The NATO forces aligned against them have 7,000 and 2,035 respectively. NATO has always been numerically inferior to the Pact.

Western advisers therefore recommended 'tactical' nukes, short range missiles like the French Pluton or American Lance and Pershing, that could be used in 'restricted' theatres of war.

These mini-nukes were intended to compensate for the quantitative gap between the two sides. Their introduction to NATO had naturally led to the Pact receiving similar weapons. And the chances of any 'restricted' nuke exchange not escalating into a full scale conflict are improbably small.

BACK WITH the bomb. At present America, Russia, China, India, France and Britain have it.

West Germany, Spain, Switzerland, Sweden, Brazil, Argentina and Pakistan all aspire to join the exclusive nuclear club within the next decade.

The apartheid regime in South Africa is about to perfect its own bomb and already has the French Mirage bombers ready and waiting to deliver it. Israel probably has a bomb already and the aircraft to carry it.

Atomic and nuclear physics — arguably the most important scientific breakthrough of the century — have been flagrantly (some sceptics would say unavoidably) misappropriated for military ends.

Complete and unilateral nuclear disarmament, however unlikely and idealistic it may seem, remains the only hope of salvaging mankind's future.

Home nukes fo
— if we want i

THESE ARE troubled times; they're also energy-intensive. Industrialised societies place ever-increasing demands on earth's energy resources.

The fossil fuels — oil, natural gas and coal — have met our needs until now. But they're running out.

The oil fields in the North Sea, the Middle East and South-Eastern Europe will be drained dry long before the year 2000. Gas supplies are unlikely to last much longer.

Coal offers better prospects. Current projections estimate another 200 years' supply. But ours is an ecologically conscious age and coal isn't a very 'clean' fuel to burn. Its mines scar the landscape with tips — remember Aberfan? — whilst modern methods of extraction release large amounts of pollutants like carbon and sulphur dioxide into an already overloaded atmosphere.

Nor is coal an overly efficient source of energy.

Other sources have been exploited, nuclear power among them. Uranium atoms can be bombarded and 'split' under controlled conditions inside a nuclear reactor. The ensuing reaction or 'fission' — its physics in principle similar to those that explode a nuclear bomb — gives off incredible quantities of heat.

This heat is converted into steam which in its turn powers turbines that feed electricity into national grids. A few kilograms of uranium under fission provide as much power as thousands of tons of coal.

Uranium is a natural element and stocks, although costly but relatively easy to mine, will eventually be depleted.

Plutonium, another essential nuclear fuel, is not found in nature. It is artificially manufactured by chain reacting enriched uranium in what are known as Fast Breeder Reactors (FBRs). FBRs make more plutonium than they are fed; thus a limitless supply of energy is made available.

BUT IT'S not that simple.

Nuclear fission and its waste products emit radioactivity far in excess of earth's natural levels; unless shielded, they bleed radiation that can cause cancer and leukemia in humans and that are harmful to animal and plant life.

The storage of nuclear waste and its transportation present serious problems. Waste could be dropped on or 'shot into' the ocean bed. It can be poured into boreholes through the earth's crust and deposited between layers of clay, salt or granite that would 'mask' its radiation.

In the past wastes have been ineffectively stored, either through

A typical side-walk scene in Britain just after the attack — from PETER WATKINS' "The War Game" . . .

NUCLEAR Age

1977 — ?

Yard invokes a little-known Public Order Act and bans all Committee activities in Central London that weekend. The ordinance is defied by 12,000 people, 1,140 of whom are arrested: the all-time record for a day's busts. They sing "Ban, ban, ban the bloody H-Bomb, if you want to stay alive next year."

After a spectacular series of tests, the Russians detonate a 58 megaton monster — the biggest ever. CND estimates that if such a bomb should explode over London, the firestorm would extend to Cambridge in the north, and to Brighton in the south.

An American bomber accidentally drops a 24 megaton H-Bomb on South Carolina. The device runs through its firing sequence — stopping only on the last safety lock.

1962. October. The "Cuba Crisis".
Russia begins to install 70 nukes on Cuba, doubling the number of missiles within reach of the US. The Americans react with an ultimatum: take the missiles out, or we will. Stage one is a US naval blockade of Cuba — if this fails, the missile sites will be bombed. As Russian ships, laden with missile parts, near the waiting US navy, America and Russia begin the countdown for World War 3. The finger is on the button.

Across the Western world, people head for the hills, buy sandbags, pray or get drunk. This is for real, and everyone knows it. An English newspaper runs a cartoon showing arriving office workers. One secretary says to another, as they hang up their coats: "If one more person says 'Well, we're still here!' I'll scream."

The first Russian ship turns back, Kruschev agrees to remove the missiles, Kennedy calls off his dogs, TV newscasters make relieved jokes at closedown.

"To millions of people all over the world, the crisis made thermonuclear war, with giant fireballs burning up the cities, possible for the first time." — English journalist.

A Mexican kid, playing on a garbage dump, finds a container housing 7 pellets of radioactive cobalt. The container is kept as a home decorations. Four members of the family die.

1963
"Spies for Peace", a radical anti-nuke group, find and enter a secret Civil Defence bunker near Maidenhead. Documents inside reveal government plans for a nuclear war — the country's top dogs will sit it out while the rest of us fry. This embarrassing information is published, then, during the traditional Aldermaston March, the Maidenhead hidey-hole is invaded by a breakaway group. "Spies for Peace" are a national sensation.

Off the east coast of the US, the nuclear submarine *Thresher* goes down with all hands.

1964
The Americans 'lose' a kilo of fiendishly toxic plutonium when a satellite fails to go into orbit. Luckily for a million Asians, the plutonium is vapourised during re-entry over the Eastern Hemisphere.

Russia, America and the UK agree to end all atmospheric nuke tests and to keep nukes out of space. France and China refuse to sign.

Due to a "woeful series of mishaps, breakdowns and shutdowns", the Hallam power reactor in Nebraska is shut down after only a year's operation.

The Chinese explode their first atom bomb.

1966
An American bomber with four 25 megaton H-Bombs on board crashes off the Spanish coast.

Outside Detroit, the Fermi experimental reactor goes critical, barely missing a spontaneous chain reaction which would have showered the city's 2 million inhabitants with radioactive gas and debris.

1967
The US Department of Defense releases World War 3's casualty list: if the Russians strike first, 120 million Americans and 120-plus million Russians will be vapourised. If the US throws the first nuclear punch, they'll get only 70 million Russians — but the Russian second strike will take out 120 million Americans. The backward Chinese, much to everyone's surprise, explode an H-Bomb, forcing the DOD mathematicians to rework all their figures.

Allegations are made that the Americans have lost 88 capsules of radioactive fuel — some of which may have been stolen.

1968
HM government reorganises Civil Defence, an admission that first-aid and fire hoses won't stop the H-Bomb. Another US bomber with nukes on board falls out of the sky over Greenland.

In the past ten years, there have been 33 nuclear weapons accidents in the US alone.

An American journal, which features a clock on its front cover symbolising time running out for humanity, moves the hands forward to seven minutes to midnight, "in sad recognition that the past six years have brought mankind farther down the road to nuclear disaster."

1970
The 'nuclear haves' sign a treaty restricting the spread of nuclear weapons and technology. China, India and France — all of whom have the bomb — do *not* sign. Neither do four other countries with the potential to manufacture nukes by 1985.

1971
A disgruntled employee causes $10 millions worth of damage to a New York State power plant.

1972
Russia and America agree to limit the deployment of anti-missile defences. Both Nixon and Brezhnev are aware that an anti-missile program is a waste of effort. Both sides have too many weapons.

1973
Guerillas take possession of a nuclear facility in Argentina. Thieves make away with 21 capsules of radioactive iodine from a Californian hospital.

1974
Russia and the US agree to 'freeze' strategic missile levels for ten years. In Japan, the nuclear ship *Mutsu* springs a reactor leak and, hounded by an armada of angry fishermen, is forced to cruise the seas like a nuclear Flying Dutchman.

Plans for a do-it-yourself bomb are published in the UK and America — to become a nuclear power, all you need is a few kilos of plutonium and a degree in engineering.

Two Polaris subs collide off Faslane in the Firth of Clyde.

1975
Since 1966, there have been 23 hoaxes and threats involving British reactors.

In Alabama, a technician using a lighted candle to search for an air leak sets fire to the Browns Ferry reactor, crippling 7 of the complex's 12 safety systems.

1976
The Flowers Report urges caution on Britain's nuclear power programme. The fast breeder reactor, it says, may prove to be "a billion-pound step down a technological path which may . . . prove catastrophic."

There are now 162 nuclear reactors on-line worldwide.

Since 1969, says a US report, there have been at least 175 instances or threats of violence against American nuclear facilities — including two bombings.

An Estonian-based earthquake rattles windows in faraway Finland. There's speculation that the quake is, in fact, a nuclear explosion at a Russian sub base.

Two emigre Russian scientists describe a nuclear incident 'hushed up' by the Soviets: sometime during the late 50s a vast area near Sverdlovsk was evacuated and quarantined due to a major nuclear accident.

An American scientific organisation estimates that up to 36,000 people could die as a result of a reactor accident.

1977
Arms talks between America and Russia break down. There is talk of a new cold war.

With Polaris almost obsolete, the Ministry of Defence is considering providing the RN and RAF with British-designed "mini-nuke" Cruise missiles. The expense to the taxpayer will be phenomenal.

Under a cloak of secrecy, the government circulates new Civil Defence plans to the N.H.S.

5000 march in Switzerland against nuclear power.

Another "disappearing plutonium" scandal hits the headlines.

We're still here.

...or all ...t...

ignorance or through forced economies.

Dr Zhores Medvedev, a dissident Russian biochemist, has claimed that the Soviet nuclear programme suffered a major disaster in the Sverdlovsk district of the Ural mountains in early 1958.

Wastes had been allowed to accumulate in "insufficiently deep" burial areas and had somehow been precipitated into causing a huge explosion.

Medvedev stated that despite the evacuation of local populations, hundreds had died of exposure to radiation. *The area is still closed to the public 19 years later.*

BRITAIN'S Windscale, Cumbria, nuclear site reprocesses used isotopes imported from Japan, West Germany and other countries.

This offloading of nuclear waste on Britain has led some to protest, with good reason, that the United Kingdom is the "dustbin" of the nuclear world. Britain favours the granite layer method of disposal. Areas of "suitable" land in the West Country, the Scottish Lowlands and Outer Hebrides are being reviewed and surveyed for use as dumping grounds.

Windscale's own nuclear record has not been entirely without blemish. As well as playing host to a major reactor accident in 1957, the site has suffered other setbacks.

On 26 September 1973 the radiation alarms in reprocessing building B204 sounded. B204 was shut off within 50 minutes, but not before all 35 plant workers in the building had received skin and lung contamination from beta rays. A subsequent investigation revealed that both alarm systems and emergency procedures were inadequate.

Windscale also takes water from the Lake District, filters it through the site before passing it out into the Irish Sea. Bottom-feeding flatfish caught in the Ravensglass estuary near Windscale have been found to have been impregnated with levels of radiation above the permitted dosage.

British Nuclear Fuels Ltd., who operate the waste treatment systems at Windscale, insist that they are observing the Ministry of Food, Agriculture and Fisheries environmental regulations as stringently as they can.

But — like any item of high grade technology — reactors can and do develop unforeseen faults. They demand precision engineering techniques; the smallest miscalculation in their construction or mistake in their operation introduces the element of extreme risk.

MEANWHILE the peaceful and military uses of nuclear power are inextricably linked. In November 1968 over 200 tons of uranium ore simply vanished. It was being shipped from Antwerp to Genoa via Rotterdam on a small West German freighter.

It's now believed that Israel received this load of uranium and that the country now has a nuclear bomb capability as a result. (France had previously supplied Israel with fuel for her single reactor, but had withdrawn her support in the wake of the October War.)

Israel denies any implication in the theft — and yet the Israeli Air Force has trained crews to carry out nuclear strikes.

India exploded her own nuclear bomb with uranium she had, ironically enough, obtained from Canada, a country that uses nuclear power for exclusively peaceful purposes.

West Germany has recently signed a contract with Brazil to lend similar 'peaceful' nuclear aid, as has France with Pakistan.

The dangers in nuclear spread or 'proliferation' of this order are manifest. Appropriate controls have proved singularly 'convenient' answers to the world's energy shortages, but its ramifications beg many more and disturbing questions. These questions remain largely unresolved.

The Reactor Riots

THIRTY YEARS AGO nuclear power was being hailed as the happy answer to our future energy needs. A utopian picture was drawn: a green and pleasant land with a few bright, thrumming towers cleanly powering our entire civilisation.

In reality, the nuclear power programme has caused as many problems as it's solved.

In the face of these potential dangers an international protest movement has grown up with the aim of limiting — if not *stopping* — the growth of nuclear power.

News of this opposition appears in short snatches; it is only by piecing it together that it becomes clear how widespread the movement has become.

EUROPEAN PROTEST has been the most violent to date and virtually every country now has anti-nuclear campaigns underway.

In Holland over 2000 citizens have been refusing to pay 3% of their electricity bills destined for nuclear development and have won a new ruling from the Government, similar to the status of conscientious objectors, which allows them to pay the money to alternative energy research projects instead.

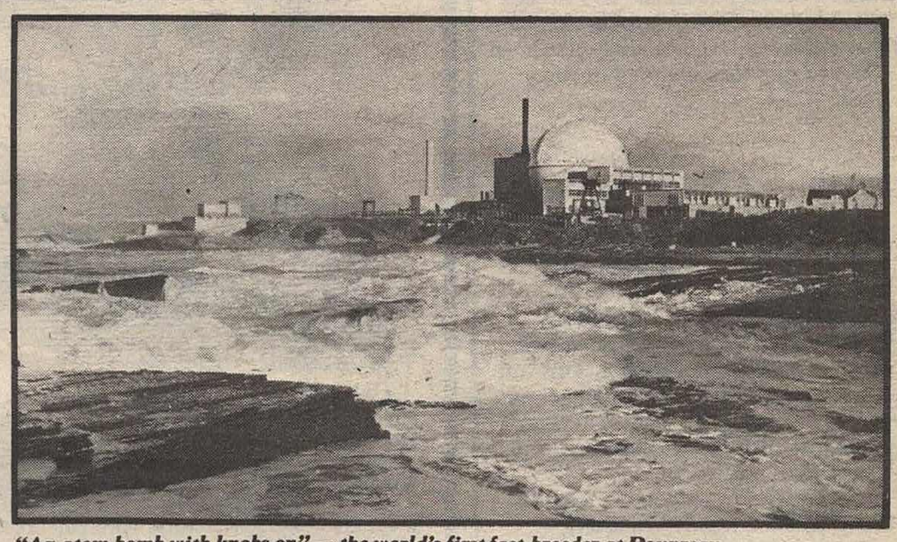
This has been backed up by street demonstrations and occupations of nuclear sites, a tactic also seen in Italy and Portugal, where peasants and fishermen recently refused to allow work to begin on a nuclear power plant.

Even in Denmark, which as yet has no nuclear facilities, the Organisation for Information about Nuclear Power consists of 120 autonomous groups around the country and it seems unlikely that any nuclear power plans will be passed without a bitter struggle.

It is, however in Germany, France and Switzerland that the real storm has erupted.

Protesters from all three countries have even joined forces in some instances, such as the proposed development of 10 nuclear power stations with 17-19 reactors in the area around Basle, Switzerland, where the corners of the three countries meet.

If it is built it will be the densest concentration of nuclear power facilities in the world (there would, for instance be *five* power stations within a 25 mile radius of the city of Basle itself). Occupation by 15,000 Swiss squatters began in 1975 and the action has been continuing ever since.



"An atom bomb with knobs on" — the world's first fast-breeder at Dounreay . . .

France's nuclear future was forged by President Pompidou on 4 March 1974 when he called for 150-200 units to be built on 50 sites by the year 2000.

Private and public disillusionment with this Napoleonic nuclear vision soon set in.

One opinion poll conducted by the French magazine *L'Express* discovered that 67% of its 25,000 readers wanted all programmes for the development of nuclear power to be abandoned forthwith.

In Germany the nuclear industry is in a state of crisis.

Their £3,000 million business deal with Brazil — aimed at supplying them with the technology to build eight nuclear power stations — is threatened by the hostile reaction of the US government which fears that Brazil will use the goods to build nuclear weapons.

The most immediate problem the German government faces is the persistent and violent demonstrations that have dogged virtually every nuclear construction project in the country during the last two years.

At Whyl, for example, in a vineyard area in the Upper Rhine, the continual battle against the nuclear planners led to a court suspension in 1977 which has stopped the building programme on safety grounds.

Small wonder then that, when demonstrators announced their plans to stage sit-ins on another site in Brokdorf on the Elbe estuary, the nuclear companies fought back.

At dawn on October 25, 1976, a column of 150 construction vehicles with a task force of 400 men moved in and, by evening, they had completely surrounded the site with a high wire fence guarded by searchlights and guard dogs. The 1000-strong crowd of demonstrators contented themselves with a peaceful protest which was quickly broken up by the police.

In early December they came back in force.

This time, fierce fighting broke out between demonstrators and police as a section of the crowd began trying to cross the fence, the water-filled ditch and a high cement wall to get into the plant. Before the battle was over 230 people had been injured, some seriously, and 19 had been arrested.

The courts then ordered construction on the site to stop until February when the case could be reviewed.

February came, the demonstrators returned in equal force only to face a veritable army of 6000 police armed with submachine guns, teargas, water cannons and clubs.

The violence and scale of the demonstrations are beginning to seriously worry the German authorities.

As a *Times* editorial commented: "The debate has gone beyond the questions of safety (and) has become a debate on German institutions, social change, and the inadequacy of the political system.

"This is largely because the protest movement has attracted an extraordinary mixture of middle-class professionals, and extremists of right and left, who clearly represent something wider than the student protests of 1968 or the earlier campaigns against post-war rearmament."

STATESIDE the nuclear industry is facing falling order books and a huge array of well-organised anti-nuke groups, many of whom are calling for a complete moratorium.

Only the vast public relations resources of the companies and the Atomic Energy Council prevented this happening in California last year when Jackson Browne and many other entertainers lent their support to the protesters. (Browne continues to raise money for Simpatico, one of the anti-nuclear groups, by playing benefit concerts on the West Coast).

Polite petitions are quickly giving way to direct action.

At Seabrook in New Hampshire in 1975, a lone demonstrator, apple picker Ron Rieck, sat on top of 175ft tower in sub-zero weather to prevent work going ahead on a reactor.

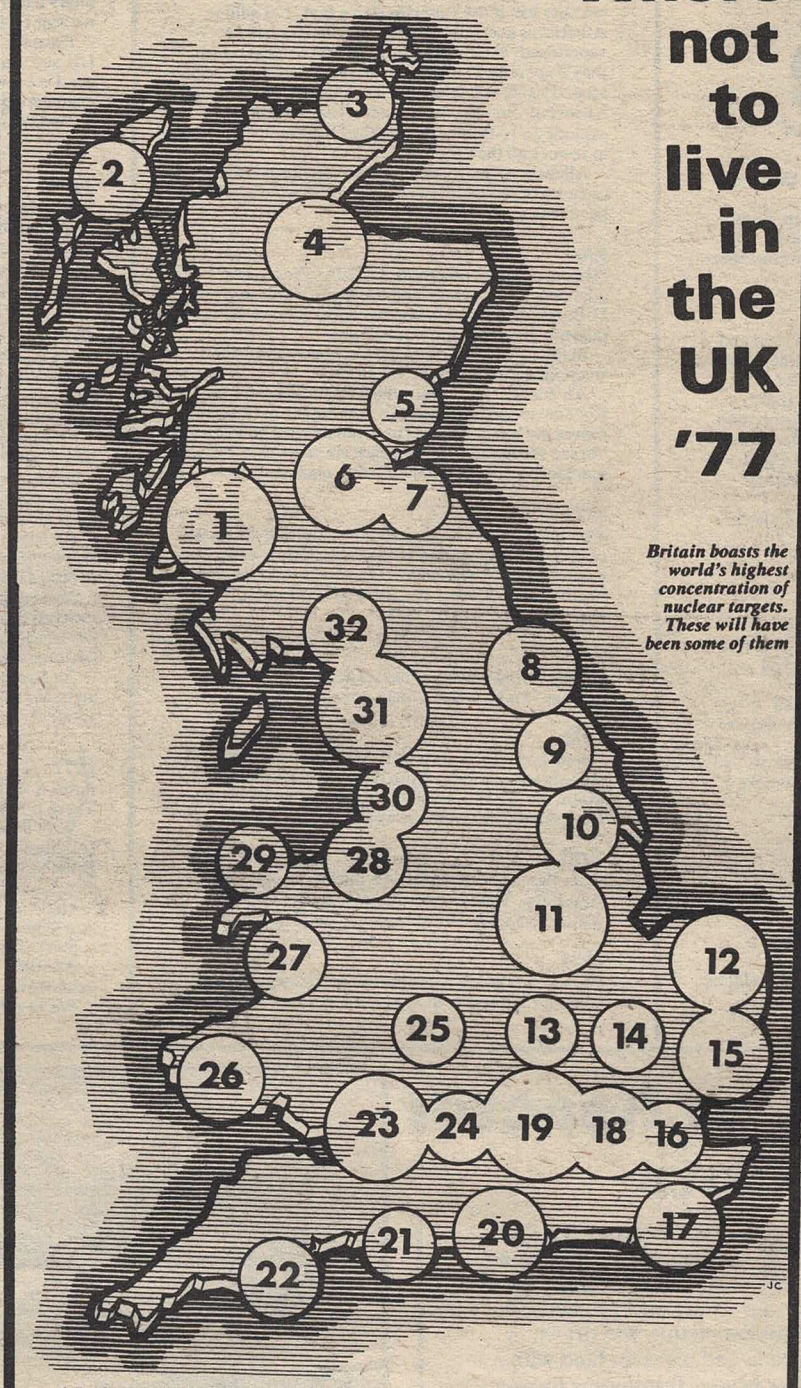
By August 1976 Seabrook was

■ *Continues over*

This guide compiled by

ANGUS MACKINNON
JOHN TRUX
DICK TRACY
MIKE MARTEN
and
JOHN CHESTERMAN

Where not to live in the UK '77



Britain boasts the world's highest concentration of nuclear targets. These will have been some of them

1. In the event of a nuclear attack, this area around the Firth of Clyde would be Holocaust Alley. In no particular order it contains the US Poseidon and Polaris base at Holy Loch, Britain's Polaris base at Faslane, the nuclear arms stores at Coulport and Glen Douglas, the radiation monitoring station at Rhu, the submarine testing range at Loch Striven, Hunterston nuclear power station, and Macrihanish, the local staging post for American nuclear bombers. ***2.*** The proposed dumping ground for Windscale's nuclear waste on Lewis. ***3.*** The world's first pair of fast-breeder reactors at Dounreay. (All the others in the U.K. are gas-cooled, except for one heavy water reactor at the Winfrith complex.) ***4.*** The naval base at Invergordon lies ominously close to the RAF fighter bases at Kinloss and Lossiemouth. ***5.*** The Polaris communication centre at Edzell. ***6.*** The Polaris submarine docks at Rosyth and RAF Leuchars are within the scope of an attack on Regional Seat of Government 11 (Edinburgh). ***7.*** Torness nuclear power station. ***8.*** RSG 1 (Catterick) is inland from the nuclear reactor at Hartlepool. ***9.*** RSG 2 (York) downwind from the Ballistic Missile Early Warning Station at Fylingdales. ***10.*** Nuclear ships anchorage at Hull. ***11.*** A cluster of important RAF bases northwest of RSG 3 (Nottingham) takes in the Vulcan bomber stations at Scampton and Waddington, the fighter bases at Binbrook and Coningsby, and strike / attack group HQ at Bawtry. ***12.*** RAF Coltishall and RAF West Raynham (Canberras). ***13.*** Canberra bases at Wyton and Cottesmore. ***14.*** USAF Phantom base at Lakenheath, right next door to US bomber command at Mildenhall — while, westward over the Fens, we find the bomber base at Alconbury and RSG (Cambridge). ***15.*** Another cluster of British and American air-bases — RAF Honington and Wattisham, USAF Woodbridge and Bentwater. ***16.*** Nuclear ships anchorage at Sheerness. ***17.*** Britain's largest nuclear power station at Dungeness, just along the coast from RSG 12 (Dover). ***18.*** RSG 5 (London). The Ministry of Defence is located in Whitehall. ***19.*** Saturationsville South, this presently peaceful countryside is home sweet home to RAF Strike Command at High Wycombe, the Polaris warhead shop at Burghfield's Royal Ordnance Factory, the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, the F-111 bomber base at USAF Upper Heyford, and RSG 6 (Warren Row). ***20.*** Portsmouth and Southampton, both nuclear naval bases, lie close to the notorious chemical and biological warfare research station at Porton Down. ***21.*** The nuclear reactors at Winfrith Dragon. ***22.*** Devonport Polaris base is a close neighbour to RSG 7 (Dartmouth). ***23.*** Another area of high target concentration includes the nuclear docks at Barry and Cardiff, the US arms store at Caerwent, RAF St Athan, and RSG 8 (Brecon). ***24.*** Berkeley and Oldbury nuclear power stations. ***25.*** RSG 9 (Kidderminster). ***26.*** RAF Brawdy and the top-secret NATO tank ranges of Pembrokeshire. ***27.*** Trawsfynydd nuclear power station. ***28.*** Nuclear ships anchorage, Liverpool. ***29.*** RAF Valley and the reactor at Wylfa. ***30.*** Heysham nuclear power station and RSG 10 (Preston). ***31.*** The submarine docks at Barrow and, inland, the nuclear complexes of Windscale and Calderhall. ***32.*** Chapelcross nuclear power station.

Ban-the-bomb rally, London 1967.

■ *From centre*

attracting huge demonstrations — in one 1500 people invaded the site, planted saplings and refused to move. Police moved in and 180 people were arrested, many of whom received a (suspended) sentence of three months hard labour.

The protesters, who call themselves the Clamshell Alliance, stated:

"We are only the first of hundreds of thousands who will be arrested in the necessary struggle against nuclear power."

In May, in the largest US demonstration since the Vietnam moratoria, 1400 were arrested at Seabrook. All, in an attempt to paralyse the local legal system, have elected trial by jury.

Another strong threat has come from within the industry itself. Recently three General Electric engineers defected from the company and joined Project Survival, a Californian protest group.

President Carter, himself an ex-nuclear engineer, has made it clear that he intends to keep a close eye on nuclear development and has already called for a halt to the production of plutonium on a commercial scale in an effort to stop the spread of nuclear arms.

THE UNITED KINGDOM was the first country to adopt nuclear power on a large scale and, by and large, the technology has behaved well.

However it is feared that Tony Benn's current expansion plans will mean that nuclear power stations will be located closer to urban centres and that the amount of traffic in nuclear materials through built-up areas will substantially increase.

To date there has been much talk about protest, but little action,

Friends of the Earth, the most active anti-nuke organisation, have been concentrating their efforts recently on fighting the proposed expansion plans for Windscale, which calls for £350 million to be invested in a huge fuel-reprocessing plant for treating and recycling nuclear waste from foreign reactors, in particular Japan.

Proponents of the scheme claim it will earn £600 million in export orders but the Windscale scandal has aroused virulent press opposition, the *Mirror,* for example, claiming it would turn Britain into a "nuclear dusbin".

Public pressure has resulted in a public inquiry to be heard in June when FOE will again be fighting their case.

Protest on a more grass-roots level has sprung up in the Orkneys following an application by the Scottish Electricity Board to drill test holes for uranium.

A quick deal was signed with 40 landowners but the people of Kirkwall marched in protest and the local council have now refused to give the go-ahead.

(It seems "likely" that this decision could be over-ruled — considering the fact that this country's main supply of uranium at present comes from Namibia, a politically sensitive and therefore "vulnerable" area.)

Another project which could stir up a lot of anger is that proposed by the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, who are completing tests in the Doon Valley in Ayrshire.

Samples are being taken from a hill called the Muellwharcher, with view to dumping 500 tons of nuclear waste, packed in glass cylinders and encased in stainless steel, deep in its heart.

THIS LIST of confrontations is by no means complete and, by all indications represents merely the initial skirmishes in what threatens to become a major protest point in the 1980's.

As nuclear technology spreads, so does public awareness of its potential dangers.

What can you do?

"ALTOGETHER, stockpiled in Britain, are nuclear explosives with a power equal to about 200 MILLION tons of TNT. Each (of the 4) British Polaris subs alone has a fire power greater than the entire weight of bombs dropped during World War II. It costs Britain over £5000 million a year, as much as we spend on education, to stay in the arms race."

(From *Sanity*, September 1976.

An American general, speaking of the role of the UK within NATO, put it this way:

"If the threatened war comes, while London and most of Britain would be quickly destroyed, Britain would remain useful as an aircraft carrier for American bombers."

If this — and other statements about Britain's place in the Nuclear Age made in this Consumer's Guide — strike you as appalling, you have various courses of action open to you.

You can lobby your MP, you can join one of the protest groups involved in harrying the authorities on the issues of nuclear arms and domestic power supplies, or you can form your own action committee and do it your way.

CND — Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
Eastbourne House, Bullards Place,
London E2 0PT
Tel. 01-980 0937.

Friends Of The Earth
9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG
Tel. 01-434 1684.

If you want to participate in *active* protests, Friends Of The Earth is the organisation for you. You can help from a distance by becoming a Supporter for £3.00 a year — or you can join one of the numerous local action groups and help to organise the increasingly larger and more frequent public demonstrations and marches which the government's nuclear programme will inevitably be provoking in the foreseeable future.

Friends Of The Earth are hoping to put the anti-nuclear case at the official enquiry into the expansion of the reprocessing plant at Windscale (the "nuclear dustbin") from June 14 this year. In this they will be supported by the National Council for Civil Liberties, the Network for Nuclear Concern, and the Natural Resources Defence Council of America, amongst others.

Legal expenses are estimated at £25,000. Cheques made payable to "The Windscale Fighting Fund" should be sent to Friends Of The Earth at the above address.

NUCLEAR BIBLIOGRAPHY

BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS
by Robert Jungk. Penguin. 1970.
Cross between psychological thriller and history of atomic science, this is *the* book on the discoveries and decisions that led to the first atom bomb. Currently out of print but available from libraries. If you read nothing else, read this one.

MEN WHO PLAY GOD
by Norman Moss. Penguin. 1972. £0.40.
Subtitled "The Story of the Hydrogen Bomb," this is a worthy successor to Jungk's book.

HIROSHIMA
by John Hersey. Penguin. 1972. £0.30.
American reporter Hersey went to Hiroshima six months after A-day, and talked to the survivors. This is their story.

NUCLEAR POWER
by Walter Patterson. Penguin. 1976. £0.90.
The first part describes the science and technology of nuclear power generation. Part two discusses the problems and dangers involved. Patterson is a leading light of Friends of the Earth and does not pretend to be unbiased.

NUCLEAR CRISIS — A QUESTION OF BREEDING
by Hugh Montefiore & David Gosling. Prism Press. 1977. £2.50.
Review of the arguments for and against commitment to fast-breeder nuclear technology.

NUCLEAR PROSPECTS: A Comment on the Individual, the State and Nuclear Power.
by Michael Flood & Robin Grove-White. Friends of the Earth. 1976. £0.80.
Report on the social and political consequences of nuclear power expansion. Will it lead to a restriction of civil liberties in order to safeguard plutonium from terrorists? Yes, it will.

When author Tony Williamson began work on his recently published book, *Doomsday Contract,* he sent his researcher to find out how to make an Atom Bomb. Within four hours, she came back with detailed drawings. Alarmed, Williamson then went to test out security at Windscale. He entered unchecked, tagged onto a party of nuclear chemists being shown round the plant and only aroused suspicion when he asked "Can I carry a billet of plutonium in my pocket." He now believes the Army should take over Windscale immediately.

NUCLEAR POWER AND THE ENVIRONMENT
Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution. HMSO. 1976. £2.65.
This is the report that warned of the dangers of spreading nuclear technology. It's all summed up in the nuclear industry's own acronyms: MCA — Maximum Credible Accident; GSD — Genetically Significant Dose (of radiation); MUF — Material Unaccounted For. In the USA last year 2 tons of plutonium and uranium became MUF during a single month.

Whither CND?

THE CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament was *the* great protest movement in Europe in the early 1960's.

Founded in 1958 by then-prominent liberal left wingers (including Bertrand Russell, Michael Foot, the radical priest Canon Collins and the writer J. B. Priestley) the movement got an almost immediate response from a public highly concerned about nuclear testing in the atmosphere and scared by stories of nuclear fall-out and its possible effects.

At Easter that year, the first march to Aldermaston, the secret Army weapons testing centre, was organised. In later years the march was to draw as many as 150,000 demonstrators and the movement would be claimed to be the biggest political organisation outside the major parties.

Their call for Britain to renounce nuclear weapons completely was adopted at the 1960 conference of the Labour Party who promised to put it into action when they attained power. When this decision was reversed by the party's leadership, the movement's hopes of challenging political realities were shattered.

CND had been successful in alerting the general public to the dangers of nuclear arms, had provided a radicalising experience for thousands of its supporters and, through a splinter group, the "Spies For Peace", had revealed the existence of Regional Seats of Government, those hideyholes for the power elite in the event of a nuclear attack.

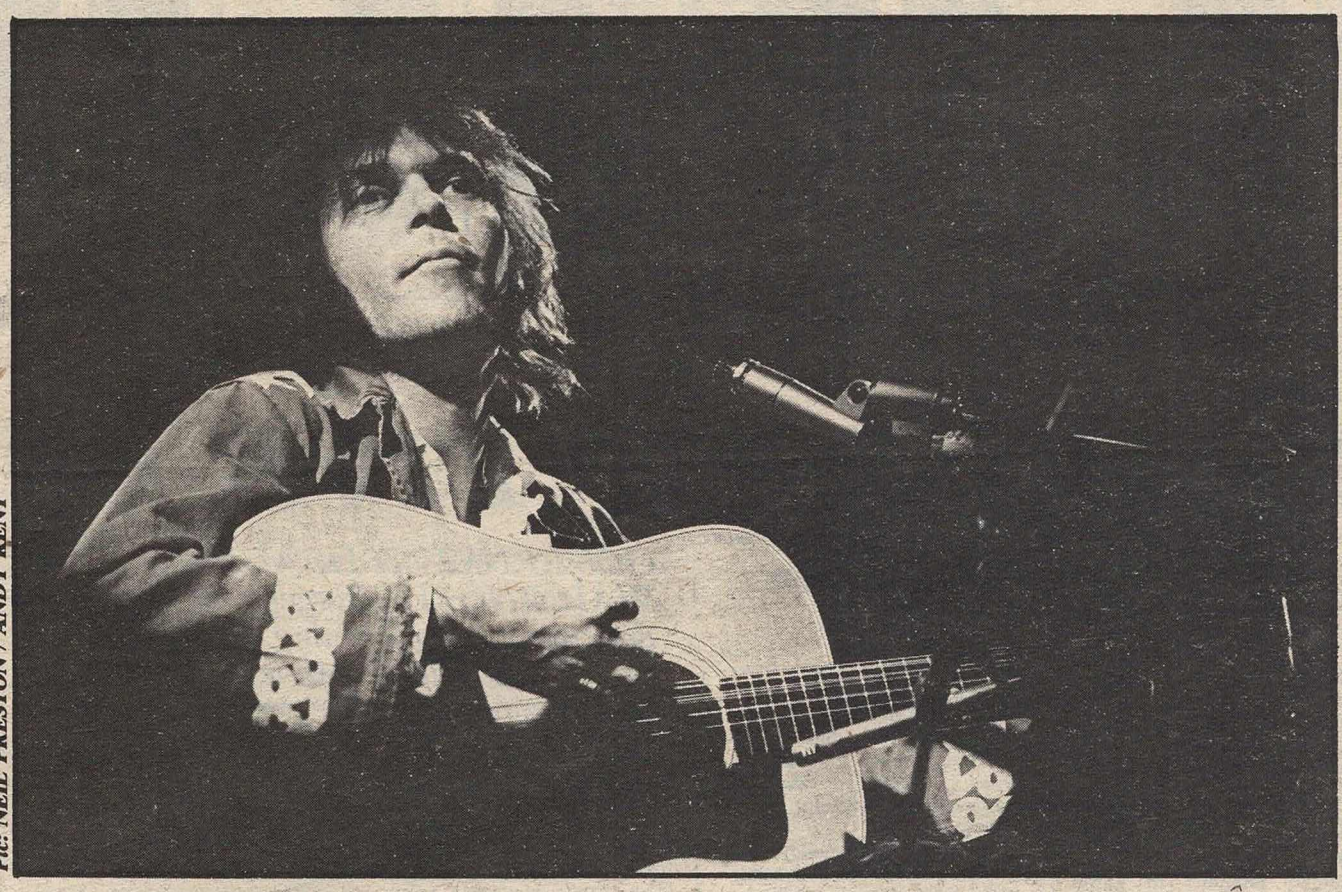
They had failed, however, to provoke immediate disarmament — and, as people's fear of nuclear war receded to be replaced by the instant atrocities of Vietnam, the movement's strength and power declined.

CND still exists, holding regular showings of Peter Watkins' famous banned documentary *The War Game* backed by lectures and publishing their magazine *Sanity*. But they're now more strongly traditional-Left in their outlook and committed to more established activities.

They claim a small but growing membership (3,500) and talk about establishing "a new face for ourselves" — although they still seem unable to move beyond their old and dated traditions.

If CND still believe that the fight against nuclear weapons is important then they must demonstrate this in a much more convincing fashion if they are ever again to achieve the mass public support they obviously seek.

PLATTERS



Pic: NEIL PRESTON / ANDY KENT

Neil: bad judgment. . . or just a bad liver?

NEIL YOUNG
American Stars'n'Bars
(Reprise)

GIVE NEIL his due — the old straw dog sure put out. Boy, he kicks up more toons than mules kick up dust, than hags spit teeth in Peckinpah flicks.

As I picture it, he's scarce risen with the rooster, taken his morning dump and settled down to chow back some beans and read the funnies than the muse is round there, just a knock - knock - knockin' at ol's Neil's brainplate ready to spill out a whole slew of lyrical profundity all duded up in spanged melodies an' sort of thing into that bottomless well of an imagination of his.

I mean, who can forget such songs as "Sweet Joni", "Pushed It Over The Edge", "Deep Forbidden Lake", "Human Highway", "Traces", "Campaigner", "Wondering", "Hawaiian Sunset", "Winterlong" . . . to name but a few?

Who's even *heard* them?? I have — most of 'em anyway — tho' I bet you haven't 'cos this list is just a small part of the great Young legacy of unreleased tracks that he's holding back either until the muse stops knockin' or he croaks off or else to give to his buddies to cover occasionally. Verily, this Canuck's cup runneth over.

So here's a new Neil Young album anyway and, boy, I'm glad since it's a time since I've heard Neil's lonesome moan. One thing about *that* voice — that lean timbre sure brings out the hunger in a man. My digestive organs start to howl in tune and . . . well, talk about the Starvation Artist!

Just count your blessings that Neil's never actually sung about food or there'd have been wide-scale breakouts of hippies looting supermarkets, for sure. Fact of the matter is I had to sell all my Young albums one day for groceries; I just get so hungry listening to them. So it's good to have him back again even though I'm getting kinda peckish right now listening to this latest masterpiece. Particularly the second side which is what you'd call yer more vintage Neil fare chronologically.

Side one is all new songs, recorded scarcely two months ago and all of 'em spotlighting a whole new slant to Neil's talents — this time as the drinking man's companion. This is made obvious by the cover art, one half of which is a clever shot of Neil passed out on a bar room floor, his face scrunched up like a bruised plum next to a golden spitoon and under, a crotch-shot of some bar queen similarly incapacitated. The comatose belle's brandishing a bottle of Canadian whisky to make the point truly clear — in case you'd thought Neil had OD'd or something (bad publicity and anyway "Tonight's The Night" was the master's Thinking Doper's Companion).

Nope, this is definitely Neil on the sauce, either feisty and soused or else maudlin with tear stains in the whisky macs.

The first track sets the picture clearly. "The Old Country Waltz" is maudlin as hell, a virtual rewrite of "The Old Tennessee Waltz" — Neil stuck in the bar when he gets the news that his true love's severed the knot and he's weeping into a Tequila Sunrise.

It's got that stately waltz time beat with back-up unit The Bullets (a hickory brick union of Crazy Horse plus Ben Keith's pedal steel plus Linda Ronstadt and Nicolette Larsen crooning or Carole Mayedo sawing away on fiddle) holding up the poor boy from actually falling off his stool in a stupor and turning a slight, stupid song into something actually offensive to the ears.

The Bullets are pretty good, sounding like Young's very consciously copying one Bob Dylan with his Rolling Thunder backdrop of lachrymose violin and chick singers, but picking up points by incorporating Crazy Horse to hold down the bottom. So if you can imagine the Rolling Thunder bunch discarding that puny rhythm section they had and pulling in Levon Helm, Rick Danko and Robbie Robertson instead, you'll get a rough parallel of the groundplan here.

Things get more spry with "Saddle Up The Palomino", a drunkard's dream of stolen love — all bleary eyes, a headful of bricks and on the trail to tie down the neighbour's wife, or maybe Carmelita, the banker's daughter. I don't know — neither will you — but then nor does Neil so it makes no odds anyway. I like this one as it's sloppy without being messy — and I'm not even much of a drinker myself.

"Hey Babe" is pure dewy-eyed hokum — John Denver could do this — but its very lack of poetry, its brusque schmaltzy attractiveness is enough to hold down its slight (again), airy charm. "Hold Back The Tears" is Neil's own answer to all those poor bar-fly sots who awaken from their drunken stupor every now and then to holler out "play 'Melancholy Baby'" to nobody in particular and a pitiful testimonial to the fact that booze can fuse the muse when taken to excess.

God, it's horrible. But fortunately all is not lost as Neil exits from the bar on a fine high-flyin' note, playing crashing electric rhythm guitar for the first time on the whole danged side on the boisterous "Bite The Bullet". Again, no profundities, but more boozy lust abounds like corks popping as Young and Crazy Horse skip about keeping this drunken brawl of a song just together enough to work effectively.

Overall verdict — Neil's drunken binge makes for a 50-50 success-failure rate which is okay as I can't stand drunks myself. Anyway he's either a maudlin fool or a mean drunk, so take your pick.

Meanwhile, predating all this recent liver torture comes side two, a mixed bag of four tracks, two of which were actually placed on Young's postponed "Decade", the great missing triple set of late last year which is *great*, by the way, though God and Young alone know when it'll ever appear.

"Star Of Bethlehem" is a dour '74 affair, recorded for yet another cancelled Young album, "Homegrown", nixed in preference for "Tonight's The Night". It's an almost classic Young lonesome paean which you'll either find deathly self-indulgent and depressing or else yearningly beautiful.

I incline to the latter opinion myself and it isn't just Emmylou Harris' presence on shared vocals that puts me in mind of Gram Parsons' greatest sad song performances. I've loved it anyway ever since it first came to my notice on "Decade" and it's good to see that Young's questionable taste in choosing his own best songs hasn't ignored its greatness yet again.

Alas, if only the same could be said for "Will To Love" — a dire affair dating from May 1976 which may well be the worst song Young's ever written.

A horribly trite acoustic minor-chord affair which America wouldn't even dare to put on one of their albums — it gabbles on insanely about being fishes and swimming about in the endless oceans of pure love. "Never Lose The Will To Love" indeed! Actually, this abortion — lasting an amazing seven minutes plus — sounds like something straight off the grisly Charles Manson album ESP Records put out after Chucko hit the front page for his gore-letting. What's even more criminal is that its time could've been used to allow both the immaculate "Traces" and "Human Highway" (two gorgeous cuts discarded from the last aborted CSN&Y album sessions) to find their rightful place on record. Alas and alack.

"Like A Hurricane" is the other "Decade" extract, a highlight of last year's Young concerts (whence none of the six or seven other new songs have found their way onto "Bars" — whither "Country Home" or "Too Far Gone"?) and considered a masterpiece by most Young devotees.

Personally I find the chord progression unbearably predictable, the words — *"I am just a dreamer and you are just a dream"* ad nauseam — thoroughly rubbishy, the King Crimson mellotron just about bearable and the extended guitar solo a most inadequate display of what Young, a great electric guitarist — is capable. You may well differ — most I know certainly have.

Lastly, "Homegrown", recorded at the same time as "Hurricane", is a complete jive hoedown throwaway of a song but it at least features that great amped-up, jangling electric guitar crackling and spitting for two and a half minutes or so.

Final conclusion: this is an incredibly lazy album but that's hardly the problem. Young could have stayed out of the studio for over a year and still thrown a great album together from unreleased gems already in the can. The fact that he hasn't and that the overall effect of "Bars" is uneven and unsatisfactory just isn't good enough and displays a weakness in the good taste department.

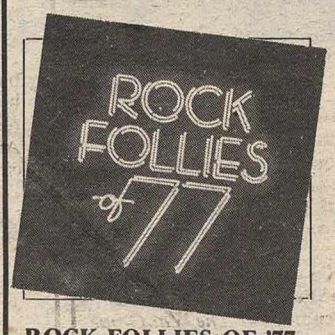
One wonders if he really knows just how good and great he can be. Bad judgement, bad management (Elliot Roberts, credited with "Direction") or a bad liver?

Still, face up: he's a great man even if these turkeys can't even cluck in time. Figure it this way. Anyone who's a "true rock enigma" who wasn't offered a "good kickin'" by Sid Vicious in last week's *Melody Maker* and who has yet to be dragged into doing an interview with Barbara Charone is truly a master of his own destiny.

Chew on it, anyway. Me, I'm going out to eat.

Nick Kent

Is it too late to say Rock Follies wasn't that bad?



ROCK FOLLIES OF '77
(Polydor)

THE GREAT *Rock Follies* controversy has gone on above my head. Before leaving the warmth of a colour TV for the dull grey of rock and roll, I watched the first series with mild amusement — the colours were pretty, the girls were cute, the tunes were catchy — in much the same way one reads Hollywood scandal rags or listens to Ramones records.

Raw as I was, I soon caught on to the key fact that *Rock Follies* was not to be believed, just as you don't really pay heed to the legends that Farrah of *Charlie's Angels* is a sweet girl or that The Ramones want to be like Charles Manson.

If you take yourself that seriously, you end up like poor Frau Whitehouse, attempting to ban *Tom and Jerry* on the grounds that it's too violent.

The first series of *Rock Follies* was encrusted with gems such as "Biba Nova", "Stairway", "Roller Coaster", "Sugar Mountain", "War Brides" and "Glen Miller Is Missing" — all jejeune and cloying as Brighton rock, seeping into your oral cavities and plaguing you with their very triteness.

On the other hand everything is either unbearably strident or pathetically legless. "Follies of '77" ("Do you get the feeling we have only changed the name?") and "Struttin' Ground" *("Pop strut hustle dazzle / Boogie bop / Stomp bump reggae boogie")* are composed of tinny, meandering crescendoes with ricochet haphazardly, with none of the delicacy used on the similar "Stairway."

Ballads like "Round 1" *("Digging for power / Digging for drive / They gotta come / Can't afford to be tired")*, "The Things You Have To Do" *("You feel fairly sure / That your motives are pure")*; and "Dee's Hype" *("If you're bad you're food / If you're good you're better / With The Hype")* are genuine "Argentina" derivatives gilded by Julie Covington's plaintive, aching tones *(you'd* ache if you had to emit this kind of dross, honey) and "sensitive" instrumental breaks.

"The Hype" is a messy retread of what "Roller Coaster" did so well, while "The Band Who Wouldn't Die" *("Then a ferret faced reporter said . . . ")* — we know who that is, don't we Charlie Chime?) is swallowed alive by its own mindless aggression.

"Wolf At The Door" *("The drummer broke his wrist in Yeovil")* drags its feet in a stone paranoid shuffle while "Loose Change" is a shrill advertisement for the virtues of promiscuity (aren't they hip to the Puritan backlash, already?), sharing clumsy brass accolades with the strident calypso "Jubilee".

The single, "OK?", is the logical conclusion of the album's ambience, a solitary yell of desolate aggression: *"You want to do me / But I don't want to be done / OK?"*

Yes, we see.

This album bored me — a shame as I wanted to like it if only in defiance of the sanctimonious attitude adopted by the *NME* as a whole.

Do you really think we tell you the truth? You'd be just as wise to put your trust in *Rock Follies* rosy fantasies as in ours. But you really shouldn't be unwise enough to put your trust in anyone.

Julie Burchill

AGGRAVATION . . .

CONTEMPLATION . . .

ANTICIPATION . . .

ACCLAMATION . . .

REALISATION, IT'S FRAMPERS!!!

Introducing . . .

FRAMPTON'S FIVE BOYS

PETER FRAMPTON
I'm In You (A & M)

WITH ATTENDANT hype that would've made The Monkees wince, you are now honoured to be able to purchase a Frampton Unisex French Cut or regular Tee-shirt, an "I'm In You" necklace or bracelet, a Frampton wristwatch in Goldtone or Silvertone finish, or Frampton poster, programme and book cover (huh?).

If you so desire, you can also spend your readies on the new Frampton album (a trademark of Bandana Mdse. Inc.).

It comes in a hard-wearing cardboard sleeve, featuring this Frampton wallah attractively decked out in gaudy Carnaby St. satins. The inner sleeve features many happy snaps not quite bad enough to have been taken by Linda McCartney, and a nice letter from the lad himself, which he seals with a kiss.

The actual record is standard A & M issue, black vinyl and anaemic label. Oh, and there are effusive liner notes by *Rolling Stone's* Cameron Crowe, in which he describes the enclosed guitar work as soaring "with facile confidence". That's a *compliment?*

If only "Frampton Comes Alive" hadn't sold quite so phenomenally, maybe none of this shit would be going down. Maybe Frampton could have quietly developed on the refreshingly direct and punchily melodic "Frampton" (his last studio set, two years back, in its own way as good as Nils Lofgren's solo debut).

The pressures on him must have been tremendous, and it's too easy to cynically sigh "poor little rich boy". After all, it's not his fault that everybody and his mother bought "Comes Alive". Even so, I wonder how much he's into all this Bandana Mdse. Inc. schtick.

Back — or rather *on* to the music. Frampton, in his little note to "You", reckons he's cut it. No way. There is nothing on the new album anywhere near so beguiling as "Day's Dawning", "One More Time", "Nowhere's Too Far" or even (yes) "Show Me The Way".

The title track opening side one, gives away the game immediately. Featuring just Frampton and Bob Mayo on liquorice instruments, it's richly textured and superifically almost as seductive as most of "Frampton".

In his pleasingly pleading voice, he plays up the little boy lost image (so far as I can gather from the ladies I've spoken to, his teenage matinee idol looks must appeal to v. young girls or fourth form public schoolboys). But the banks of ARPs and the mixed-down guitar are a portent of the flabbiness to come, revealing an underbelly as soft and white as a lardass whale's.

The remainder of the side carries on the multi-tracking until it disappears up its own artifice in a welter of inconsequentially pretty, puffy pablum.

"Won't You Be My Friend" ("inspired by and dedicated to our favourite band"), for example, starts out as a fair enough facsimile of Little Feat's ka-chunky style but it is allowed to ramble on for eight long minutes. However, if it inspires some kids to buy some Feats, all well and good.

On side two, Frampton continues to add soap-operatic embellishments to already emotionally overloaded narratives ("You Don't Have To Worry" and "Rocky's Hot Club", which is about his dog for Chrissakes).

In a fit of pique, Peter closes the album with aberrant reworkings of two oldies. Jr. Walker's "Road Runner" (oh for Jonathan Richman, I'm going barmy) segues into "Signed, Sealed, Delivered (I'm Yours)" and despite the energy expended, both are an unconscionable mess.

There is one good cut. "Tried To Love", despite the persistent overuse of ARPs, is powerful stuff. The backing vocalists (including, I think, one M. Jagger) are well integrated and the overall beefiness is attributable to the twin drums (John Siomos and Ritchie Hayward) and bass (Frampton and Mayo). At last, some dynamics!

There's your answer, pete — balls it up, so to speak.

Monty Smith

BOOKER T / THE MGs
Universal Languages (Asylum)

I HATE reunion albums, and this is the most unmitigated downer in the field since Asylum brought you the Byrds' reunion album.

God, is it ever dreadful — as far away from the classic band who made the classic Stax sides as the five klutzed-out L.A. dinosaurs were from the band who cut "Mr. Tambourine Man".

And it can't be blamed on the fact that drummer Willie Hall is filling in for the late and truly great Al Jackson. What it's down to is that the one-time leaders are no confused followers. Their time apart has destroyed their former telepathic unity; those intervening years have separated them to the point where they no longer have the common purpose and drive that made the MGs the king-hell combo that they were.

This album is just four good musicians working through some vaguely pleasant and sporifically relaxing backing-tracks jams, the best of which is the bluesy, eerie "Last Tango In Memphis." Most of the rest of it just garf — exquisite wallpaper for the wee sma' hours.

Charles Shaar Murray

SMOKEY ROBINSON
Deep In My Soul (Motown)

JUST A routine album from Smokey. Finely crafted songs with wistful melodies. Exquisite, subtle vocals that extract every last nuance from the lyrics. Skilfully wrought arrangements. Tasteful, delicate production.

Just routine for Smokey. But given its many excellent qualities, why does it seem so remorselessly bland? The fact is that it takes a real effort of concentration to get through the two sides.

Maybe Smokey is so self-assured that he doesn't need to use any cheap tricks to bend your ear. Perhaps his view is that the goods are there, and window-dressing is unnecessary.

Not that Smokey is at all complacent, you understand. This time round, he's hired a whole bunch of different writers and producers to give himself a crack at new material.

At least three teams worked on the eight songs, and it's surely a testimony to Smokey's pre-eminence that the album has a consistency of style throughout.

Which is another way of saying it sounds the same all the way through. And that's a tempting view, but not entirely a fair one.

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that listening to Frampers may be harmful to your teeth.

"Vitamin U" is a clever novelty song with a gentle disco beat, but so firmly understated it's unlikely to survive the cut and thrust of airplays. Equally, "Let's Do the Dance Of Life Together" is so light-footed it barely touches down.

The exception is a soaring ballad called "In My Corner" which deploys the interesting technique of setting Smokey's vocal duets against twin lead guitars.

Even in this song the approach is ultimately ethereal. The music justs drifts away into the stratosphere. Like smoke.

Bob Edmands

TONY JOE WHITE
Eyes (20th Century)

TONY JOE White's formula was the Presley scam fifteen years on: Southern white good ol' boy doing blues plus country plus rock plus soul all cooked up together sweet and tough and steaming to produce a whole that exceeded the sum of the parts.

Jerry Reed had the same thing down, but — in the words of Reed's best-known song — when he was hot he was *hot* and when he was not he *definitely* was not. At his best Reed could piss on Tony Joe from a great height, but he did so many gloopy Nashville clinkers and so little funk that in the haul Tony Joe had the edge.

Tony Joe White made his mark around the turn of the decade with a triad of excellent albums on Monument (later compiled into "The Best Of Tony Joe White" on Warners), followed up with a pair of highly forgettable Warners albums and now after a long recording layoff re-emerges on 20th Century with an exceptionally lame and vapid album that sounds like an attempt to cop from his namesake labelmate Barry White.

Apart from occasional outbreaks of swamp funk like the John Lee Hooker-influenced "Texas Woman" and the self-explanatory "Swamp Boggie", this album is fumbling-seduction grab-a-tit-during-the-instrumental break cocktail soul for off-duty airline stewardesses to get made by.

Cliff White tells me that Tony Joe is still a get-down show-and-a-half when he works, but this album is a certified disaster. There are enough bozos making crappy albums already; we don't need genuinely talented guys like Tony Joe to make 'em too.

Back to yer roots, bo'. Next time, TJW, keep it *all* down in th' swamps — or Amos Moses gon' gitcha.

Charles Shaar Murray

EGBERTO GISMONTI
Danca Das Cabecas (ECM)

OF THE more recent additions to the wave of musicians emerging from South America, it seems unlikely that any will come to realise their possibilities in the way Egberto Gismonti has on this, his first album for ECM.

Gismonti, a Brazilian multi-instrumentalist, has teamed up as a duo with percussionist Nana Vasconcelas. They've produced the most stimulating record I've heard in recent weeks, and very possibly the only album which fulfils the promise of Latin American music. It's certainly the only album which conveys the range and depth attainable from limited instrumentation within that field.

The first side opens and closes with birdsong and wood-flute, a peaceful, summery frame for a side showcasing Gismonti's 8-string guitar work on a succession of dazzling pieces with exotic Iberian names.

IMPORTS

WHENEVER JERRY BUTLER stepped into a studio to record with the likes of Brenda Lee Eager or Betty Everett, he could be relied upon to come up with something other than the usual goo-for-two emanating from many similar vocal love-match situations.

Now with the release of "Thelma and Jerry" (Motown) he continues his domination at the top of the sweethearts of song league, this time drafting in **Thelma Houston** for the hand holding round the mike bit. Together, the unlikely pairing — an iceman and a sunshower lady — keep the temperature pretty much at penthouse orgy heat throughout, even a string-laded re-visit to Pete Cetera's syrupy "If You Leave Me Now" (which segues into a version of the Bee-Gees' "Love So Right") working incredibly well, Houston's swooping vocal being matched note for note by Butler's more controlled, but still reaching-out, contribution.

"This young fellow came in, squatted down on the floor of the office and said — 'I'm the Okie Pete Seeger sent'," — so record producer Moses Asch describes his first meeting with the "bum and hobo" whose music was later to infuence a whole new generation — including a youthful James Dean of a folkie, out of Duluth, Minnesota.

Some of **Woody Guthrie's** most famous recordings for Asch's Folkways label, plus material cut for the Library of Congress, can now be heard once more on "Woody Guthrie — 1940-1946, Original Recordings", which Warner Bros. have released to tie in with the *Bound For Glory* movie. One can't help thinking it was a pity that major labels didn't latch on to the genius that was the Dust Bowl Balladeer before Huntington's Chorea eventually signed him to a final, fatal contract.

Happily, the minor companies continue to show good judgement, none more so than Flying Fish, who've just signed ex-Incredible String Band man **Robin Williamson.** His first release for the label is titled "Journey's Edge" and features Williamson's current group, which he's named The Merry Band.

Another of my favourite minors is Chris Strachwitz's Arhoolie (who deserves some sort of special award if merely for the albums they've released by Clifton Chenier).

Current goody on this label is the soundtrack music to *Chulas Frontera*, a documentary regarding Music Nortena, the music of the Tex-Mex border region. Interesting point about this release is that it features a couple of items by **Flaco Jimenez,** the Chicano accordionist who won friends and influenced people during his recent gig here with Ry Cooder.

Italian hot bakers **PFM** are now signed to Asylum and have an album called "Jet Lag" to prove it, while one-time Creedence stalwart **John Fogerty** is currently contracted to PBR, his latest band being Ruby (Fogerty, guitar and vocals; Bobby Cochran, drums; Anthony Davis, bass; Randy Oda, keyboards) who have an album of that title in the racks now.

Eric Anderson has an elpee titled "The Best Songs" out on Arista, this being a kind of "Greatest Hits" shot that includes "Thirsty Boots" while another item that might be worth adding to your check-list is "Motor Head Chuck", the latest Rollin' Rock release to reach these shores.

This features the talents of Chuck Higgins who used to play trumpet (he currently sings and toots sax and flute) but also made it as a Californian boxing champ during 1949. His "Pachuko Hop" / "Motorhead" single, cut in the early '50s, has been a prolific seller over the years and this Ronnie Weiser production, cut with the aid of rockabilly legend Ray Campi, whould help to endear him to a few more fans during the '70s.

All of which leaves me free to go out the easy way be merely listing some of this week's crop of newies, which include: **David Ruffin's** "In My Stride" (Motown); **Eddie Rabbitt's** "Rabbitt" (Elektra); **Cerrone's** "Cerrone Paradise" (Malligator); **Mac Curtis'** "Ruffabilly" (Rollin' Rock); **Memphis Horns'** "Get Up And Dance" (RCA); **Detroit Emeralds'** "Feel The Need" (Westbound); **Barry Manilow's** "Live" (Arista); **Starbuck's** "Rock And Roll Rocket" (Private Stock), **Bob Crewe's** "Motivation" (Elektra); **John Klemmer's** "Life Style — Living And Loving" (ABC); **Greg Allman Band's** "Playing Up A Storm" (Capricorn); **Jerry Reed's** "Rides Again" (RCA); "Floaters" (ABC); **Willie Hutch's** "Having A House Party" (Motown); **C.J & Co.'s** "Devil's Gun" (Westbound); **Love Child's Afro-Cuban Blues Band's** "Spandisco" (Midsong); and **Hollies'** "Sylvester, Clarke, Hicks, Calvert and Elliot" (Epic).

Also due in soon are **Frank Zappa's** "Live In New York" (Warner), **Commander Cody's** "Midnight Man" (Arista), **Dictators'** "Manifest Destiny" (Elektra).

Fred Dellar

"Danca Das Cabecas" itself is a frantic progression combining the grace of Ralph Towner and the spirit of Manitas de Plata, a unique and satisfying piece of restrained intensity. Throughout the side, Gismonti often attempts (and always pulls off) some highly unorthodox guitar structures.

It's to Vasconcelas' lasting credit that he manages to augment Gismonti so well. A far subtler percussionist than most of his compatriots (who often seem too possessed of that fiery Latin obtrusiveness to cope with quiet passages), with a highly developed sense of space, he seems to have an almost empathic sensitivity to his partner's unusual guitar work.

The second side includes a couple of piano works, "Tango" and "Danca Solitaria", which show Gismonti to be one of the few multi-instrumentalists equally at home (and equally creative) on both guitar and piano.

"Tango", a long, pensive piece which builds to a rich, fulsome climax, contrasts and complements the hesitant, investigatory stabs of "Danca Solitaria" to give an ample indication of his breadth of style and approach.

Not that the other tracks on the side are overshadowed by Gismonti's keyboard work; "Fe Cega Faca Amolada", a Milton Nascimento tune, is another of his guitar forays, and easily as impressive as anything on the album.

Fast, staccato, with occasional percussive punctuation from Vasconcelas, it again displays the extraordinary interaction between the two: an interaction a lot of improvising musicians would give their eye-teeth (or whatever) to achieve.

All in all, a quite remarkable album. Not one that'll do your radical chic any good, maybe, but certainly one that'll do your ears a real good turn.

Andy Gill

UFO
"Lights Out" (Chrysalis)

NOSTALGIA FREAKS will have mixed feelings about the cover version of a Sixties' classic that turns up here. The song is Love's "Alone Again Or", and UFO are tampering with hallowed memories.

It's a tribute to their sensible deference and good taste that they play it very straight indeed, almost note for note. Inevitably they don't quite catch the atmosphere, as the song was rooted firmly in its times, but it's a worthy attempt.

And that's a judgement that extends to the album as a whole. Don't get UFO wrong. Despite their passe name, their fondness for the work of Love, and an old-fashioned Hipgnosis sleeve, this is something more than just another a Sixties' revival band.

True, the style falls somewhere between Free and Deep Purple: rasping shrieks from vocalist Phil Mogg and aggressive screams from guitarist Michael Schenker.

No doubt these guys would like to be right up there with the dinosaurs they emulate, and while it is a funny time for a heavy rock band to be taking off, there's a strong chance they'll make it.

Where the likes of Bad Company, for example, rock out with the first track on each album, and then go all weak-kneed afterwards, UFO make almost every track a first track.

"Too Hot to Handle", "Just Another Suicide", and the title track — all from the first side — have a consistency of attack that few Sixties' heavyweights can muster these days.

To anyone who grew up on a diet of Hendrix and Led Zeppelin, it will probably seem tame enough, but compared to many of the more undeserving heirs to their legacies, UFO are classy indeed.

Bob Edmands

THE VIBRATORS
Pure Mania (CBS)

SAYS JOHN OF The Vibrators: "The songs are about all sorts of things; insanity, dead bodies, whipping."

How could a crazy necrophiliac masochist like myself resist? I should have followed my heart and recalled how I hated The Vibrators when they supported the Big Ig at Aylesbury. I hated them principally because I was very drunk and the silver fabric of their tight trousers made my eyes ache something rotten.

And then I was swayed by the fact that no-one I know likes them; whenever their name is mentioned, a knowing sneer passes across the collective countenances of the New Wave elite, it seems.

I always thought they were just a bunch of wrung-out old hippies looking for a new jugular to drain, like so many of the New Wave flotsam.

And let's face it — The Vibrators are *bad*. Their material's madeup solely of the riffs, mannerisms and personas which wiser mortals chose to dispose of: Lou Reed; Bowie; The Beatles; The Rolling Stones; Deaf School. It's also clear that being on the same label as The Clash has gone to the collective head of El Vibs.

But occasionally their moronic crassness reaches the dumb, beautiful depths of Ramonic splendour. The Vibrators have a habit of repeating a phrase until it loses meaning and becomes just another weapon in the barrage of noise — which can get tedious when you're just looking for a cute tune and a riot.

They play with all the conviction of a blind man driving a Panzer up a blind alley; they're good musicians. But then there's good musicians in the Simon Park Orchestra. Music isn't the half of it nowadays.

"Into The Future" is an adolescent celebration of free enterprise and cheap thrills with its feet firmly planted in the 101'ers "Keys To Your Heart".

It's hard to tell when one track quits and the next track hits; "Yeah Yeah Yeah" is identifiable only by its increased headbanging ambience. "Sweet Sweet Heart" is cutely like Lou Reed after castration.

"Keep It Clean" is dire: *"Cocaine, heroin/I never use speed I never put the needle in."* What a bundle of fun. *"If you want to get on you got to keep your business clean,"* The Vibrators chortle ad infinitum, sounding like a more sinister, more stupid Deaf School.

"Baby Baby" (the single) is a High School love song; "No Heart" sounds like the Stones forgetting to be yobs for a few minutes. The refrain pretty well sums up The Vibrators brand of Seventies torture: *"No heart, no feelings, no love."* "She's Bringing You Down" is pathetically appealing diluted Velvet Underground.

Side Two finds The Vibrators pontificating on the state of the opposite gender in greater detail. When referring to women they bend over backwards attempting to emulate the Stranglers; whereas Cornwell and Co actually evince disgust for women and the world that recreated her, The Vibrators merely pout petulantly and wrinkle their delicate noses in distaste.

"Petrol" is a Girls-Cars requiem and "London Girls" shies away from dissecting what The Stranglers did so callously and coolly, playing coy with inoffensive slights like: *"And sometimes I think that I love you/And sometimes I think that I need you/And sometimes I don't want you around at all."*

Tuff stuff. "You Broke My Heart" is the Velvets singing "Get Off Of My Cloud" plus watery guitar solos on a track that's fifty-eight times as long as it should be.

Contrary to their alluring titles, "Need A Slave" and "Whips And Furs" are pretty pop songs which wheel along easy, tame as a cage of tax exiles in spite of their brutal promises.

Sexual cruelty is interesting, but The Vibrators sound like they couldn't even whip a top.

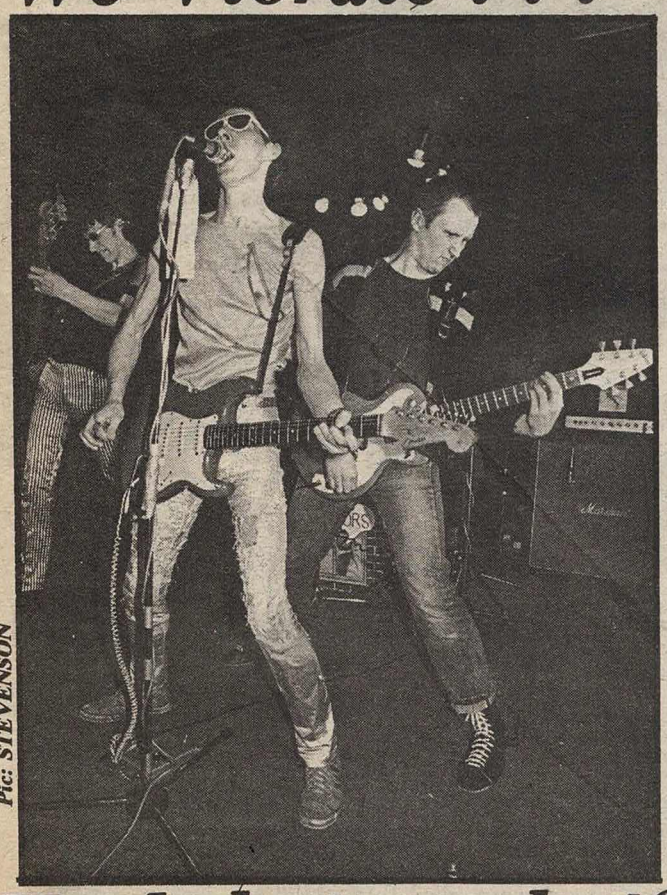
"Stiff Little Fingers" — good title, The Vibrators have good titles — is a "Polythene Pam" riff with an "I Love The Dead" message, which just happens to contain the refrain *"Remote Control."* Back to Plagarism Prairie for "Wrecked On You"; The Vibs go ape on "Protex Blue".

Last of all is "Bad Time", a good song weighed down by a messy execution. *"Gonna give you a bad time honey/Treat you any way I chose/Bad time honey/To make up for the days of school."*

The Vibrators — very much a creation of plastic and public demand — are aptly named. They illustrate admirably that technology is no substitute for flesh.

Julie Burchill

We Vibrate . . .



Pic: STEVENSON

Yeah, but so what?

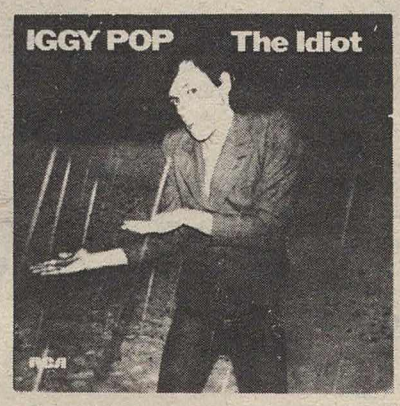
IGGY POP

his chart album

'The Idiot'

written and produced by

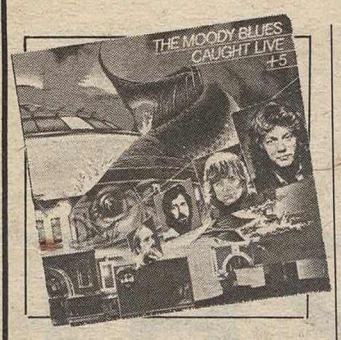
Iggy Pop and David Bowie



PL 12275,
also available
on tape

RCA

JOHNNY
JOEY
DEE DEE
TOMMY
RAMONES
LEAVE HOME
9103 254
SIRE
ON TOUR
with TALKING HEADS
June 1 Top Rank, Plymouth
June 2 Garden Ballroom,
Winter Gardens, Penzance
June 4 Odeon, Canterbury
June 5-6 Roundhouse, London
THEIR CONTROVERSIAL NEW ALBUM
marketed by
phonogram



THE MOODY BLUES
Caught Live Plus 5
THE GRAEME EDGE BAND
Paradise Ballroom
(Decca)

"PERHAPS YOU could go for a concept approach," suggested the record reviews editor as he thoughtfully placed my copy of "The Moody Blues Caught Live Plus 5" in a cardboard envelope so as to save me from embarrassment on my journey home.

"Try carrying "The Moody Blues Caught Live Plus 5" about with you for the next few days," he continued "and make a record of how your life changes."

By the time my District Line tube had reached Earls Court, however, I was beginning to have grave doubts about this stance. For twenty-five minutes, in the heart of the rush-hour in Jubilee year London, I journeyed holding my copy of "The Moody Blues Caught Live Plus 5", discreetly wrapped in a plain envelope.

And *nothing* had happened to me! Nothing had happened to me whatsoever.

I'd even tried talking to it. Perhaps, I mused, my copy of "The Moody Blues Caught Live Plus 5" double album is trying to tell me something.

Or maybe it's just giving out negative vibes which will prevent any further picaresque vagaries.

I will opt instead for The Historical Overview. The Moody Blues were formed in Birmingham in 1964. The next year they made number one in the British singles charts with the cover of Bessie Banks' soul ballad: "Go Now".

Vocalist and guitarist Denny Laine then left the band, as did second vocalist (and bassist) Clint Warwick. Keyboardsman Mike Pinder, flautist Ray Thomas and drummer Graeme Edge continued, being joined by guitarist Justin Hayward and bassist John Lodge. Their fortunes went on a large downswing.

But suddenly it was 1967 and Mike Pinder discovered the mellotron. And a Midlands soul band turned into "acid-rock" gurus by recording a concept album, "Days Of Future Passed".

Then they recorded several more concept (and some non-conceptual) albums and became A Very, Very Big Band Indeed.

Then they split up.

"The Moody Blues Caught Live Plus 5" was recorded live at the Albert Hall in December, 1969. It is, therefore, eight years old. It only contains material from "Days Of Future Passed", "In Search Of The Lost Chord" and "On The Threshold Of A Dream".

Although it does seem just a little redundant, it does serve to emphasise that the Moody Blues were the progenitors of the European School Of Technoflash Rock.

They were already gargantuan — especially in the States where they were worshipped with an almost religious fervour — when E£P was not even a twinkle in Greg £ake's eye.

Indeed, consideration of Greg Lake leads out to note with interest that "Knights In White Satin" — which despite its Richard Harris-trips-out-at-Camelot vibe still just about hangs onto its credibility as one of Justin Hayward's strongest songs — appears to contain the original version of the anchor riff in "I Talk To The Wind" on the first King Crimson album.

Now not only did the Moody Blues get that symphorock number together and underpin it with their vocal and instrumental harmonies, but they had another very powerful string to their commercial bow. They wrote Meaningful Lyrics. They wrote about Life. Does not Ray Thomas state on "Dr Livingstone, I Presume" that *"We're all looking for someone"?* And if you're into Rod McKuen that can seem like pretty heavy stuff.

One could perhaps make out something of a case for the James Taylor / Cat Stevens / Jackson Browne (even) singer-songwriter syndrome having been given its head, or even maybe its existence, by the Moody Blues' having exposed their audiences to nebulous wonderings About It All.

You know the old saying: "Finde ye a Moody Blues album and 'Sweet Baby James' will lie not more than twenty disks away".

Actually what listening to "Moody Blues Caught Live Plus 5" really drives home is that they were The Eagles of their day. Beneath every histrionic arrangement or piece of bubblegum psychedelia (hints of Dave Mason-written Traffic numbers can be heard in several places on the three live sides) lies a strong, well-arranged, late '60s pop song — having five writers in a band is always an advantage. And, as is also the case with The Eagles, the Moody Blues almost never rock out but stick to quasi-ballads.

This is all reinforced by the five — as of in the album title — "new" (recorded in '67 and '68 actually) numbers. Three of them are written by Hayward with Lodge and Pinder each supplying one; all of them could probably have been hits for someone if they'd had cover jobs done on them. "Gimme A Little Something", for example, has a vocal chorus line that could be The Tremeloes if one didn't know otherwise.

The Graeme Edge Band features shameful Adrian Gurvitz on guitar and keyboards and his brother Paul on bass. It is, therefore, the Baker-Gurvitz Army with a different, stellar drummer.

It features seven expertly recorded and astonishingly ponderous tracks of cocktail lounge white blues. I suspect it's probably not a vital recording.

Chris Salewicz

YELLOW DOG
(Virgin)

YELLOW DOG'S songs may be a little short on bark and bite, but they're pleasant-natured, good company, and generally nice to have round the house.

Craftsmanship and inspiration seem to be the driving forces rather than the more usual greed and aggression.

Messrs Kenny Young and Herbie Armstrong simply have a talent for good melodies, the ability to sing them without resorting to amateur dramatics, also a strong sense of what constitutes a tasteful arrangement.

Old-fashioned virtues, no doubt. But then, these are old-fashioned guys, of a sort that deserve to be preserved.

In their low-profile way, the songs on this album generate a positive high. Ten years ago, every last hippie with a recording contract was in search of rural inspiration. The results were somewhat mixed.

Young and Armstrong's music is created out in the wilds of deepest Oxfordshire, and the inspiration is evident from the outcome.

"Indian Summer Rain", "City Bird", and "Nobody Got So Much,Soul" are all fresh-sounding, agreeable, little songs that etch themselves on your memory.

"The Green Lizard", about a pub frequented by serviceman, reflects Young's stature as the writer of "Under the Broadwalk". This, too, is an entertaining and durable scenario.

A slinky song called "Gypsy Soul" has the neat line: *"Then we got closer and we had a crystal ball"*. The opener "Stood Up" is rendered so cheerfully that the rebuff of the title sounds more like a pat on the back.

Whether all this amounts to a hot commercial formula is another matter. Young and Armstrong have a nifty band lined up for road work, which includes Andy Roberts and Gerry Conway, so the songs will shortly be performed as crisply and professionally on stage. It's foolish to spurn them.

Bob Edmands

JUDAS PRIEST:
Sin After Sin (CBS)

'SIN AFTER Sin' by Judas Priest, it should be subtitled "All You Ever Wanted To Know about Heavy Metal (But Were Too Wrecked To Ask)."

I really did make a definite bid to maintain some degree of objectivity while listening to and taking notes on this album. Only I didn't do so good. It's so bloody awful, you see. Some bits made me laugh (well grin anyway) and some just made me want to pull the plug on it. In a nutshell, it's a turquid mess of heavy metal cliches and hyper-predictability.

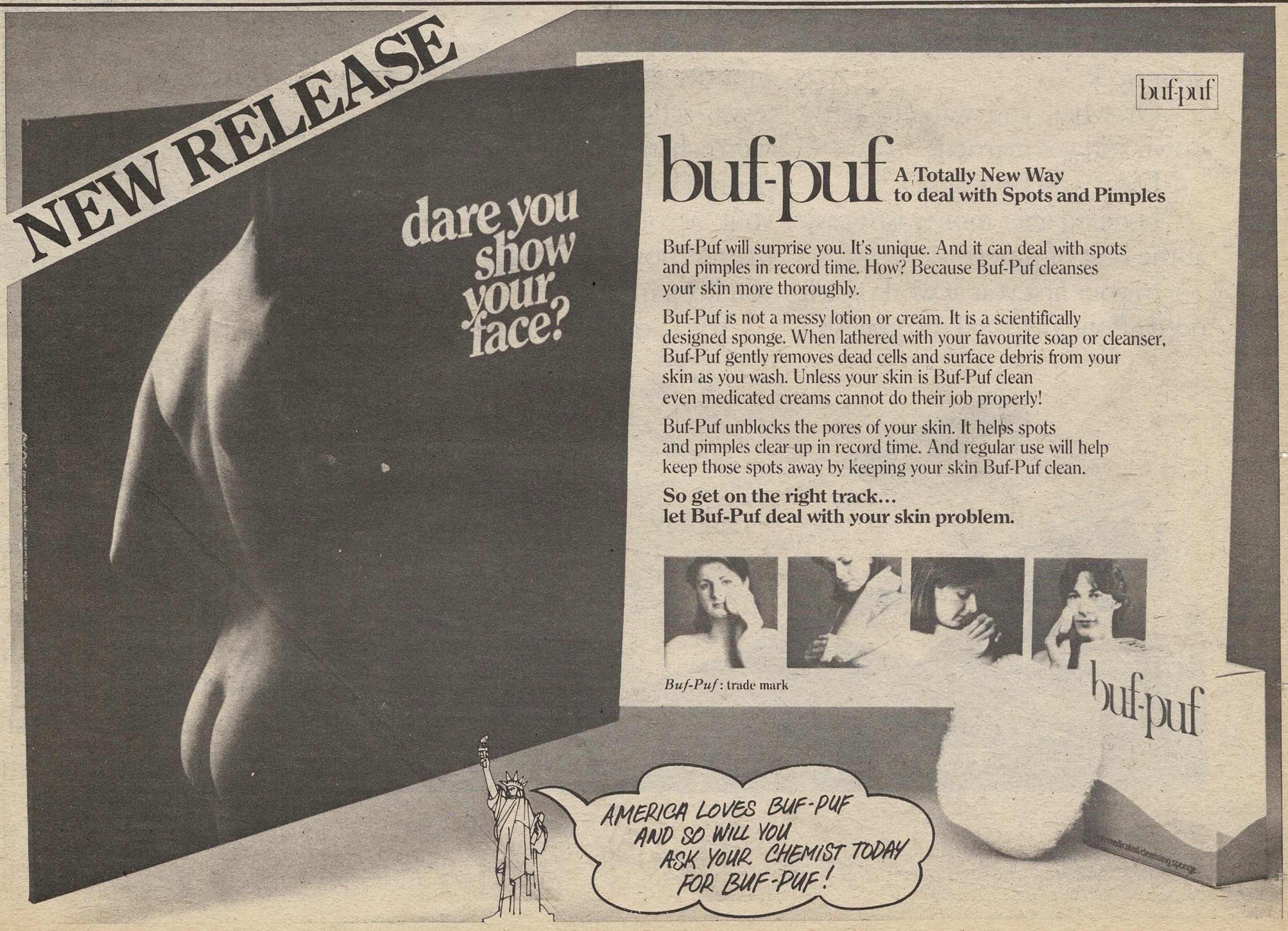
The fast songs hit on a riff, ride it out, then ease off and stretch out, give the twin lead guitars room to square off. Aimless interplay. (Always brings pictures of dry ice mists and tacky light shows to mind). Everybody stomps down on an identikit-riff, and then chops back to the original funk for the grand slam balam finale. Yaaawwn.

TCB slow songs or basically slow blues, with just enough distortion on the guitar to distract the listener's attention. Vocalist comes across with a gagging chunk of exposed soul and shredded nerve emotionalism. The lyrics are generally so lacking in vision and beauty that the whole thing winds up sounding vaguely and unfortunately comical.

The only moment of light relief comes with "Diamonds And Rust", the only non-original on the album, through which I couldn't help imagining how Joan Baez's virginal tones would mesh with this lurching backing. Hysterical.

Well, like I said hardly objective and definitely not the stuff Fleet Street is made of, but there again, how much rock'n'roll goes down on Fleet Street, eh?

John Hamblett


NEW RELEASE
dare you show your face?
buf-puf
buf-puf A Totally New Way to deal with Spots and Pimples
Buf-Puf will surprise you. It's unique. And it can deal with spots and pimples in record time. How? Because Buf-Puf cleanses your skin more thoroughly.
Buf-Puf is not a messy lotion or cream. It is a scientifically designed sponge. When lathered with your favourite soap or cleanser, Buf-Puf gently removes dead cells and surface debris from your skin as you wash. Unless your skin is Buf-Puf clean even medicated creams cannot do their job properly!
Buf-Puf unblocks the pores of your skin. It helps spots and pimples clear up in record time. And regular use will help keep those spots away by keeping your skin Buf-Puf clean.
So get on the right track...
let Buf-Puf deal with your skin problem.
Buf-Puf: trade mark
AMERICA LOVES BUF-PUF AND SO WILL YOU ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR BUF-PUF!
buf-puf
medicated cleansing sponge

A YEAR'S FREE THE DAY YOU YOU HAVE TO LOSE AND TO

You may think a bank account is only necessary when you're pulling in a hefty salary.

Or when you have a lot of financial commitments round your neck.

Or when you want to settle down and get married.

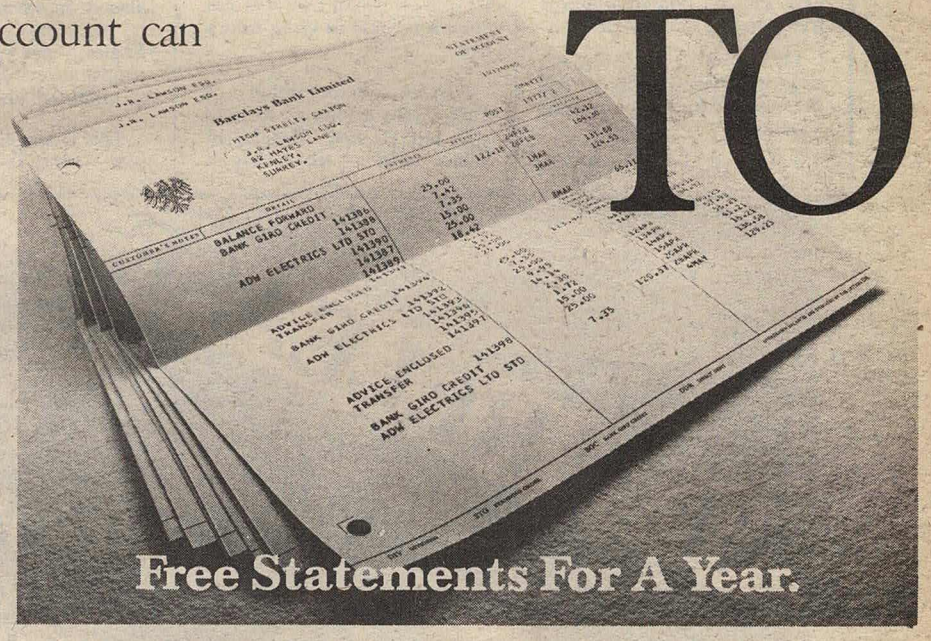
Don't you believe it.

Looking after money isn't easy at the best of times.

In your first year at work, you'll need all the help you can get. And a Barclays cheque account can help in many ways.

Not least, the fact that it's free.

For the twelve months after you leave school, we won't charge you a penny for running your account, no matter how little you keep in it.



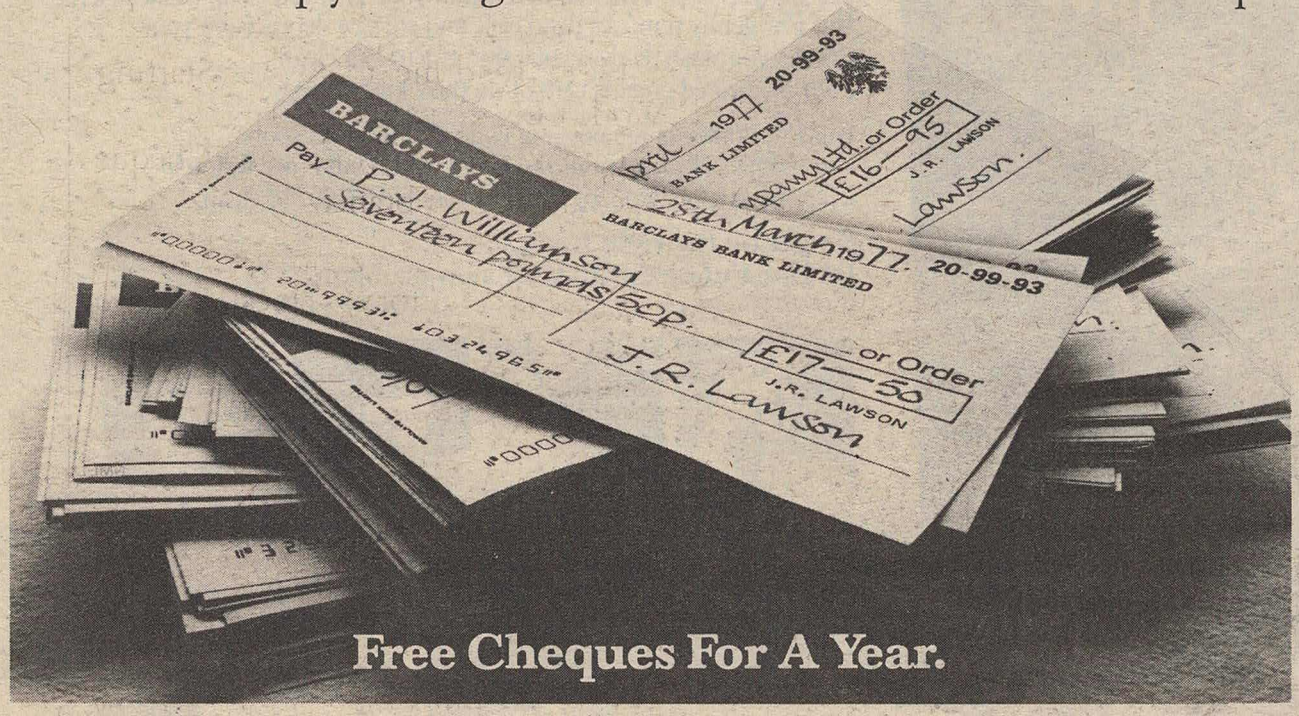
You can have all the cheques, statements, bankers orders and advice you need.

They're worth having, and not just because they're free.

Paying by cheque is more convenient than paying in cash, and can be cheaper than paying by Postal Order.

Not only that, it means you don't have to carry a lot of cash around with you.

Your statements, which you can have as often as you like, help you budget.



BANKING FROM LEAVE SCHOOL. NOTHING EVERYTHING GAIN.

Because they show you exactly what has gone in and out of your account, and how much you have left.

Bankers orders are a way of paying regular bills like HP repayments, automatically.

You just tell us to pay someone, say, £7.35 on the 3rd of each month, and we will until you tell us to stop.

Advice can always come in handy too, and could save you making an expensive mistake.

If you want to discuss an HP deal, or how to save for a holiday, indeed anything, don't be afraid to ask your Barclays manager. He won't bite.

Promises, promises?

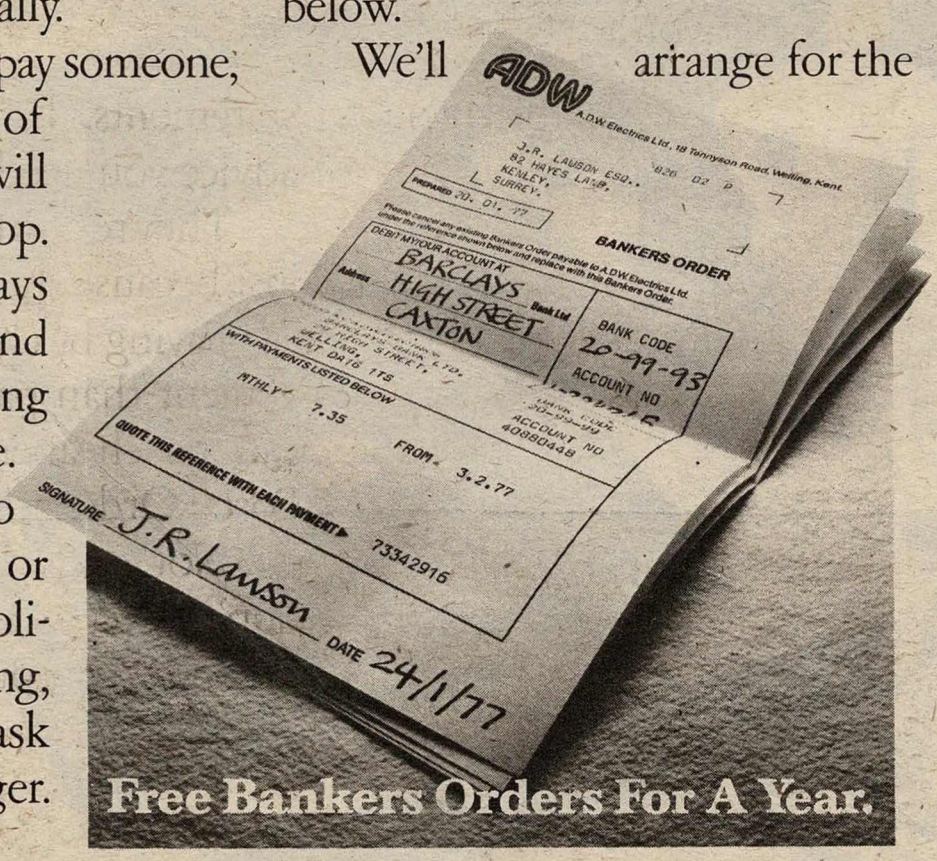
We're not asking you to take our word for it. We're asking you to find out for yourself.

If you'd like us to open an account for you before you start work, complete and send us the coupon below.

We'll arrange for the manager to contact you and send you a booklet we've written called "Starting Work. How to use your Bank."

Needless to say, it's free.

Free Advice For A Year.



Free Bankers Orders For A Year.

*Please send me a copy of 'Starting Work. How to use your Bank.'

*I am interested in opening a Cheque Account at your branch at

*DELETE AS REQUIRED GIVE FULL ADDRESS IF POSSIBLE

Please arrange for your local manager to contact me.

Name Mr/Miss

Address

NME1

Telephone

Post to: John Lawson, Barclays Bank Limited, 16-18 New Bridge St, London EC4V 6HE.

BARCLAYS

WAYLON WALKS ON WATER!

DENIECE WILLIAMS
This Is Niecy (CBS)
MY RECENT feature should have tipped you the wink but in case you didn't get the message here's a reminder that this is a first class album. If the single, "Free", meant anything to you at all then look no further for your listening pleasure.

I suppose, for the want of something more sensible to say, I would class Ms Williams as easy-listening soul, somewhat akin to Syreeta and Minnie Ripperton.

But if that makes her sound too precious take note that she's a far more expressive singer than the average MOR songbirds. Her accompanists are sympathetic, inventive musicians, not studio hacks; Maurice White's production is immaculate. As a clincher, the material is good too.

For my money three of the seven tracks are even better than "Free". Any one of "That's What Friends Are For", "Cause You Love Me, Baby" and "If You Don't Believe" would make a perfect follow-up single guaranteed to top the million again.

The rest, while not so immediately memorable, are certainly no strain on the patience. They can't be, this is one of the few albums I've heard in a long while that I play all the way through both sides instead of skipping tracks. Praise indeed.

Cliff White

JIMMY BUFFETT
Changes In Latitudes, Changes In Attitudes (ABC)
EVEN IF he is a lot less crude and a lot more melodic than Jerry Jeff Walker, Jimmy Buffett still comes across like a man who enjoys the occasional beverage.

Four out of five songs on side one contain references to booze, whereas demon alcohol rears its ugly head but once on side two; I prefer the wet side.

Opening affably enough with a wastrel's lament ("Margaritaville"), the dry side soon deteriorates into desultory album-filler. "Miss You Badly" has a few mordantly amusing lines but is sloppily executed. On Jesse Winchester's much-recorded "Biloxi" Buffett doesn't sound so much contemplative as dog-tired, and "Landfall" closes the album on an atypically brash note.

Stick with the wet side. You've got "Tampico Trauma" (isn't that what John Lennon experienced in a fashionable US nightspot a while back?), a solid number with raunch supplied courtesy of Michael Jeffrey (guitar) and Greg Fingers Taylor (harp), who both sound as though they wouldn't be out of a place in a Chicago blues band: *"Y'see, I was drinkin' doubles, causing lots of trouble."*

And the wistfully regretful "Banana Republican", dreamily dealing with expatriate Americans hoping to find some fun, telling themselves the same lies they told back home.

And, best of all, the jauntily philosophical title track: *"Good times and riches / And sons of bitches / I've seen more than I can recall . . ."* followed closely by *"If we couldn't laugh, we would all go insane"*.

Jimmy Buffett can laugh, his ruefully ironic lyrics testify to that. I just wish he'd laugh more often.

Monty Smith

PURE MANIA
33⅓ R.P.M. L.P.
the Vibrators
on tour with Ian Hunter
June 8 Manchester Free Trade Hall
June 9 Leicester De Montfort Hall
June 10 Cardiff Top Rank
June 11 Aylesbury Vale Hall
June 12 THE ODEON HAMMERSMITH

You really got me
Chartreuse
KLIK RECORDS
Released through RCA

Watch Out!
'My Old Man's Away'
GT 94
FOX

You get a free ADC cartridge when you buy this turntable, but we advise you to read all the small print.

It seems only fair to warn you that the BSR McDonald BDS95 is a tempting enough purchase as it is.
We made this belt-drive turntable with certain people in mind.
People who still have the turntable that came with their first hi-fi system.
And they've begun to notice the imperfections.
The BDS95 means you've not only moved up to a turntable that meets the most exacting standards of design and performance, but you still have a turntable you can really rely on.
So let's take a closer look by lifting the friction hinged lid, which stops at any angle on the slimline plinth.
Notice the 'S' shaped, low resonance, polished aluminium tonearm, which floats in a concentric gimbal style mount.
The counterbalance for primary weight adjustment, and micro-balance obtained by the ultra-fine rotary control.
Now let's get things in motion using the viscous cueing device, and discover the great combination of silent power transmission and ultra modern styling.
The discerning eye will spot features such as the bias compensator that equalises stylus pressure on both sides of the groove, and the special lightweight headshell.
And this of course is where the free cartridge comes in.
The ADC Q32 is a superb *Induced Magnet* cartridge with an elliptical stylus, worth around £14.
If you should prefer the BDS80 turntable instead, we'll include an ADC Q30 cartridge in the price.
That's worth around £10.
Both these offers close on 31st July.
We're sorry if this leaves you with a feeling of deep dissatisfaction with your present turntable, but we did warn you.
If you are in any doubt about compatibility just write to Richard Jones at the address below.

BSR McDONALD
BSR Limited,
McDonald Division,
Powke Lane,
Cradley Heath, Warley,
West Midlands B64 5QH.

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

TAPES: By ROY CARR

The AKAI 4000DS Mk II

While my credit card gently weeps

HI-FI is like a drug. The more hardware you score the more you want, and if you're not selective in your purchase it can prove to be a most expensive Jones. So, if you've got your Access Card gripped tightly in your paw, get ready to blow a hundred quid and more.

I mean, it's only money, and unless it's either Deutsche Marks or US Dollars, it's pretty worthless anyway.

So to hell with the expense! The **Akai 4000DS Mk-II** is the first professional reel-to-reel tape recorder that I have ever owned and, without doubt, it has proved to be the most versatile accessory I have added to my existing hi-fi set-up.

Granted, in terms of mass-acceptance, cassette decks have rapidly become preferable for average domestic consumption than open reel machines, but an Akai 4000DS is an added luxury one can still afford without being compelled to sell one's sister to a white slaver.

Perhaps, because of my profession, my personal requirements may be more diverse than most, but aside from that, its uses are multiple.

Actually, this specific machine comes in two models:

The Akai 4000DS (RRP £208.50) average discount price £139, doesn't include Dolby System whereas the Akai 4000DB (RRP £287.50) average discount price £169, features such an attraction.

A four track, two channel stereo/monaural recorder, the extremely reliable Akai 4000DS possesses two tape speeds (7½ ips & 3¾ ips) together with direct monitoring and overdubbing facilites. Also, a major advantage open reel has over cassette is the ability to make sophisticated edits.

But, before I further extol the Akai's many virtues, I'd like to impress on anyone seriously contemplating adding reel-to-reel that, in my opinion, at the price there's no other machine comparable in overall performance.

A much-favoured office machine within the commercial recording industry, the choice of two fast speeds means that in terms of frequency response not only do you obtain far more audio clarity and stability than with the average cassette deck but also the infinitely more constant transport mechanism helps to eliminate unnecessary Wow and Flutter.

Also, tape-stretch is confined to a minimum.

When checking out any hi-fi hardware I purposely refrain from doing all those time-honoured standard test-runs and instead put the machine to practical use to try to ascertain if it fulfills the necessary requirements. So, among many other things, I have been using my Akai 4000DS to pre-record lengthy dialogue and music "inserts" for rock radio shows and — after simultaneously linking it to up both a cassette deck and a turntable — have found absolutely no difficulty in "cleaning up" interview material originally recorded on a portable Sony cassette recorder.

In many instances, the final results have surpassed my expectations.

The procedure is so simple as not to be true. By cutting back on both the bass and treble controls on my amplifier, I managed to attain almost the same degree of clarity you'd get if you employed a Dolby System. And where I feel this method scores over a Dolby is that I didn't lose any noticeable degree of presence.

Similarly, I've also managed to eliminate much of the surface noise when re-recording old rock records and the occasional blues 78.

Apart from the extra cash, the only other reason why I didn't purchase the Akai 4000DB was that, in most instances, my tapes were going to be taken to a studio and transferred onto a 15 ips master tape, after which the entire programme would be Dolbyed for broadcasting purposes.

Sure, the purpose I've just outlined won't apply to most people, but it's still a very good indication of the versatility of the recorder under scrutiny.

As a terminal music buff, I have found that when transferring cassette recordings or chewed-up discs onto 7½ ips tape, I have in almost every instance been able to enhance the sound quality. Indeed, I have found this especially true when cleaning up live cassette recordings.

To take it one step further, once having made a satisfactory mastertape I have been able to make an excellent cassette duplicate.

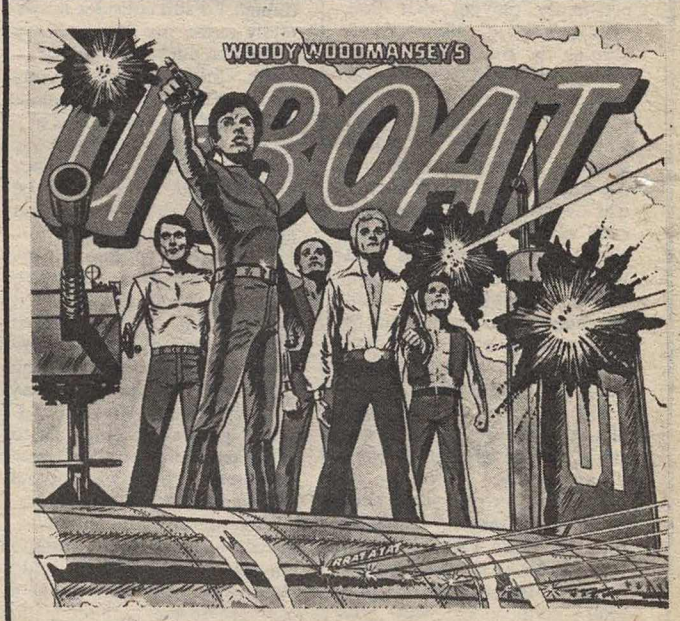
Apart from making direct recordings from off the radio and television, the Akai 4000DS has many other domestic uses. In terms of creative recording, it's an ideal machine.

If you're into cutting home-made demos, the Akai 4000DS offers the all-important facility to overdub. However, remember that the more overdubs you put on a tape, the more you tend to depress the sound quality and increase tape hiss. Nevertheless, without too many hassles, it's quite possible to overdub a couple of fancy guitar parts, add an extra vocal harmony or bass and drums.

Alternatively, if you're in a band, you can link up an Akai 4000DS to a small multi-input mixer (i.e. **Sony** or **Eagle,** but for around £120 an **Allen & Heath** will allow some pretty fancy pan-potting), and, once an optimum sound balance has been fixed, thrash away to your heart's content.

But like I've already said in previous features, a tape deck is only as good as the mikes you use, and good microphones start at around £25 each.

As the Akai 4000DS only weighs-in at 24lbs, it's extremely mobile. In fact, I'm seriously thinking of nailing four pram wheels to the base and going into business as The World's Smallest Mobile Recording Studio. Perhaps one day I'll be summoned to The Marquee, asked to take a line off the mixing desk and, with a touch of the record button, be the first to preserve Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves on tape in full stereophonic fury.



In 0·6 seconds, it will be 33⅓ RPM *precisely.*

Our TT-101 turntable revolves at exactly 33⅓ RPM. The speed is regulated by the oscillating frequency of a quartz crystal, the same system used in the world's most accurate timepieces. This quartz-locked servo-system has no peer for accuracy and stability. The TT-101, another development from the Research Laboratories of JVC.

It is possible to fine adjust the speed within the range of 440Hz ±6Hz, giving benefits of flexibility and precision which are definitely significant from a musician's point of view. Digital Speed Indicator; LED 4-digit counter. Fast acceleration, takes only 0.6 secs. to reach 33⅓ RPM. Coreless DC Servomotor, less consumption, higher torque. Quick Stop, stop button works electronic brake in less than one second. Integrated Frequency Generator; outstanding stability and reliability. LED Indicators and Electronic Switching for sure, smooth long-life operation.

50 YEARS OF SOUND TECHNOLOGY 1927-1977

JVC

ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO REALITY

ON THE TOWN

Bob Marley
RAINBOW

We know where we're going,
We know where we're from,
We're from Babylon —
Bob Marley — "Exodus"

We are stardust
We are golden,
And we've got to get ourselves back to garden —
Joni Mitchell — "Woodstock"

IT'S LIKE THIS, see: I just don't *like* reggae music. Excepting maybe an even dozen tracks that strike head on into the pleasure centre, my regulation reaction to the (to me) alienating omnipresence of a strident "on-beat" rhythm has thus far been to find myself left utterly cold and often fairly irritated, with only my feet responding at all by dutifully tapping out a beat as though they were completely divorced from the rest of my body.

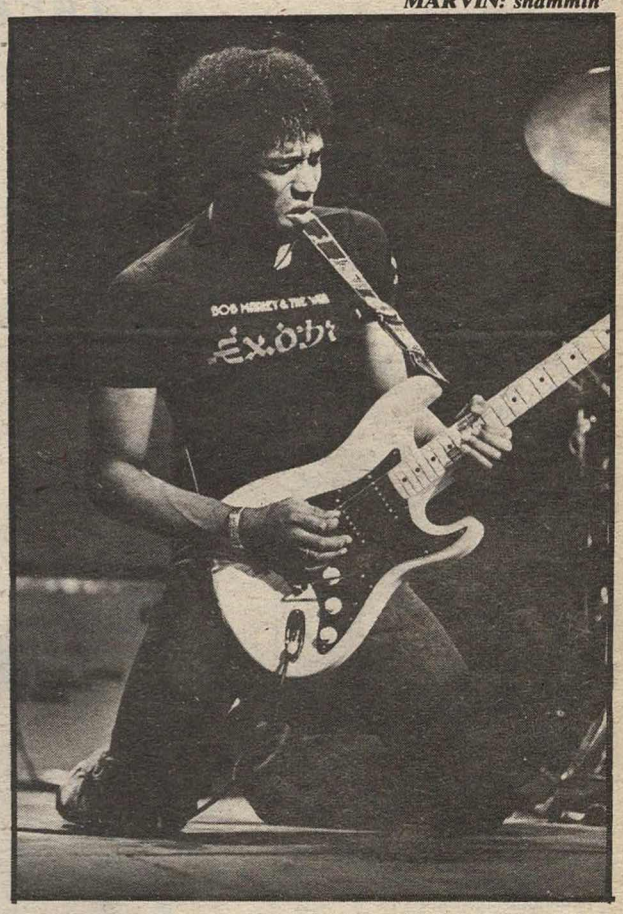
And Christ, even those few prize tracks aforementioned are pretty damn diverse in their basic appeal — things like those bizarre 'Skank' pieces by The Upsetters appeal to my sense of humour, whilst the Melodians' "Passion Love" is probably the most soulfully 'touching' reggae affair, if only because it's got such an obviously beautiful melody (better'n "Rivers Of Babylon" for sure). But otherwise . . .

Boy, I remember when virtually everyone I'd find myself socialising with was constantly playing that first "Burning Spear" album, proclaiming it some cataclysmic break through in music — and me, ever the sucker, nodding silently in presumed agreement while all the time the actual sound of the thing was making me gag. 'Course, back then I was overawed by the omniscience of all my beige-skinned peers' fanaticism for this 'vital new primitivism' (coupled with the fact that white rock, as an alternative, was then about as 'raw' and 'alive' as three-day-old cat piss), so I just kept mute and lurched back to my room to my old Stooges albums and wait for some (then seemingly impossibly distant) brave awakening of 'my' music, or else some kind of virtual aural epiphany through which I could bypass the oppressive ethnicity of this foreign music and make some vital connection with the rhythms of JA.

Well, at least one of those two options occurred — the former, as far as I'm concerned, though this is no

MARLEY: shaman

MARVIN: shammin'



JAHVE, MON!

***NICK KENT** checks out the postures of **MARLEY** worship.*
***CHALKIE DAVIES** brings back the pictures.*

place to begin eulogising over that happy predicament. As for reggae, there's still this unsurmountable impasse blockading the two of us — and though I'd still consider it infinitely more 'my loss' than try and make out some case for us white folks possibly being suckered into digging its fundamentals, there's still a hell of a lot of jive posing, hypocrisy and all-out sycophancy around, and it needs to be pinpointed before we can get anything into perspective.

'Rasta chic' appears, to my eyes, purely to be a white man's invention, and as such it has arguably become bloated into the most hypocritical and sycophantic innovation doing the rounds right now. It's bad enough reading Vivien Goldman's gushing testimonials to the black Jamaican all-purpose spiritual super-righteousness ("When Bob (Marley) smiles, it's like the sun coming out" — oh come *on* now! And. more to the point, who of us would dare write such gush about a white performer?), but when it gets down to mugs like Mark P. in *Sniffin' Glue* kneeling at the feet of some dreadlocked DJ from the Roxy and ordering his readers to "go and listen to some fuckin' reggae, alright", it becomes downright offensive. Offensive, because everywhere else in his mag he's slagging off 'indolent old fart' hippies (my phrase there but it sums up the opinion as much as anything) and yet Rastas of course are again so bloody righteous — even though they grow their hair long, smoke dope until the smoke comes out of their ears and play their bongoes in the dirt, generally leading the kind of half-baked quasi-spiritual pretentious layabout existence that white hippies were enjoying back in the late '60s.

Which is OK by me — neither hippies nor Rastas have ever offended me regarding their basic moral code and way of life — but if you're going to start pitting one against the other on the righteousness scale, buddy, you're dealing in the most insidious form of racism there is — 'inverse racism' — and you're an arsehole. Period.

Just zero back to those two opening song quotations and we can start to bring Mr. Bob Marley, and ultimately his concert at the Rainbow last Wednesday, into the picture.

"Exodus", the title song from Marley's new album, has thus far been universally touted as a masterpiece by all the critics I've read — a deeply spiritual statement relating directly to Marley's vision of a mass exodus (and here I'm quoting him at second hand via Neil Spencer, who inquired after the premise of the work) away from the evils of Babylon and into the lands of Africa *and* the consequential path of righteousness itself. Fair enough — though I can't honestly relate to what can only be viewed through wordly Western eyes as a more than fancifully pie-in-the-sky mission, however impressively 'committed' the belief underlying the performance may be (and, in fact, undeniably is).

OK then, now mosey on down to scan the chorus of Joni Mitchell's "Woodstock". Yup, I can hear you all chuckling now — what a hunk of old baloney, ho ho — must be the most openly despised toon you could parade before a selfconsciously hip pair of ears right now. But hold it right there a tic. Let's just take the chorus fully intact, change a couple of references in Ms Mitchell's original to a more JA-orientated bent, add a simmering on-beat, change the title from "Woodstock" to "Ethopia" . . . and what have you got?

"A deeply moving spiritual-seeking odyssey from JA's reggae genius" — *Melody Maker*. "Marley's evocative poetry — the masterful juxtaposition of 'stardust' and 'golden' . . . another masterpiece" — *NME*. Can't you just see the quotes ringing out from babbling keys of the rock critic's type writer, along with a whole stream of selfconscious Jah spiel — all that "bredren" crowing that sounds so damn bogus coming from us white folks it makes even *my* literary posing, at its most extreme, almost palatable.

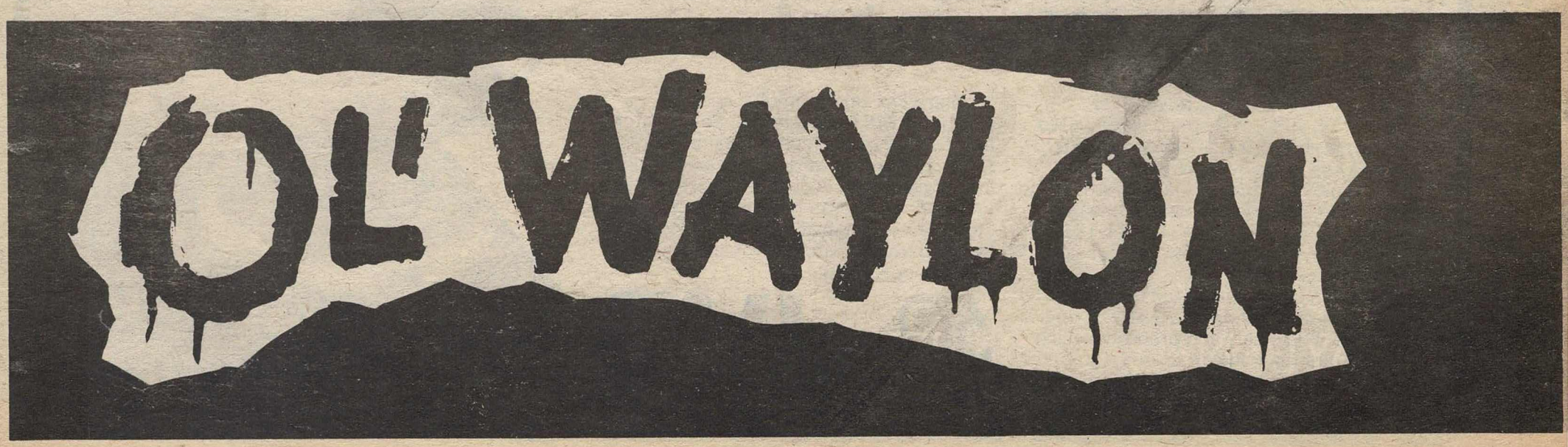
Yup, old Bob's had a high old ride so far, and shows no signs of falling from the saddle even now.

That's 'cos he's a great performer, first off. At the Rainbow last Wednesday he cut through and cried tough and passionate over an incredibly 'full' sound, when one acknowledged that the basic muscle at hand came courtesy of a mere four-piece band: the impeccable Barrett brothers' rhythm section, as devastatingly rock steady as ever (drummer Carlie Barrett reminded me of a black Charlie Watts — such seemingly simple, Zen-like mastery of the beat), keyboard player Tyrone Downie (casting shimmeringly textured colorations) and a guitarist, the American Junior Marvin (who plays good, sure, though his presence often turned his side of the stage into a visual disaster area — but more of that later). A percussionist by the name of Seko was also hovering about.

But they still came over as somehow stultifying and plodding as often as they sounded majestically sensuous.

Marley's music on record has provided a few tasty bypasses away from my basic non-communication with reggae, starting as early as the pre-Island fare ("Standing Alone", which carries a sumptuous melody the likes of which Marley has still to surpass plus "Trenchtown Rock") and heading straight into those great Impressions-like harmonies ringing through "Catch A Fire" up to, certainly, "Natty Dread" and the "Lyceum Live" set.

Marley is a good songwriter on any terms, and his subtle nods to the US soul traditions have always been tastefully executed (up until now, that is — but again, later for that) and have held even his wildest Jah pronouncements thus far in a stately grip. Sure, I'd consider him still pre-eminent among the teeming minions functioning in the reggae genre — though my sad shortcomings and basic ignorance hardly



make that any real recommendation.

As a performer, though — as I saw it on Wednesday there are two Bob Marleys at work here. Marley with a guitar, well, all this crowing about him being the "black Bob Dylan" is just so much basic josh, but it's undeniable that he looks distinctly like Dylan at times — the same furrowed brow, the same lack of real height made totally inconsequential by a very real (in Marley's case, leonine) charisma at work. Even the way he physically relates to his guitar made me think of Dylan.

When he starts limbering up and working on pressure-drop time, he loses contact with the instrument and starts flailing the air, beating his brow and moving in weird ritualistic motions in a sphere totally his own — and which at time perplexes even the band (specifically during the encore, when he moved suddenly from the inconsequential, if lively, "Jamming" into "Get Up, Stand Up", throwing even the veteran Barrett brothers off the scent for a few bars).

Marley is a compelling performer, God knows — at times I was reminded of a strange hybrid of James Brown coupled with Van Morrison's awkward, intense restlessness — though Marley is really too much his own man for comparisons to hold much water. Certainly he acts more like a shaman than any other rock star alive or dead, building up and up until he's spiralled off into some tangential zone of nervous hyper-energy and vision-grasping, totally unaware of what's occurring around him.

He's no con-man. Of that I'm convinced. Maybe then he's really having some real spiritual vision up there. Or maybe he's just completely stoned out of his gourd and hallucinating blissfully. Whatever, he's impressive, and unique, on any level you care to mention.

The set itself? Well, it simply took off too late, possibly through the awkward vibes of a first night at the Rainbow (hardly a conductive venue for this kind of experience, especially when compared to the overwhelming proximity felt at those Lyceum dates of two years back), or possibly through a lack of chemistry between members of the band and audience.

But a more probable explanation was the emphasis placed upon material gleaned from the scarcely familiar "Exodus". Marley and The Wailers worked through at least four selections, all sounding disagreeably similar in rhythm and chord structure when lumped together, this elongated medley featuring "Natural Mystic", "So Much Things To Say", "Guiltiness" and "Heathen".

The sudden overtly familiar intro to "I Shot The Sheriff" set sparks going, but the follow-up "War", featuring Marley at his most tortured, failed to compound the combustion. A version of "Rastaman Vibration" held things in limbo, though the sudden inclusion of "No More Trouble" from "Catch A Fire" pleased the more devoted fans.

"No Woman No Cry" was taken very slow, more like a Greatest Hit than an inspired rendition.

Only on "Lively Up Yourself" did the audience instinctively, as one, rise out of their seats and dance. Looking around the hall there appeared a probably even ratio of blacks to whites. The difference wasn't discernible merely from checking skin tints, but more from watching the way each participant lent his body to the sway of the music. Most Negroes I witnessed seemed to dance quite ecstatically, relating totally to the sensuousness of the rhythm, while the white contingent, who surprisingly enough (or maybe not) seemed to occupy most of the best seats, seemed uncomfortable, trying to let their limbs loosen enough to let the music move with them, and succeeding only in rather stilted, self-conscious gestures.

Hey, and don't try and lay that "well, they got nat'ral riddum" cliche on my doorstep, 'cause the best two dancers I ever saw were two white gay guys in a discotheque in Detroit. The whole scene compounded the problems that I've always had with that reggae "on-beat".

Two final points: first about The Wailers' current corporate visual, and particularly the predilection of guitarist Marvin to contort his body into hideous 'macho guitar' poses of a strictly sub-Hendrix crotch-level nature. When the guitarist got down on his knees and played short lead breaks with the instrument rammed against his genitals, it was a direct affront to the pure sensuousness of Marley's music and the proud spirit of womanhood as exemplified on the opposite side of the stage by the majestic I-Three. Marley should know better than to indulge his guitarist so.

Also he'd be doing the band a favour by taking away Tyrone Downie's voice-bag. The twee mouthing of "Bob Marley and The Wailers" by Downie and his bag as Marley finally exited was simply tasteless.

The other point: the Rainbow should be commended for acting so sensibly over the tricky matter of security (bearing in mind previous London reggae gigs, full of jive boy vandals and pickpockets). All bodyguards inside the building were black, thus averting any inter-racial strife, and they handled themselves with marvellous restraint.

The most amusing and touching sight may well have been watching two Securicor guys flanking either side of the stage dancing to Marley's final song, "Exodus".

It was touching, sure, but sad for me too, because reggae — certainly Bob Marley's reggae — *is* a spiritual music, and one honed together with a kind of positivism and hope that ultimately I can't share. I wonder if anyone of my generation truly can.

As for me, well, when I went home the first thing I did was to put on the Stones' "Gimme Shelter". I didn't even see the significance until a day later.

Nick Kent

RAMONES (left to right): Joey, Johnny, Dee Dee.

You know, this just might be the . . .

PERFECT GROUP

PHIL McNEILL reckons so, anyway. Here's why.

The Ramones
Talking Heads
The Saints

ROUNDHOUSE

STILL PRETTY much the only place in London where you can put on a great *gig* as opposed to a concert or a set, the Roundhouse on Sunday (and presumably on Monday) was packed to the girders for one of those really special events that send you home flying.

Half six and the already Breathing Space Only mutant parade howled its pleasure as The Saints sidled onstage for their first ever performance in Britain.

They looked like they'd just wandered in from the outback — indeterminately groomed; stocky, and terribly unfashionable, all dressed in kind of 1962 casual wear, completely nondescript. But as soon as they hammered into the first number things came bang up to date: 1972 British heavy metal of the more belligerently anti-social persuasion — Stray, Motorhead, Hawkwind, though with a certain flair for flash R&B-style attack every now and then.

While ultra-short back-and-sided drummer Ivor Hay laid down that fast metronome beat, echoed faithfully by Beatle-cut bassist Kym Bradshaw, guitarist Ed Kuepper, very much the John Boy type colonial in his white shirt and with his socks showing beneath his narrow pants, did that traditional power chord thing with occasional screeches of feedback for punctuation.

There was hardly any musical reason why the pogoing hordes should have treated them better than they would have done, say, Stray.

What did separate The Saints from the hippie heavy metal set was singer Chris Bailey, a podgy guy who spat out his words with venom from beneath a scraggy mass of curls. There was one very funny interlude when he was forced to address the audience at length during a string change, and treated a mob yelling things like "Get yer 'air cut" to an unintelligible Aussie sneer about dole queue rock ("Who wants to work anyway?").

But really the only exceptional thing about The Saints — who I enjoyed, mind you, despite difficulties in telling their songs apart — is that they are Australian. They aren't trend followers, and they don't have an established anti-establishment to support their contempt for the rest of society. They have thus far been totally isolated, and their very existence is probably an affront to their families, their street, their town, their state, the nation . . .

Whether because of this, or because the pogo is in fact just this year's idiot dance and most of its exponents are just short-haired heavy metal fans, The Saints' 35-minute set was rewarded with an encore. They saved their latest single, "Erotic Neurotic", for that spot. Confident cobbers, blue.

TALKING HEADS looked pretty weird going on between The Saints and The Ramones — but then they'd look weird on any stage.

Tina Weymouth, the best known face, resolutely workpersonlike behind her bass; Chris Frantz, baby-faced drummer; Jerry Harrison, rhythm guitar and keyboards, in nondescript black; and leader/singer/guitarist and, unfortunately, poser David Byrne, gabbling the titles of songs and nothing else between numbers, hands dangling by his sides and self-consciously genius-like expression on his face. He wears shapeless black trousers and a blue shirt done right up to the neck.

They opened with their only known quantity, "Love Goes To Building On Fire", Byrne's 12-string so full you didn't miss the horns.

They're a really indefinable group — overtones of Sparks mingling, as Nick Kent pointed out, with hints of Television. A pop TV, perhaps. Like TV, their sound is trebly — far more than Verlaine's, in fact.

Most songs featured either a mechanistic sort of funk riff or military drums, sometimes both, and subliminally moving chord phases. Two titles I caught were "The Book I Read" and "Don't Worry About The Government".

Byrne sang strange high-pitched semi-melodies most of the time. His guitar chord leads gradually revealed themselves to be quite excellent — always, like all the quartet's playing, sublimated to the song, but unassumingly brilliant and extremely quirky.

The mob stopped pogoing and applauded politely. As the set progressed the applause lengthened until it became apparent that this was a triumph for Talking Heads. They'd converted a crowd of spiky-haired headbashers to their crazed sort of euphoria — nowhere more evident than on the closer, "Psycho Killer", which Byrne's extraordinary guitar drove to a great climax — and T. Heads earned themselves two separate encores, the second a kind of bizarre outtake of "Seven And Seven Is", and they could easily have had a third.

A very strange group indeed.

THE ODDEST spectacle of the gig actually occurred between sets, when The Sex Pistols' two singles were played and a good half of the audience sang along. The fervour of the anthem, "God Save The Queen", was quite touching.

The atmosphere could not have been better when Joey, Johnny, Dee Dee and Tommy appeared with a flash of light and a 1-2-3-4 and a battering ram of Johnny chords and ecstatic cheers for "Loudmouth".

"Blitzkrieg Bop", "Beat On The Brat", "I Remember You", "Glad To See You Go", "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment", "You're Gonna Kill That Girl", "Carbona Not Glue", "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker", "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend", "Havana Affair", "Judy Is A Punk", "I Don't Wanna Walk Around With You", "Pinhead" . . .

Ten songs in the first twenty minutes, 18 in the 35-minute set. They're even better live, and at least twice as fast.

The Ramones are one of the most perfect groups ever conceived. Thick? Never.

"Judy Is A Punk" — *"Second verse, same as the first"* — it takes a really obscurantist artistic mind to write a song where you repeat the first verse *before* singing the second verse. Again, Johnny's penchant for playing sixteen equally weighted beats in a row — that takes discipline, not letting conventional stresses into the matter.

Their instinct for what constitutes great pop is surer than almost anyone else's right now.

The cut-off words — brilliant. It's no kind of contempt

● *Continued on page 41*

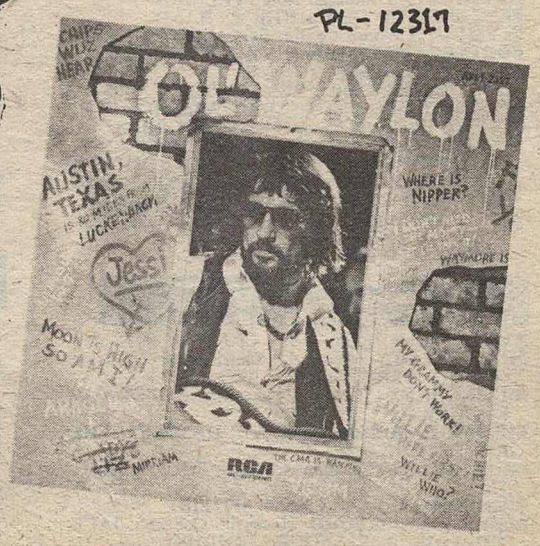
WAYLON JENNINGS

"OL' WAYLON - WAYLON JENNINGS"

The sensational follow up to his critically acclaimed 'Outlaws' album, 'OL WAYLON' is WAYLON JENNINGS at his best blending both country and rock influences to produce an album of rare style and distinction.

RCA

PL-12317



NATIONWIDE GIG

THE JAM (left) have just started their extensive bill-topping tour, taking in three dozen dates. Outstanding highlight of their schedule is this Sunday, when they play an open-air gig at Chelsea Football Ground in London, supported by THE BOYS (below).

THURSDAY

AYR Darlington Hotel: DEAD END KIDS
BASILDON Rachael's Club: JIMMY HELMS
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: THE DRIFTERS
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: METROPOLIS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: THE CAMPBELLS / BOB DAVENPORT / COCKAYNE / GIGGERTY
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Parasol Club: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKPOOL Adam & Eve: BIG BUSINESS
BLACKPOOL Dixieland Star Bar: JET HARRIS
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: U.F.O.
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: AMERICAN TRAIN
BRADFORD Princeville Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: HENRY COW
BRISTOL Granary: EDDIE RIFF
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
BURTON Eve's Disco: OZO
CAMBRIDGE University Centre: GLITTER BAND
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Place: MUNGO JERRY
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
CROYDON Red Deer: 999
DERBY Station Inn: NIC JONES
DOWNHAM MARKET Town Hall: MARTIN SIMPSON
DUNSTABLE Bluenote Country Club: SEARCHERS
EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens: THE JAM
FLEETWOOD Queen's Hotel: BERNARD WRIGLEY
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
HANLEY Victoria Hall: SPINNERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: GENERATION X
ILKLEY Kings Hall: GRAHAM COLLIER BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: IAN HUNTER'S OVERNIGHT ANGELS / VIBRATORS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: RADIATOR
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: 10c.c. / DAVID McWILLIAMS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE BOYS / THE TABLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SKREWDRIVER / SHAM 69
LONDON EAST HAM North-East Polytechnic: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: VIN GARBUTT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: J J JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SPITERI
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: BURLESQUE
LONDON Marquee Club: STRIDER
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Assembly Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NEW CELESTE
LONDON TEDDINGTON Clarence Club: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LUTON Cesar's: HERB REED & HIS PLATTERS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: HEAVY METAL KIDS / THE MOTORS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: THE 'O' BAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: BOOM TOWN RATS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
POYNTON Folk Centre: ROY HARRIS
REDCAR Classic Cinema: SILLY WIZARD
STAINES Pathfinder Club: FIVE HAND REEL
SWANSEA Circles Club: TOM ROBINSON BAND
TONYPANDY Naval Club: FABULOUS POODLES
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: DAVE TAYLOR & DYNAMITE / FLYING SAUCERS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: DETROIT EMERALDS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: XTC

FRIDAY

AYR Darlington Hotel: TONY CHRISTIE
BIGGLESWADE Bedford Shuttleworth College: MUNGO JERRY
BILLINGHAM Forum Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: SOUL DIRECTION
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College': JACK THE LAD / BURLESQUE / HOUDINI
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: THE DRIFTERS
BRIDGWATER Pawlett Manor Hotel: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DARK EARTH
BRIGHTON Dome: SPINNERS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURTON 76 Club: THE FABULOUS POODLES
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE JAM
CAMBRIDGE Hill Row House Farm: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
CANVEY ISLAND The Paddocks: DR. FEELGOOD / EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / LEW LEWIS BAND / GYPSY ROCK SQUAD / SAVAGE
CHELTENHAM Whitebreads Club: CREPES'N'DRAPES
CHESTER Theatre Clwyd: MUSCLES
CHIPPENHAM West End Club: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
CRANSWICK White Horse Theatre Bar: CHIMES
DERBY Matlock College: JENNY HAAN'S LION
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GAFFA
DUNSTABLE Bluenote Country Club: SEARCHERS
DURHAM Nevilles Cross College: SLACK ALICE / LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
EDINBURGH Yellow Carvel: SILLY WIZARD
GLASGOW Amthora: THE JOLT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Old Town Hall: VIN GARBUTT
ILKLEY Lister Arms Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: AMERICAN TRAIN
LEEDS Town Hall: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: THE ZOOTS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: HEAVY METAL KIDS / THE MOTORS
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion': THE STRANGLERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HONKY / SOUTHERN ELECTRIC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPITERI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE POLICE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HAWKWIND / MOTORHEAD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE ACRE/RAYMOND FROGGATT
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: THE MODELS
LONDON Marquee Club: STUKAS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: KIM & THE SECRETS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: VANITY FARE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: S.A.L.T.
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
LUTON Cesar's: HERB REED & HIS PLATTERS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: FLYING ACES
MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall: DESMOND DEKKER
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: U.F.O.
NORWICH Theatre Royal: FOGGY
OLDHAM Birch Hall Hotel: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
PAISLEY College of Technology: JOE'S DINER
PICKERING Memorial Hall: BIG BUSINESS
RETFORD Porterhouse: FANTASTICS
RUSHDEN The Wheatsheaf: WILD THING
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
SKEGNESS Sands Showbar: THE REAL THING
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: HENRY COW
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: 10CC / DAVID McWILLIAMS
SUNDERLAND Geno's Club: GENO WASHINGTON
TURRIFF Town Hall: DEAD END KIDS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: IAN HUNTER'S OVERNIGHT ANGELS / VIBRATORS
WAREHAM Antelope Inn: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
WELLS Wookey Hole Inn: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
WOOLMER GREEN Chequers Inn: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL

SATURDAY

ASHFORD Stour Centre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: IAN HUNTER'S OVERNIGHT ANGELS/VIBRATORS
AYR Darlington Hotel: TONY CHRISTIE
BATH College of Education: WARREN HARRY
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: SHEER ELEGANCE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: RESTLESS ROCKERS
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare & Hounds: NORMAN CASTLE & JILL
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: HEAVY METAL KIDS/THE MOTORS
BIRMINGHAM The Elbow Room: SOUL DIRECTION
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: DAVE SWARBRICK
BOLTON Institue of Technology: AMAZORBLADES
BRADFORD University: CARAVAN/COUNT BISHOPS
BRISTOL Granary: SHANGHAI
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AIRGOLD
BRISTOL Polytechnic: THE JAM
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: OZO
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Club:HERB REED & HIS PLATTERS
CRAYFORD Town Hall: ROSEMARY SQUIRIES
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE REAL THING
CROYDON Red Deer: FRUIT EATING BEARS
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: ARBRE
DOUGLAS ISLE OF MAN Villa Marina: THE DRIFTERS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: STRIDER
DUNSTABLE California: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS/EATER
FARNBOROUGH Jubilee Rock Festival: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS/SCREAMIN'/LORD SUTCH/ROCK ISLAND LINE/FLYING SAUCER/THUNDERBIRD
FROME Hexagon Suite: MUSCLES
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: SLACK ALICE
GLOUCESTER Jamaican Social Club: DELROY WILSON
HARLOW Tiffany's: SIDEWINDER
HARTLEPOOL Gemini Club: GENO WASHINGTON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: STUKAS
ILKLEY Kings Hall: ROGER McGOUGH/ADRIAN HENRI/BRIAN PATTEN & FRIENDS
ILKLEY Lister Arms Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
IRVINE Magnum Theatre: McCALMANS
KINTORE Town Hall: DEAD END KIDS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LEEDS Ilkley College: UNCLE PO
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: UPSTANDING WEB FOOT ORCHESTRA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FABULOUS POODLES/METROPOLIS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HAWKWIND-/MOTORHEAD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: MEAN STREET
LONDON GREENWICH Borough Hall: SPINNERS
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: SUNSTROKE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies Club: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NORTH SIDE R & B ENSEMBLE
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: FLINTLOCK
LONDON North Polytechnic: BOY BASTIN
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON TUFNELL PARK Hall of Residence: BOY BASTIN
LUTON Sands Club: WILD THING
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SASSAFRAS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: U.F.O.
MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall: DESMOND DEKKER
MANCHESTER University: FIVE HAND REEL
MARCH Grenadier Club: SKREWDRIVER
MELKSHAM British Legion Club: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: BIG BUSINESS
MILTON KEYNES Wavendon Stables: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RUSH
NORWICH Arts Centre: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
NORWICH Theatre Royal: FOGGY
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: RAW FUNKK
REDDITCH Tracey's: 999
RETFORD Porterhouse: CITY BOY / BURLESQUE / HOUDINI
ST. ALBAN'S Bricketts Wood Social Club: ROY POWELL & THE SHIVER GIVERS
STROUD Marshall Rooms: CREPES'N'DRAPES
THATCHAM Hamilton Club: BETHNAL
TURVILLE Folk Club: FLAKY PASTRY
WALSALL West Midlands College: STAGE FRIGHT

SUNDAY

BANBURY Wheatsheaf: VIN GARBUTT
BANFF South Lodge Hotel: DEAD END KIDS
BARROW Maxim's Disco: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOURNEMOUTH Pembroke Arms: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
BRISTOL The Dog House: HARD UP / PLANETZ
CHELMSFORD Three Cups: DAVE BURLAND
CROYDON Greyhound: KURSAAL FLYERS
ETON WICK Football Club: SUNSTROKE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: RUSH
GRAVESEND Civic Hall: SPINNERS
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: HENRY COW
HARLOWSpurriers Town Park: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HULLBRIDGE Smugglers Den: ROCKING DEVILS
LITTLE BRINGTON Sadlers Barn: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: ANDY ANDREWS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SHADY LADY
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: TONY ROSE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: U.F.O. / NUTZ / TRAPEZE
LONDON CHELSEA Football Ground: THE JAM / THE BOYS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: THE SUPREMES
LONDON EALING Nutmeg Club: DELROY WILSON
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: IAN HUNTER'S OVERNIGHT ANGELS / VIBRATORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: RAINSTORM
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: HEAVY METAL KIDS / THE MOTORS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON Victoria Palace: MIKE HARDING
LONDON WOOLWICH Public Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: 10 c.c. / DAVID WILLIAMS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS / BOOM TOWN RATS
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: TOM YATES / JOANNA CARLIN / FOGGY / IAN CAMPBELL GROUP
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NORWICH Theatre Royal: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: AMAZORBLADES
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: THERAPY
POYNTON Folk Centre: JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: CARAVAN & COUNT BISHOPS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SCUNTHORPE Barclay Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE STRANGLERS
SKEGNESS Sands Showbar: SHEER ELEGANCE
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Mr. Moon: GARBO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: STRANGLERS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Bunch of Grapes: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AJ WEBBER
CAMBRIDGE Clare College: LITTLE ACRE
CAMBRIDGE Downing College: JIMMY HELMS
CAMBRIDGE Peterhouse College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
CAMBRIDGE Lady Mitchell Hall: HENRY COW
CAMBRIDGE Trinity College: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
CHESTER Quaintways: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: COUNTRY SHACK
COVENTRY Tiffany's: SOUL DIRECTION
DONCASTER Ex-Servicemen's Club: SUNNY REEVES
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
DUNDEE Samantha's: DEAD END KIDS
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: McCALMANS
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
FARNHAM Redgrave Theatre: ACKER BILK BAND
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: RUSH
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON ELTHAM Palace Great Hall: CITY WAITES
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: X-RAY SPEX / SKREWDRIVER
LONDON Marquee Club: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: WIZZ JONES / BILL BOAZMAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STREET BAND
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: 10c.c. / DAVID McWILLIAMS
NEWPORT El Selcos: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
READING Top Rank: THE JAM
SHACKLEFORD Community Centre: DAVE BURLAND
SHEFFIELD Western Park Museum: MARTIN SIMPSON
STAFFORD Top Of The World: NUTZ
STAINES The Phoenix: PETER BELLAMY

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY / DEAD END KIDS
BATH The Bell: PEDRO
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's; JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAMSloopy's: MUSCLES
CAMBRIDGE Caius College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
CAMBRIDGE Queen's College: GENO WASHINGTON / DESMOND DEKKER / SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
CAMBRIDGE Stl John's College: MUNGO JERRY
CAMBRIDGE Trinity Hall: ALVIN STARDUST / AJ WEBBER
CARDIFF Marchioness of Bute: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
CARDIFF Sophia Gardens: 10c.c./DAVID McWILLIAMS
CARDIFF Top Rank: AFTER THE FIRE
CRANSWICK White Horse Theatre Bar: CHIMES
CROYDON Scamps: FRUIT EATING BEARS
DOWNHAM MARKET The Castle: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
EXETER Jolly Porter: NIC JONES
GLASGOW The Maggie: SKEELS
HULL Light Dragoon: BERNARD WRIGLEY

GUIDE

LEAMINGTON Royal Spa Centre: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
LONDON ACTON Kings Head: TONY ROSE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BAD NEWS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHELSEA
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Three Horseshoes: HARVEY ANDREWS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RICO
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: THE STREET BAND
LOUGHBOROUGH Old Pack Horse: PETE QUIN
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: THE JAM
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: LEW LEWIS BAND
SHEFFIELD University: JENNY HAAN'S LION / REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE STRANGLERS
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: THE REAL THING
YORK Cats Whiskers: BURLESQUE
YORK Oval Ball: BIG BUSINESS

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: THE JAM
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CAMBRIDGE Magdalene College: F.B.I./SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
COVENTRY College of Education: MEAL TICKET / LEW LEWIS BAND
DUNDEE Caird Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
DURHAM Middleton St. George College: BOUNCER
GT. YARMOUTH The Broadway: BOY BASTIN
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ROCK ISLAND LINE
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: CREPES'N'DRAPES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 999
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RICO
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: SOUL DIRECTION
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: SUNSTROKE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: FABULOUS POODLES
NEWCASTLECity Hall: THE STRANGLERS
PLYMOUTH The Crown: NIC JONES
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: BUSHWACKERS
SHEPTON MALLET Black Swan: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
SLOUGH Fulcrum Centre: HAWKWIND/ MOTORHEAD
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: 10CC/DAVID McWILLIAMS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS

RESIDENCIES

ALDERSHOT Roundabout Club: JUDGE DREAD
Week from Monday
BEDFORD Nite Spot: THE WURZELS
Thursday for three days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: HAZEL DEAN
Week from Monday
BRISTOL Crockers: LUCY LA STICK
Monday (13) for three days
DERBY Bailey's: BILLY OCEAN
Thursday for three days
GLASGOW Pavilion: ROCKIN' BERRIES
Week from Monday
HALIFAX Palladium Theatre: SHEER ELEGANCE
Week from Monday
LEICESTER Bailey's: JOHNNY NASH
Week from Monday
LIVERPOOL Allinson's Club: STUART GILLIES
Week from Sunday
LONDON Palladium: JIM BAILEY/SANDPIPERS
Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: RAVING RUPERT
Week from Sunday
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: BARRON KNIGHTS
Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita): BUDDY & THE DIMES
Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: JOHNNY NASH
Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: POLLY BROWN
Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Knightstone: MILLICAN & NESBITT
Summer season opens Tuesday (14)

TOM PETTY and the Heartbreakers, having completed their string of concerts supporting Nils Lofgren, begin their own headlining tour in Manchester on Sunday. Occupying the support spot are Boom Town Rats.

Rush

MANCHESTER

I AM ON THE TRAIN, sat uncomfortably among a load of moderately hairy, strangely excited, spotty young kids. They are wearing pre-faded denims, Levi jackets and tatty pumps, and I'm thinking that I must have accidentally jumped into a carriage containing some sort of school trip — until the train stops and all the kids herd onto the platform.

I see T-shirts and garishly coloured embroidery on the backs of the Levi jackets, exclaiming Ted Nugent! Kiss! Blue Oyster Cult! And, most noticeably, Rush! Christ, they're going the same place I'm going — to see Rush.

Rush have fans! I thought the only other people in the Free Trade Hall would be a few reluctant or curious fellow hacks. But of course Rush have fans. It's just that it's a bit of a surprise, is all. Quite unnoticed by anyone, it seems, maybe even Rush's followers themselves, the band has zoomed from obscurity through cult status to hover around superstardom. A phenomenon.

The Free Trade Hall had sold out, apparently surprising even the promoters.

So what's it all about? I donned my investigative mac and trilby, swam merrily through the Free Trade Hall bar, and did my best to uncover . . . why.

Most of the fans I talked to seemed unimpressed at my disbelief, seemed unimpressed moreover that Rush could fill the hall so effortlessly. "Could have played two night, I reckon," said one guy. My knees buckled slightly.

There was a good number, too, who claimed that they'd discovered Rush way back in 1974 (which is a long time ago in terms of this audience — it was overwhelmingly school aged) by, apparently, listening to the radio or just "knowing by the cover of the album that they were a good rock band." A few remembered *The Old Grey Whistle Test* playing a Rush track, and took it from there.

Everywhere it was blatantly apparent that there is a rare fanaticism for Rush, and an insatiable appetite for any imported flash heavy metal. I must be mixing with the wrong people, because really this was all a revelation to me. I dug deeper, asking a number of milder looking fans why they actually liked Rush.

So, why? "Because they're good . . . It's really good music and it hits the brain . . . They seem to get better with each album . . . They're Canada's best rock group . . . People want to go to live shows and hear really heavy stuff that's gonna freak them out . . . I don't think you give them enough coverage . . . Are you Max Bell? . . . Their words are nice, they really get a lot of things across . . . Power and intelligence . . . They're different from Ted and Sabbath and all that lot . . . Because I want to . . ."

Reeling from all this, and from the remarks of one guy who who put me firmly in my place when I asked: "Aren't they similar to Led Zep?" — he sternly replied, "Ah, but Led Zep are a quartet and this lot are a trio" — I found my seat.

It was a tense and crude atmosphere, obvious what was imminent — a rush to the stage as soon as Rush appeared onstage. Unfortunately I missed the no doubt almighty welcome for Rush because minutes before the big moment I was thrown out of the hall for assaulting its manager. But when I sneaked back in everyone was standing in the stalls, arms outstretched, plenty of V-signs, the odd Rush banner, and even a fairly large Canadian flag right at the front.

It was no way a perfunctory response. The kids around where I was stood knew every note and lyric of each song. There were even odd attempts at lighting matches, a la American audiences.

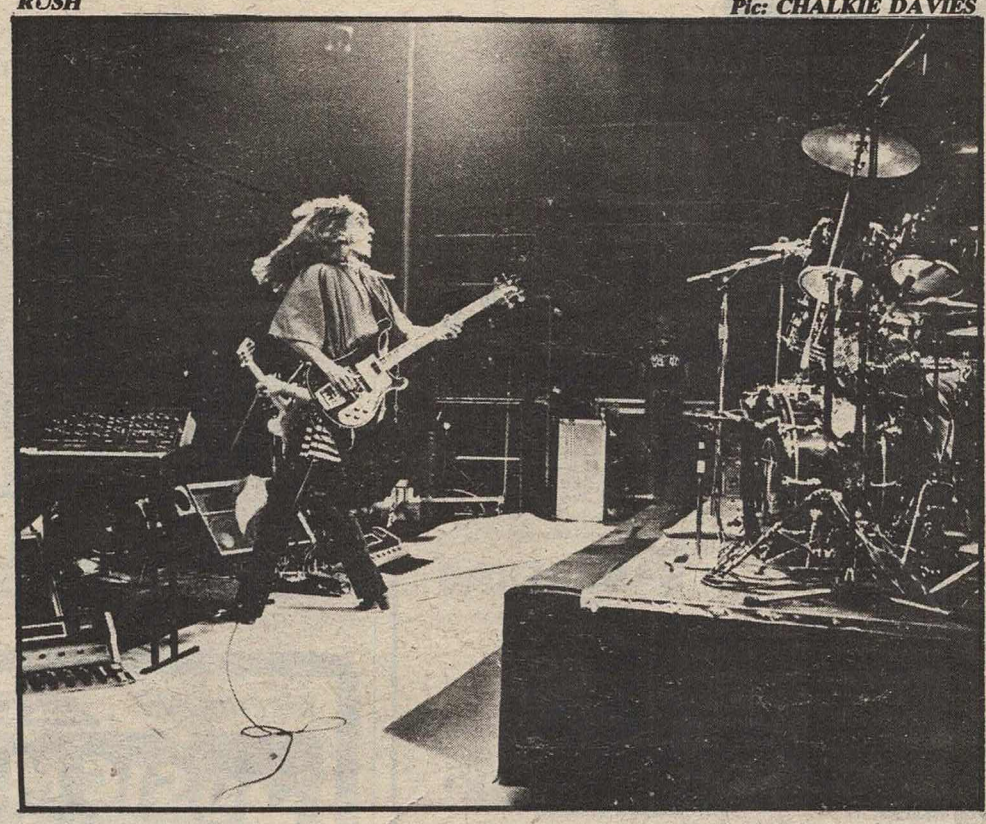
Rush played absolutely amazingly — no sloppiness, total control, all the flash licks, sharp riffs, jerk-off guitar solos brilliantly executed, carefully placed breaks, classy pinnacle vocals that the crowd was thirsting for. Their light show was maybe the best I've ever seen.

It was loud, but very very clean. The band looked like puppets — they could play *The Royal Variety Show* and probably offend no one.

So what is it about Rush?

Paul Morley

RUSH *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*



THE RUSH PHENOMENON

This band has fans. Lots of them. They sold out the Free Trade Hall and surprised even the promoter.

***PAUL MORLEY** asks why,*
***PAUL RAMBALI** tries to answer.*

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING to do with the cathartic effect of a big noise. Unlike other turn-of-the-decade phenomena, such as glitter and the introspective singer songwriter, heavy metal refuses to die the death.

It isn't just a question of dinosaurs still being extant either — new heroes emerge with increasing regularity. Last year it was Ted Nugent and this year Judas Priest and, no two ways about it, Rush.

They thunder into the opening number with all the power and subtlety of an eartquake, and the crowd roar in approval as Alex Lifeson and Geddy Lee roam around the stage in an endless series of guitar superhero postures and power-chord dynamics.

This staunch observer was almost converted as the first three numbers (especially "Bastille Day") sledgehammered into the audience. But Rush failed to deliver the killer punch I had half-hoped was coming — instead it was heads down for the first of their long Science Fantasy epics and, after that, epic after epic.

As far as I could tell, there was little point to them. They were no more than a lot of riffs, mostly derived from Sabbath, Purple and Zeppelin, and loosely thrown together around various concepts. Titles like "By-Tor And The Snow Dog" and "The Fountain Of Lamneth" give a fair indication of what to expect — the fairytale castles of Yes meet Sabbath's headbanger.

But never mind the content, just feel the dynamics. Each successive riff ploughed new depths of heavy metal dynamism, and the only unusual thing was Geddy Lee's strangled banshee vocals, which sounded like someone trying to sing like Robert Plant after an unfortunate accident. Alex Lifeson played elementary power chords and gimmick-laden solos, and Neil Peart's drums were exemplary heavy metal thunder.

However, Rush's ability in their chosen field is unquestionable. No matter how overworked the basic idea may be, they attack it with enough ferocious zest and almost obsessive dedication that the results really did sound alive and, to the crowd at least, fresh.

The degree of technological sophistication involved in Rush's stage show simply reflects the single-mindedness with which they approach their music.

The epics were full of dramatic lighting (their own, specially flown in) and Lifeson was surrounded by echo units, phase shifters, digital delay and harmonizers — very expensive stuff that enabled him to seemingly double-track his guitar on stage.

The PA (their own again) used digital delay to spread the sound out over the stereo columns, and the sound mixer knew exactly when to boost the volume — they didn't miss a trick, visually or aurally.

Rush's dedication to their cause is about to pay off, the opinions of those who see it as some kind of sophisticated torture notwithstanding.

Paul Rambali

The Ramones

● *Continued from page 39*

for or insensitivity to words, like Slade's "Cum On Feel The Noize" licks, nor is it some pompous speed-freak pose, it's just that feel for what is inexplicably *right*.

Their feel for what's *right* is nigh on infallible. *"Jackie is a runt, Judy is a punk, They both went down to Berlin, joined the Ice Capades"* — search me why it's great, it just is. *"Oh, I don't know why . . ."*

They threaten no one and they've got nothing to prove. All you can do is love them. "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend", "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" and, especially, "I Remember You" — are they the best pop songs ever? They have the melodic simplicity and magic of The Beatles at their peak.

This is what Gary Glitter may have seen shimmering on the horizon, but he was too old. This is what Marc Bolan may have heard playing in the corners of his mind, but he was too vain. This is what Ray Davies had within his grasp until he discovered satire.

Yes, they *are* minimalist artists. Yes, they *do* rock like lunatics. Yes, they *have* been one of the biggest influences on English punk rock.

But above all they are the best pop group on the planet at this moment in time.

I've rarely seen a rock audience as united as this one, shooting their fist salutes on "Blitzkrieg Bop" and "Pinhead".

Every song was like an old but irresistible joke — I cracked up each time the instant that Dee Dee hollered his "1-2-3-4" and he and Johnny leant to the front of the stage while Joey twined himself diffidently around his mike stand and sang each truncated syllable with ineffable style. Best joke of all was Joey's sporadic attempts at dancing — stomping one spider leg up and down and shaking the mike stand fiercely about like it was going to bite him.

When they went off, instead of chanting "We want more" the kids yelled "Gabba gabba hey". Neat.

As they returned Johnny and Dee Dee whined timidly at the idiots in front of stage to stop spitting at them. Their bold front was considerably undermined by the one occasion on which Joey forsook his mike to fleetingly grasp a fan's hand with a look of sheer terror.

Petrified punks? Really. They seemed to ride yet fear the enthusiasm they'd unleashed.

I dunno. I really hope they're not thick. Someone's going to make a killing out of The Ramones. I just hope it's The Ramones.

Phil McNeill

RAMONES GO HOME* — *"See you in December. Love, Dee Dee"

Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

Brian B, My Husband and I, take great pleasure
in announcing the Jubilee Live Page
Arise Brian B.

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 9th June
SEE PANEL BELOW

Friday 10th June (Adm. 65p)
THE SAINTS
The Stukas & Ian Fleming

Sat. 11th June (Adm. 75p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8pm.
WINDOW
Fresh & Ian Fleming

Sun. 12th June (Adm. 70p)
Doors open 4pm to 10.30pm
MELODY MAKER ROCK & FOLK CONTEST

Mon. 13th June (Adm. 70p)
FIVE HAND REEL
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 14th June (Adm. 85p)
Special guests . . .
SASSAFRAS
A1 & Jerry Floyd

Wed. 15th June (Adm. 60p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm.
FURY
Plus support & Jarry Floyd

Thurs. 16th June (Adm. 85p)
Don't Miss . . .
ULTRAVOX!
Stalag 6 & Ian Fleming

Thursday 9th June **STRIDER** (Adm. 75p)
Imperial Show Band & Ian Fleming.

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday June 9th Free
TOOTING FRUITIES

Friday June 10th 60p
BEES MAKE HONEY

Saturday June 11th Free
HEAD OVER HEELS

Sunday June 12th 60p
THE BUSHWHACKERS

Wednesday June 15th Free
999

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday June 9th Free
SPITERI

Friday June 10th 60p
Midlands Opportunity Rocks
LITTLE ACRE + RAYMOND FROGGATT

Saturday June 11th £1.00
NORTHSIDE R 'N' B ENSEMBLE

Sunday June 12th 70p
PLUMMET AIRLINES

Monday June 13th Free
X-RAY SPEX + Skrewdriver

Tuesday June 14th 75p
RICO

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS

HOPE & ANCHOR UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday June 9th	Pete Brown's BACK TO THE FRONT	60p
Friday June 10th	JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT	50p
Saturday June 11th	PRAIRIE OYSTER	50p
Monday June 13th	999	Free
Tuesday June 14th	TOM ROBINSON BAND	50p
Wednesday June 15th	RICO	75p

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm

Wednesday June 8th
Dave Macrae's
PACIFIC EARDRUM

Wednesday June 15th
ELTON DEAN QUARTET
Tippett, Hopper, Gallivan

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30 pm

Thursday June 9th
George Khan's
MIRAGE

Thursday June 16th
PETER IND
QUARTET

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 12th JUNE at 5·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
UFO
TRAPEZE
NUTZ
MARK POPPINS RECORDS
ADM. £1·90 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF. 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1.439-3371 or AT DOOR

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9
MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

FRIDAY JUNE 10th & SATURDAY JUNE 11th £2.50
HAWKWIND
+ LIQUID LEN & THE LENSMEN + MOTORHEAD

THURSDAY JUNE 9th. £1.50
New Wave Night
The BOYS
+ Chelsea + Table

TUESDAY JUNE 14th £1.00
LITTLE ACRE
+ The Only Ones
Free admission with this advert before 10 pm

MONDAY JUNE 13th £1.00
JOHN OTWAY
+ WILD WILLY BARRETT
Free admission with this advert before 10 pm

WEDNESDAY JUNE 15th £1.00
ROCK ISLAND LINE
+ Phil Bird + Rumblestrips
Free admission with this advert before 10 pm.

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB
White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow.
Saturday June 11th
THE SUNDAY BAND
Sunday June 12th
From the U.S.A.
AMERICAN TRAIN
Members 35p Non Members 40p

FULCRUM CENTRE, SLOUGH
Outlaw present
HAWKWIND
Wednesday, June 15th at 8 p.m.
Tickets: £2.00 from Box Office and usual agents

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 19th JUNE at 5·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
CARAVAN
CITY BOY
COUNT BISHOPS
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
ADM. £1·90 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF. 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1.439-3371 or AT DOOR

THE THREE RABBITS
833 Romford Road, London E12
SATURDAY JUNE 11th 8pm — 11pm.
Special guest appearance of
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
(ex Argent, Leo Sayer Band, Isatope).

WORDS (Barry Clarke) **CITY HALL, ST ALBANS**
MONDAY JUNE 13th
THE
HEARTBREAKERS
+ Support
Disco — Food — Food
Advance tickets £1.00 from box office,
CHEQUER ST., ST. ALBANS. Tel. 64511 or £1.10 on door

FRIARS AT THE VALE HALL AYLESBURY
SATURDAY JUNE 11th at 7.30pm
The Friars, Aylesbury 8th Birthday Party with our legendary 'ero
IAN HUNTER'S OVERNIGHT ANGELS
+ THE VIBRATORS (The Dreaded)
AC SOUND & VISION THUNDER ELECTRICS
Tickets £1.80p from Earth Records, Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Ellis Jon's Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham or £1.80p at door (i.a.). Life membership 25p.
A Justice of the Peace Uptown Summer in the City Rock 'n' Roll Hallucination.

BEGGARS BANQUET PROMOTIONS IN ASSN. WITH RICHARD ALLCHIN AND PHIL BANFIELD PRESENTS
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS THE
COUNTRY JOE McDONALD
DAVID BROMBERG BAND

Oxford, New Theatre	Thursday, June 16th	0865 44544
Bristol, Colston Hall	Friday, June 17th	0272 22957
Sheffield University	Saturday, June 18th	0742 24076
Leeds University	Sunday, June 19th	0532 39071
Leicester, De Montfort Hall	Monday, June 20th	0533 27632
Brighton, The Dome	Tuesday, June 21st	0273 682127
Plymouth, Guildhall	Wednesday, June 22nd	0752 703183
Birmingham, Town Hall	Friday, June 24th	021 236 2392
Hammersmith Odeon	Saturday, June 25th	01 748 4081
Edinburgh, Usher Hall	Monday, June 27th	031 228 1155

Tickets from Theatre Box Offices
and University Student Union Offices.
Enquiries: 01-370 6175

Cambridge Nursery Action Group presents
HENRY COW
and
ETRON FOU
in a Fund Raising Concert
on Monday, June 13th, 8 pm
at the Lady Mitchell Hall, Sidgwick Site, Cambridge
Tickets at door
FREE CHILDCARE FREES WOMEN!

CALIFORNIA BALLROOM
Whipsnade Road, Dunstable presents
SATURDAY JUNE 11th
THE STRANGLERS
"Get a grip on yourself"
+LONDON
Admissions £1.60 Licensed Bars Food

NORTHSIDE RHYTHM 'n' BLUES ENSEMBLE
will be appearing in June at the following
Sat. 11th Nashville Rooms, West. Ken.
Wed. 15th Speakeasy, W.1.
Fri. & Sat. 17th/18th Clouds Disco, Brixton.
Tues. 28th Dingwalls, Camden Town
Wed. 29th The Rock Garden, WC2
An 18 piece total musical experience

ADVERTISE YOUR GIG IN NME RING 01-261 6153

Tickets 267 2564
SAILING DOWN EVEREST
June 2-11 9pm
& 2,4,5,10 7pm
ROUND HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS

WOODS
PLYMOUTH
Tel 266118 - late bar
Thurs 9th June
BOOMTOWN RATS
Mon 13th June
EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS
Thurs 16th June
GUNNER CADE
Fri & Sat DJ Chris Redding 8-2

13th Cambridge Folk Festival

Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds
July 29, 30 and 31

Don McLean; Ralph McTell; David Bromberg Band; Boys of the Lough; Bert Jansch; Albion Dance Band; Martin Carthy; Cousin Joe from New Orleans; Vin Garbutt; Alex Campbell; Bernard Wrigley; Magna Carta; Jean Redpath; Johnny Silvo; Andy Irvine and Paul Brady; Bill Caddick; Dick Fegy; Hunters' Moon; Fred Wedlock; Bill Keith, Tony Rice, David Grisman; Frances Gilvray and Mick Burke; Telephone Bill and The Smooth Operators; Jim Page; Joanne Carlin; Stephen Wade; Johnny Morris

FREE CAMPING ★ REAL ALE
ON SITE FOOD AND DRINK (Hot or Cold)

TICKETS: Day £3. Weekend £5

Box Office: Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge, Tel 57851

Promoted by Cambridge City Council

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE STRANGLERS
WITH GUESTS **THE CORTINAS**
ANDY DUNKLEY 'P.R. IN THE GUTTER'
ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUN. 26th JUNE at 4·00 & 8·00
ADM. £2·00 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R/HOUSE BOX OFF. 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1.439-3371 or AT DOOR

The Millabout Rock Club
Clarence Hotel, Park Road, Teddington.
Thursday June 9
THE SUNDAY BAND
Admission 40p. Membership 25p
Bar: 8pm — 12pm

SOUND CIRCUS
ROYALTY THEATRE · PORTUGAL STREET · KINGSWAY · WC2
ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE (Mon-Sat 10am-6pm) Tel. 01-405 8004. And Usual Agents
(RESTAURANT AND BARS OPEN LUNCHTIMES Mon-Fri 12.30-3.00pm)
JOHN MARTIN FOR CLASSIC CONCERTS PRESENTS

ARCHIE BELL
AND THE DRELLS
SUN 26 JUNE — 8.00 pm £2.50, £2.00, £1.50

SPECIAL JUBILEE SHOW!
MR
JOHN DOWIE
Celebrating 25 years of doing the same act...
WITH
THE
TEMPORARY TYPISTS
ICA THEATRE – THE MALL
JUNE 8 – 11 at 8pm
'I was rivetted!' - THE METALWORKER

THE ROXY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Thursday June 9th
SHAM 69
+ Screwdriver
Friday June 10th
THE LURKERS
+ Mean Street
Saturday June 11th
WIRE
+ Ants
Thursday June 16th
JOHNNY MOPED
+ Mean Street
Friday June 17th
Slaughter & The Dogs
+ Mutants

WOODEN BRIDGE HOTEL
Guildford
FRIDAY JUNE 10th at 8pm
JOINT EFFORT
Plus Disco & Lights

To advertise in the
LIVE PAGE
Actually
Ring
BRIAN B on
01-261 6153
EXCEL! EXCEL!

THE KENSINGTON
Russell Gardens, W14
Tel: 01-603 3245
Thursday June 9th
HOT DOGS
Friday June 10th
TELEMACQUE
Saturday June 11th
BASIL'S BALLSUP BAND
Sunday June 12th
PAZ
Monday June 13th
LANDSCAPE
Tuesday June 14th
PRAIRIE OYSTER
Wednesday June 15th
GEORGE KHAN'S MIRAGE

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY
Thursday June 9th
ALFALPHA
Friday June 10th
TENDERFOOT
Saturday June 11th
SPECIAL BREW
Sunday June 12th
NEW CELESTE
Tuesday June 14th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
Wednesday June 15th
GORDON HUNT'S NORTHSIDE R 'n B ENSEMBLE
Thursday June 16th
ALFALPHA
Friday June 17th
STEVE BROWN BAND
Saturday June 18th
THE ONLY ONES
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

WORDS (Barry Clarke) **QUEENSWAY** (CIVIC) **HALL, DUNSTABLE**
SUNDAY JUNE 19th at 7.15 pm
HAWKWIND
+ Lemmys Motor Head + films: Glastonbury Fayre & Scorpio Rising "x"
Licensed bar, advance tickets from box office, tel: 603326
F. L. Moore Records, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, Record Room, St. Albans or available on door.

Bellamy Brothers

THEATRE ROYAL

LIKE EVERYTHING else, even California Cowboys have their good moments. Offhand, I can think of Redwing, Orleans and lately The Amazing Rhythm Aces who have all made at least one strong album (usually their first). Further than that though there's little more than The Eagles or Eagles imitators, and since The Eagles fairly epitomise the whole "running down the road trying to loosen my load" syndrome, do we really need imitators?

The Bellamy Brothers obviously think we do.

I've read it described as Progressive MOR, Mainstream FM and Hip Easy Listening, and last Sunday the Bellamy Brothers did their best to fit comfortably into said category. Both play acoustic guitars and sing, with neither ambition nor conviction, lyrics dealing with opulent highways, the trials of love and, er, more opulent highways. Typical subject matter that is trite to begin with, but dealt with here with such inept simplicity that on more than one occasion I had to stifle a laugh.

The feeling of hearing the same song over and over again was compounded by the brothers' insipid singing and not eased at all by the inconsequential band they brought with them.

The brothers themselves tried to convey that typical Norman Seeff covershot image — blow dried, air brushed and oozing desperado chic. I might have gagged on the atmosphere were it not for the fact that there was so little to speak of. "This has been a really heavy evening," said one of the brothers when they came back for the second planned encore (the audience was already leaving). He had to be joking — I wouldn't have believed that a rock concert could ever be so dull.

Paul Rambali

SHAKIN' STEVENS

Shakin' Stevens

ROCK GARDEN

HAVING RECENTLY made a passing derogatory comment about British rockers being mainly substandard Eddie Cochran imitators draped in irrelevant clobber, I thought I ought to check the action and see if things have improved any since I got that impression a few years back.

Looks like they have.

Mind you, I don't think I'd ever seen SS&S before — perhaps they've always been pretty good.

Ironically, Shaky does look a bit like Eddie Cochran, a touch of the Billy Furys about him too, and he does wear something approaching a drape. A trim stage version of one though, not one of yer actual fully-rigged, box'n'cox jobs. The rest of the guys are more casual, togged out in an assortment of sweat shirts and Levis.

More to the point, Shaky's a good singer and the four musicians — Ace (piano), Sid (guitar), Choppo (bass) and Louie (drums) — know what they're about. And that, along with a love for the music, is all it takes to rock'n'roll.

It's difficult to be truly objective when you're swilling down pints of tepid ale in a sauna cellar and looking for nothing more elaborate than an hour of rock favourites to crash around to, but if I was forced to sort their act into good, bad and indifferent I'd say they were roughest on the really well known classics like "Johnny B.Goode", "Sweet Little Sixteen" and "Great Balls Of Fire". No one should bother with those except Berry and Lewis.

A dozen or more equally virile ravers went down much better with the beer and peanuts, especially "Tear It Up" and "Honey Hush" (Johnny Burnette style), Charlie Rich's "Rebound" and a remarkably faithful attempt at "Lights Out," possibly the fastest song known to man or beast until the new wave raised its speeding body from the gutter.

As proof of his vocal ability, Shaky cut the cake with some steely ballads too, notably "Wasted Days And Wasted Nights" (if indeed that southern stumble of a heartache can be classed as a ballad), Presley's "It Hurts Me" and his, Shaky's, latest 45, "Never".

Yeah, I think British rockers are alright. I'll be going again.

Cliff White

RIGHT TO WORK
THE LONER

CHELSEA
SINGLE
A STEP-FORWARD RECORD
OUT NOW

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING IN RPM RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172

TANDY'S

THE EXPERT EXPORTERS

ATTENTION!

ALL OVERSEAS READERS

(U.K. readers should go quietly FRANTIC!)

If you live in NORWAY, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., why pay £4 and over for your LPs when you can buy high quality new and unplayed LPs from the expert personal exporters for half that price.

Write today for full details including the new TANDY's catalogue plus list of new releases.

Trade enquiries welcome

TANDY'S RECORDS

TANDY'S RECORDS LTD. (DEPT. NX) Anderson Road Warley B66 4BB Tel. 021-429 6441/2 Telex: TANDORDS 338024

HAVE YOU GONE FRANTIC YET?

If you don't mind paying £3.50 for your LP's FRANTIC is not for you, but FRANTIC customers save up to 85p off the price of top selling LP's and £1.50 off double albums. Of course, they also enjoy the FRANTIC 48-hour service given by the experts of mail order.

Write today for the new FRANTIC catalogue which contains 1,000 amazing bargains.

FRANTIC

MAIL ORDER COMPANY WARLEY WEST MIDLAND B66 4BB Tel. 021-429 6441/2

GOLDEN OLDIES

U.S. IMPORTS — 85p each

AMERICA	A Horse With No Name
ARCHIES	Sugar Sugar
BEATLES	Helter Skelter
BEATLES	Slow Down/Matchbox
BLACK SABBATH	Paranoid/Iron Man
BOX TOPS	The Letter
DAVE BRUBECK	Take Five
CANNED HEAT	Lets Work Together
CANNED HEAT	On The Road Again
DAVE CLARK 5	Glad All Over
COASTERS	Poison Ivy
ALICE COOPER	Schools Out/Elected
C.S. & N	Marakesh Express
DOORS	Light My Fire
FLEETWOOD MAC	Oh Well/Green Manalishi
N. GREENBAUM	Spirit In The Sky
GEORGE HARRISON	My Sweet Lord
JIMI HENDRIX	Purple Haze
BRYAN HYLAND	Sealed In A Kiss
TOMMY JAMES	Mony Mony
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE	White Rabbit/Somebody To Love
KINKS	Lola/Apeman
LED ZEPPELIN	Candy Store Rock
LED ZEPPELIN	Immigrant Song
LED ZEPPELIN	Whole Lotta Love
SCOTT MCKENZIE	San Francisco
DON MCLEAN	American Pie
MONKEES	I'm a Believer/Pleasant Valley Sunday
MONKEES	Last Train To Clarkesville
MOODY BLUES	Go Now
MOTT THE HOOPLE	Homaloochie Boogie/All The Young Dudes
NILSSON	Without You
PROCUL HARUM	Whiter Shade Of Pale
QUEEN	Liar/Killer Queen
OTIS REDDING	Dock Of The Bay
RIGHTEOUS BROS	You've Lost That Loving Feeling
ROLLING STONES	Brown Sugar
LEO SAYER	Long Tall Glasses/The Show Must Go On
SMALL FACES	Itchycoo Park
STEALERS WHEEL	Stuck In The Middle With You/Star
SURFARIS	Wipe Out
THEM	Here Comes The Night/Gloria
TROGGS	Wild Thing
WHO	Pinball Wizzard
WHO	Summertime Blues
MASON WILLIAMS	Classical Gas
EDGAR WINTER	Frankenstein/Free Ride
YARDBIRDS	Shapes Of Things
YES	America/Your Move
ZAGER & EVANS	In The Year 2525

65p each

BEACH BOYS	Surfin USA
BREAD	Diary
CREAM	White Room
KIKI DEE	How Glad I Am
FACES	Cindy Incidentally
BRYAN FERRY	The In Crowd
FIFTH DIMENSION	Aquarius
GUESS WHO	American Woman
ELTON JOHN	Friends/Honey Roll
MINDBENDERS	Groovy Kind Of Love
STEVE MILLER	The Joker
STATUS QUO	Pictures Of Matchstick Men
VANITY FAIR	Hitchin A Ride
WHO	Magic Bus
WHO	Won't Get Fooled Again

Postage & Packing 5p per record (15p min — 50p max)

The above are just a small section of oldies available from stock. Send 20p for complete catalogue listing over 2000 titles

LISTER PROMOTIONS, 774 BARKING ROAD, LONDON, E13 9PJ. (Mail Order Only.

Record Mart

(MAIL ORDER SERVICE)

THE GOLDEN OLDIES SPECIALISTS CLASSIC SOUNDS FROM THE 50's-60's & 70's

The Beatles — Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand	£1.50	Moody Blues — Go Now	90p
The Beatles — Sie Liebt Dich	£1.50	Jethro Tull — Bungle In The Jungle	90p
Pink Floyd — See Emily Play	£1.50	Rod Stewart — Maggie May + 2 (pic sleeve)	90p
Pink Floyd — Arnold Layne	£1.50	Bad Company — Can't Get Enough	90p
The Beatles — Helter Skelter (pic sleeve)	£1.00	Deep Purple — River Deep — Mountain High	90p
Rolling Stones — Got Live If You Want It EP	£1.00	Pink Floyd — Have A Cigar (pic sleeve)	90p
Rolling Stones — Five By Five EP	£1.00	The Who — Slip Kid	90p
Rolling Stones — You Better Move On EP	£1.00	Electric Light Orch. — Do Ya/Night Rider	90p
Bad Company — Movin' On	90p	Bad Company — Good Lovin' Gone Bad	90p
Black Sabbath — Paranoid	90p	Alice Cooper — Welcome To My Nightmare	90p
Yes — And You & I	90p	The Doors — Light My Fire	90p
Status Quo — Pictures Of Matchstick Men	90p	Steppenwolf — Born To Be Wild	90p
Badfinger — No Matter What	90p	Shadows Of Knight — Gloria	90p
P. L. Jackson (R. Stewart) — In A Broken Dream	90p	The Beatles — Slow Down/Matchbox	90p
Led Zeppelin — Whole Lotta Love	90p	Sex Pistols — Anarchy In The U.k.	OFFERS
Deep Purple — Hush	90p		
Bad Company — Young Blood	90p		
Led Zeppelin — Rock & Roll	90p		
Hotlegs (10CC) — Neanderthal Man	90p		
The Doors — Riders On The Storm	90p		
Led Zeppelin — Trampled Under Foot	90p		
The Beatles — Ain't She Sweet	90p		
Bad Company — Honey Child	90p		
Led Zeppelin — Black Dog	90p		
Bad Company — Feel Like Makin' Love	90p		
Free — All Right Now	90p		
Led Zeppelin — Candy Store Rock	90p		
Led Zeppelin — Immigrant Song	90p		
Thin Lizzy — The Rocker	80p		

Prices include postage/packing/V.A.T. (U.K. only) Overseas customers please write for quotation. Cheques/PO's to:

RECORD MART (MAIL ORDER DEPT N) 96D SOUTHCHURCH ROAD SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX

SHOPS — RECORD COLLECTORS — DJs

WHAT'S BELOW IS IMPORTANT

For seven years we have been the leading mail order outlet for oldies and current records. We issue every fortnight a booklet that contains 1,000s of oldies dating back to the 40s until the present day. We have also pages on soul, disco, rock and pop, and country music. The booklet costs (UK) 1 year £1.10, 6 months 70p (Overseas) 1 year £1.75. Wholesale and overseas welcome.

BELOW IS A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN OUR BOOKLET

SECTION ONE
OUR TOP 10
ROCK SINGLES. 70p EACH

1. Sex Pistols — God Save Then Queen
2. The Stranglers — Peaches
3. Kiss — Callin' Dr Love
4. The Jam — In The City
5. Bachman Turner Overdrive — My Wheels Won't Turn
6. Foreigner — Feels Like The First Time
7. Starz — Cherry Baby
8. Peter Frampton — I'm In You
9. Boston — Peace of Mind
10. Steve Miller — Jet Airliner

SECTION TWO
OUR TOP 10
ROCK IMPORTS. 80p each

1. Bad Company — Burning Sky
2. Eagles — Life In The Fast Lane
3. Fleetwood Mac — Dreams
4. 10cc — People In Love
5. Kansas — What On My Mind
6. Alice Cooper — It's Hot Tonight
7. Bay City Rollers — You Made Me Believe In Magic
8. Blondie Chaplin — Gimme More Rock 'N' Roll
9. Aerosmith — Back In The Saddle
10. Thin Lizzy — Cowboy Song

SECTION THREE
OUR TOP TEN
DISCO IMPORTS. 85p each

1. Hit And Run — Loleatta Holloway
2. New York Port Authority — I Got It
3. N.C.C.U. — Bull City Party
4. The Lovers — Discomania
5. Slide — Slave
6. C.J. & Co — Devils Gun
7. Formula IV — Dance All Night
8. Peter Brown — Do Ya Wanna Get Funky
9. Bobby Marcham — Disco Rabbit
10. Cameo — Post Mortem

SECTION FOUR
OLDIES

Ace — How Long (80p)
Argent — God Gave Rock And Roll To You (70p)
Len Barry — 1-2-3 (80p)
Jane Birkin — Je T'aime (70p)
Bob and Earl — Harlem Shuffle (80p)
Big Bopper — Chantilly Lace (80p)
James Brown — Sex Machine (70p)
Freddy Cannon — Way Down Yonder (80p)
Jimmy Castor — Troglodyta (80p)
Eric Clapton — I Shot The Sheriff (80p)
Cockney Rebel — Make Me Smile (70p)
Sam Cooke — Wonderful World (80p)
C.C.R. — Proud Mary (80p)
Boby Darin — Things (80p)
Derek & The Dominos — Layla (70p)
Fats Domino — Red Sails In The Sunset (80p)
Lee Dorsey — Ride Your Pony (80p)
Tommy Edwards — It's All In The Game (80p)
Everly Bros — Ebony Eyes (70p)
Percy Faith — Theme From A Summer Place (80p)
Fleetwood Mac — Oh Well (80p)
Bobby Freeman — Do You Wanna Dance (80p)
Marvin Gaye — I Heard It Through The Grapevine

Gary Glitter — Rock And Roll (70p)
Dobie Gray — Drift Away (70p)
Isaac Hayes — Theme From Shaft (70p)
Hollies — The Air That I Breathe (70p)
Humple Pie — Natural Born Woman (70p)
Ink Spots — Whispering Grass (80p)
Jan And Dean — Sidewalk Surfin' (80p)
Elton John — Philadelphia Freedom (70p)
Jerry Keller — Here Comes Summer (80p)
Kiss — Rock And Roll All Nite (80p)
Brenda Lee — Sweet Nuthin' (80p)
Barry Mainlow — Mandy (70p)

OVERSEAS Try our service on singles. We have the fastest service in the UK. Rock, Soul, Disco, Oldies. All in stock.

POST/PACKING: 1 to 5 records 10p over 5 — 25p Overseas 10p per single
All orders sent by return. We don't keep you waiting for weeks

SEND YOUR P.O. OR CHEQUE TODAY FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE OR OUR BOOKLET

RECORD CORNER (Dept. One)
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM, LONDON S.W.12 9EX

GLASGOW LOST CHORD

Records and cassettes bought, sold or exchanged. Any amounts purchased, large or small

Lost Chord 11 Park Road, Kelvinbridge, Glasgow Tel: 041 334 5528

PLAYBACK RECORDS
3 BUCK STREET, LONDON N.W.1
Records bought, sold, exchanged
Rock, Jazz, Reggae, Soul
Just off Camden High St.
1 minute from tube
Tel: 01-485 1883

MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND? GET IT FROM THE DEALER WITH ALL THE CLASSICS

All the singles listed below are **ONLY 50p** each and are but a small selection from over 2,000 titles listed at incredible prices. **SEND S.A.E. FOR LIST**

JOHNNY BRISTOL — Hang on in there baby	OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN — If not for you
CHI-LITES — Homeley girl	MIKE OLDFIELD — In dulce jubilo
COMMODORES — Machine gun	BILLY PRESTON — That's the way God planned it
DEODATO — Also sprach Zarathustra (2001)	QUEEN — Killer Queen
DONNIE ELBERT — Where did our love go	DIANA ROSS — Theme from Mahogany
ARETHA FRANKLIN — Spanish Harlem-	SHIRLEY & CO. — Shame, shame, shame
GOLDEN EARRING — Radar love	SUPREMES — Up the ladder to the roof
BILL HALEY — Rock around the clock	SYLVIA — Pillow talk
ELTON JOHN — Pinball Wizard	TEN C.C. — Art for art's sake
GLADYS KNIGHT — Midnight train to Georgia	THIN LIZZY — Whisky in the jar
MANFRED MANN — Mighty Quinn	TIMMY THOMAS — Why can't we live together
PAUL McCARTNEY — Helen wheels	BARRY WHITE — Never never gonna give ya up
MUNGO JERRY — In the Summertime	STEVIE WONDER — He's Misstra know it all

Postage & Packing 25p extra, any number of records

ALSO A GREAT BARGAIN
100 DIFFERENT HIT SINGLES — £13
(PLUS £2 IF OVERSEAS)

OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPT N
6/12 Stafford Street, St Georges, TELFORD. SHROPSHIRE TF2 9JQ

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

L.P. Polythene (200 G) 25 £1.00, 50 £1.75, 100 £2.50, 250 £5.40
L.P. Polythene (400 G) 25 £1.50, 50 £2.50, 100 £3.80, 250 £8.50
L.P. Paper Polylined (inners) 30 £2.75
L.P.P.V.C. (Heavy Duty) 25 £3.00, 50 £5.75, 100 £11.00
Singles Card Polylined 30 £2.50
Singles Paper 100 £1.85
Singles P.V.C. (Heavy Duty) 25 £2.50, 50 £4.75
P.V.C. Double L.P. 1 30p, 10 £3.00
Prices include P & P in U.K. and Eire only.
Overseas customers write for list.
Cheque or P.O. with order please, or shoppers welcome to save postage st:—

WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS, 169 Chiswick High Road, London W.4. Dept: NME.

RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE

LPs, cassettes & cartridges of every kind bought, sold and exchanged.

40 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11
28 PEMBRIDGE RD., NOTTING HILL GATE W11
90 GOLDHAWK RD., SHEPHERDS BUSH, W12
Telephone 01-749 2930

Skrewdriver

DINGWALLS

AS ONE FIRMLY in the iron grip of adolescence myself, I can wholeheartedly sympathise with the growing pains at present blighting Chiswick band Skrewdriver, who played Dingwalls on Friday.

To confirm all those suspicions you had that record labels will grovel in deaf adoration at the feet of anything labelled "punk rock", Skrewdriver are at present attempting to blitzkrieg the airways with their remarkably unremarkable single "You're So Dumb".

Ever wondered why reviewers spend so much time at the bar nowadays? It's because there's less than zero going down onstage, that's why. On this occasion, however, the antics of the audience — several overweight young people bopping frenetically and falling over frantically — were enough to keep us away from the alcohol.

In contrast to this admirable show of enthusiasm, Skrewdriver's singer limited his Terpsichorean attempts to a lackadaisial shuffling from one foot to another in the manner of a small child in a public place with a desperate desire to use the can. He was wearing baggy white trousers with the legend "Skrewdriver" inscribed across the groin, and I sighed in resignation to realise that I would never have the knack of such arcane subtlety.

As the ensemble buffooned their way through "Pills" ("This is a New York Dolls song. It bores us. I hope it bores you, too") and "No Fun" (rather apt, I thought), it became clear that they had neither respect nor understanding of where they were coming from and to whom they were in debt. More importantly, they seemed to have no grasp at all on the new-wave psyche itself, as shown on songs such as "No Compromise" ("This makes fun of all the punk thing").

In studying their copy of How To Make An Audience Love You By Insulting Them, Skrewdriver had obviously bypassed the first lesson: A Parasite Should Never Bite The Neck That Feeds It *Too Hard* **Julie Burchill**

The Damned
The Adverts

SOUTHAMPTON

HAVING BEEN suffering from severe holes in the soul of late, I've been prevented from making it previously to any out of town New Wave (sic) gigs. I am, therefore, operating under the nonsensical misconception that I'll be able to sit on the floor of the Students' Union at Southampton University and take notes.

During the first couple of numbers by the supporting Adverts many rugby players disguised as hippies pogo all over me. Suffering from multiple culture shock I slink off to a corner to study the rest of the gig.

This is only the seventeenth time The Adverts have played together onstage. Another dozen or so dates should dissipate the erraticism and finally bind their act together. Matters are vastly different from the quite depressing blow I witnessed the band having in a rehearsal studio near me three months or so ago. Now they teeter on the edge of A Great Leap Forward.

Gaye Advert — a far more appealing punkette than any of The Slits — provides Point Of Visual Attention (A). Oh, to be gazed upon by those sultry, tempting eyes which Gaye fixes on the audience at least two or three times during every number. No more than two or three times, mind you, because Gaye likes to look at her bass very hard. Gaye likes to look at her bass very hard because she doesn't know how to play it very well yet, and so it helps if she watches where she puts her fingers. Her playing is just about okay.

Point of Visual Attention (B) is occupied by vocalist (and Gaye's paramour) TV Smith. TV Smith spends much of his time onstage squirming around the front of the stage like a method actor playing Hamlet in the graveyard scene. There is much open-palmed "Alas, Poor Yorick"-esque haranguing of the audience. Maybe

VIKING ENTERPRISES

IMPORT RECORD SPECIALISTS
39 River Park, Malborough, Wiltshire.
Tel. Marlborough 2548.

Have you ordered your Schwann Catalogues?
Schwann 1 — listing all American albums released over the last two years — 95p (incl P & P).
Schwann 2 — All American albums over 2 years old (lists 45,000 items) — 90p (incl P & P).
All previously advertised records are general stock items.

TRANSPARENT L.P. RECORD COVERS

Polythene Light Gauge	Polythene Heavy Gauge	Poly. Singles Heavy Gauge
100 — £2.65	100 — £4.00	100 — £2.00
250 — £5.70	250 — £8.95	250 — £4.50
500 — £10.50	500 — £17.00	500 — £8.50

LP RECORD COVERS 12¾ × 12¾ in P.V.C. Heavy Duty
25 — £3.15 50 — £6.05 100 — £11.75
SINGLES SIZE 7½ × 7½ in P.V.C. Heavy Duty
25 — £1.65 50 — £3.15 100 — £6.00.
Also available double-album covers in P.V.C. Heavy Duty at 30p each. White cardboard sleeves LP size. 25 — £4.20. 50 — £8.00. Sample covers at 82p per set of 5. (and one cardboard sleeve).
Post and Packing included in U.K. and Eire only. Mail order only. Cash with order.
A. J. COOK & SON (Dept NME), 98 Downhills Way, Tottenham, London, N17 6BD

RECORDS & CASSETTES DIRECT FROM ENGLAND

Vidt Repertoare, over 1000 titler, alle kjennte navn • Lave Priser, post inkludert igjennom velorganisert post-ordre service • Spesielt Tilbud, for enda bedre verdi • Send Idag For GRATIS 48-siders Katalog

JO-JO'S RECORDS, Dept. N2, 60 Adams Street, Birmingham, B7 4AG, England

PRESTIGE DISCOUNT RECORDS AND TAPES

ANY CASSETTE £3.10 POST FREE
SAVE UP TO 80p PER TAPE

New Album Releases	RRP	OP
10CC — Deceptive Bends	3.50	2.70
BAD COMPANY — Burning Sky	3.50	2.70
DR FEELGOOD — Sneakin' Suspicion	3.35	2.60
STEVE MILLER — Book of Dreams	3.50	2.70
TOM PETTY — Heart Attack	3.50	2.70
TELEVISION — Marquee Moon	3.29	2.55
RAMONES — Leave Home	3.79	2.80
THE CLASH — The Clash	3.49	2.70
ANY OTHER SINGLE ALBUM	*£2.70 + P&P*	
THE SAINTS — Stranded	3.60	2.70
STRANGLERS — IV-Rattus Norvigicus	3.49	2.70
BOB MARLEY — Exodus	3.50	2.70
ALEX HARVEY — Big Hits	3.60	2.70
THE JAM — In The City	3.25	2.55
THE VIBRATORS — Pure Mania	3.39	2.55
PETER FRAMPTON — I'm In You	3.60	2.70
THE MUPPETS — The Muppets	3.35	2.60
M.C.5 — Kick Out The Jams		2.70

SEND LARGE SAE NOW FOR FULL LISTS OVER 1,000 BARGAINS

Postage & Packing: 1LP 30p, 2 LP's/Dbles 40p, 3 LP's & Trebles 55p, 4LP's and over 70p. Europe 50p per LP.
Send Cheques/PO's to: PRESTIGE RECORDS, 221 BARRY ROAD, DULWICH, LONDON SE22

COB RECORDS

N-120 PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES, UK
Tel: (0766) 2170 3185 (10 lines) Mon.-Fri.

★ ★ ★ *THE MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS* ★ ★ ★

DISCOUNTS TO ALL COUNTRIES

ANY available LPs/Tapes supplied at Discount Prices to U.K. and Overseas customers. Up to 50p discount per LP on U.K. orders and up to 70p discount per LP on Export orders. FREE POSTAGE on all U.K. orders and on most Export orders over £16.00; incredibly low postal charges on smaller Export orders. All items are brand new, factory fresh and are fully guaranteed by us for quality and against loss or damage in transit. Speedy delivery in strong purpose cartons. Substantial extra discounts on orders over £25 (U.K.) and £50.00 (Export). Please write or phone for our FREE COB CATALOGUE listing over 2,000 Top Selling LPs at our usual discount plus many other Brand New LPs on Special Offer of up to £1.25 off full retail price.

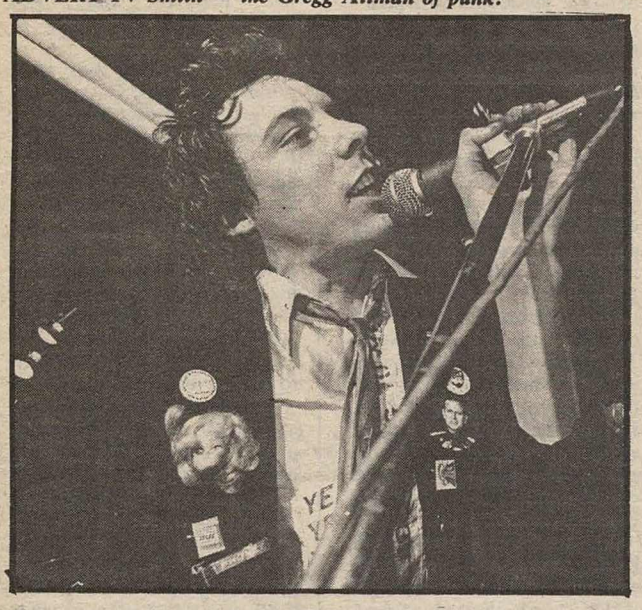
ADDITIONAL SERVICES (U.K.) ONLY

RECORD EXCHANGE SERVICE. If you have any unwanted LPs in good condition, we will buy or part exchange them for ANY brand new LPs — up to £1.20 cash paid or up to £1.70 allowed in part exchange. Please send s.a.e. or 'phone for details FIRST. (U.K. ONLY).

QUALITY GUARANTEED SECOND HAND LPs. Over 10,000 always in stock; send for FREE catalogue. All second hand LPs are checked for quality before being accepted into stock and are fully guaranteed. These stocks are completely separate from stocks of Brand New LPs. (UK ONLY).

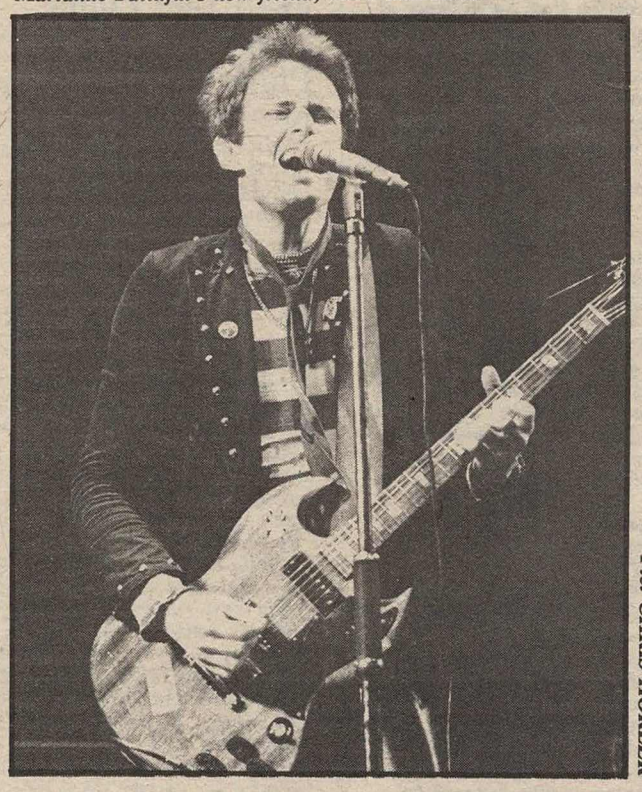
SAVE £'s AT COB

ADVERT TV Smith — the Gregg Allman of punk?



Pic: STEVENSON

Marianne Faithful's new friend, BOY Kid Reed.



Pic: CHRIS HORLER

Punk Divs II & III — latest scores.
But with all these '60s names suddenly cropping up, we're wondering who will be . . .

The Brian Poole of Punk

Current favourite: Knox Carnochran of The Vibrators.

The Adverts could do a concept album of *The Tempest*.

Guitarist Howard Pickup is the statutary Keef lookalike. His playing is quite adequate. As is that of drummer Laurie Driver, who, as you can see, has the added benefit of a great name.

The Adverts also have, in addition to their badly recorded Stiff single "One Chord Wonders" (during which Mr Scabies joins in on drums), three or four other pretty strong songs (with appropriately thoughtful lyrics from TV).

"Bombsite Boy" has a staccato, jarring unpleasant pace to it — an unsettling tempo and dynamics is a prime feature of the good Adverts numbers — which, driven on by Gaye's and Howard's sneering chorus lines, leaves a particularly dirty taste in the mouth. Yes, it's good paranoid stuff, as are "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" and "New Church".

NOTE THE iconoclastic manner in which Damned vocalist Dave Vanian and drummer Rat Scabies link as a rhythm section, counterpointed against the lead section of bassist Captain Sensible and guitarist Brian James. Note how these roles are interchangeable. Note that when this duly jotted down assessment is suggested to Rat he looks at me as though I require a lobotomy. He points out that as he is generally unable to hear what is going on onstage for much of the time this assessment is a little inaccurate.

Which perhaps makes it even more commendable that I'm completely stunned — *thrilled*, just about — by the sheer overwhelming might of the band. Even though one realises that within the terms of the punk/New Wave thing The Damned are strictly showbiz — though showbiz in the most edifying Polanski-oid Dark Meaning of the word.

And as epitomised by — and you've heard it all before — the densely imaged Dave Vanian persona. Certainly the most impressive and energising onstage performer I've seen since last time I saw Mick Jagger move about a stage.

Of course, the whole Damned scheme of things is underwritten by an admirable sense of the Absurd, which injects a warmth into the proceedings that most New Wave bands either don't have or simply reject. When Rat, for example, leaves his drum-kit to come down to the audience to demand the head of the young fellow whose wine bottle just missed the Scabies skull one senses that a good seventy-five per cent of the visible uptightness is merely theatre.

So too, of course, is the blazing drum-kit during "New Rose", the final number of the set proper. The blazing drum kit is quite a good joke.

During "New Rose" I am able to see Captain Sensible clearly for the first time during the set. I note that he is wearing a pink ballerina's costume. This is quite a good joke, too.

For the encore — The Damned have to fill out the set to thirty-five minutes somehow, and they've played most of the album — Gaye Advert, also wearing a pink ballerina's costume, reappears to swap vocals with Vanian as he does his glazed out-of-it Caligula prowl, black satin shirt open and most falling off, during "Neat Neat Neat". They share the same mike. I hope they're using Amplex.

Is this the Sonny and Cher of punk?

Chris Salewicz

The Boys

MARQUEE

NEW WAVE slumming is getting to be as nauseating as the scabby little retards who infest gigs sporting their cretinous swastikas. If accidentally picking up a copy of *Melody Maker* and being subjected to the gushing "vital-young-proles" spiels of their, uh, *punk-rock* scribe, Caroline Coon, wasn't bad enough, then bringing on a jaded '60s sex symbol, pop-singer, ex-junkie and actress must surely be THE PITS.

"Marianne Faithful", bassist and vocalist Kid Reed mumbled into the mike with a self-satisfied smile that seemed to indicate that he thought this sweet moment was when The Boys had truly Arrived In The Big League.

The lady materialised from the dressing room door at the back of the Marquee stage with the kind of fixed, plastic smile that royalty adopt when in the company of peasants *(mind you, she always looked that way — Ed)*.

As I respectfully tugged on my forelock and removed my cloth cap I noticed that the audience reaction to her grand entry had been rampant blankness sprinkled with some lewd animal mating calls emanating from the sexist pig contingent.

You could see their point: the angelic though slightly tarnished *Girl On A Motorbike* visage, the honeythigh-hugging denims, the curvaceous flow of the mammary glands . . .

But when Marianne opens her rosebud lips for a monotone warble of that ancient chestnut "Memphis Tennessee" (get your Dad to tell you how it goes) one's lust is dissipated almost as if one had been run over by an articulated lorry full of bromide.

It wouldn't have been as bad if she hadn't droned the words whilst reading them from a tattered piece of paper redolent of the Dead Sea Scrolls. The Boys go through their usual stage moves, albeit very, very self-consciously as they're sharing the planks with such a famous person.

Hell, they looked as though *any* rock establishment VIP would have been welcome to get up and jam, man. Fair enough if that's how ya get ya jollies, but how do you defend that attitude in the light of your New Order tirades against the music business monolith?

Until the Marianne debacle The Boys had played a set showing healthy progress.

They write songs as though they're suffocating and occasionally come up with the evidence to prove they can produce a killer. "Watcha Gonna Do?" and "Cop Cars" are the two that overshadow the rest of the material, in much the same way that Paul Weller's finest songs for The Jam indicate that true songwriting talent is there and the consistency to exploit it fully is what has to be worked on.

There's a melodic texture to The Boys' best songs attained without forsaking the mandatory New Wave ingredients of flash, aggression and energy, although a lot of stuff, like the highly derivative single "I Don't Care" with its unconvincing, tired platitudes, sounds like poor-man's Pistols.

The five members of the band can all play reasonably well, and with a line-up of two guitars/keyboards/rhythm section their music is full and uncompromising when the song's up to scratch.

And when that happens you suss that their distinctive sartorially elegant visual, together with Kid Reed's emergence as one of the very best live performers to have made his debut in 1977, makes The Boys enormously, how you say, Commercially Viable.

But let's not start holding hands with the music *business*, lads. Not after that encore where the keyboards man mock-angrily kicked over his instrument, only to have it instantly retrieved and set up again by a roadie, while old Marianne Faithful kept that toothy beam fixed on her face and eyed the crowd apprehensively as she joined in very convincingly on the chorus of a song entitled "I'm Gonna Be Sick On You".

Tony Parsons

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

For details of Advertising ring:

MIKE WALSH on 01-261 6139

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

9p per word

BURNS, 6 STRING bass, 3 pick-up, Tremelo, split sound, £120 o.n.o. — Redhill 67774 (mornings).

HOHNER ELECTRIC PIANO. Recently reviewed in B.1. As new, 9 months guarantee. Only £275 with case (group splitting). Cash offers persuasive. Brentwood (0277) 211519 (Evenings).

MARTIN D.35 Acoustic, mint condition, beautiful tone, £500 — 727 7571

MARTIN D35, nice, £300 — Dave Gerrards Cross 85556 ext 26 after 6.30.

MARTIN D.35 with Martin case, 2 years old, as new, excellent tone. £450 ono — 352 9093.

MUSTANG BASS, old, offers — 01 997 8025.

SOUSAPHONE E FLAT — good working order — £325.00, Weltklang Euphonium — £125.00. 'Phone Wigan 46325 - 41960.

CHRIS ECCLESHALL GUITARS
MAKER OF GUITARS, MANDOLINS and DULCIMERS
17C STATION PARADE, EALING COMMON, LONDON W5
Telephone 01-992 4741

Vega. Guitars made in the Martin mould.

In the medium price range, the new Vega range of guitars are the nearest you'll ever get to a custom-built Martin.

Every Vega model has been specially designed and produced to C.F. Martin specifications and made in the classic Dreadnought size to give you that authentic Martin sound and feel.

Here, we show you the V-646S.

The back, sides and the neck are solid maple. The fingerboard and bridge are of rich East Indian rosewood. The top is solid German spruce.

And in typical Martin style, every inlay on the V-646S is mother-of-pearl.

At around £335 it's probably the closest you'll get to a custom made Martin.

The Vega range, six guitars all with Dreadnought bodies and including a twelve string model, start at £160, and come complete with Martin M150 strings. And for every model, a beautifully plush case is available.

Boosey & Hawkes

Boosey & Hawkes (Musical Instruments) Ltd.
Deansbrook Road, Edgware, Middlesex, HA8 9BB. Telephone: 01-952 7711.

All prices quoted include VAT and are correct at time of going to press.

Vega made in the Martin mould

NEW TO UK

All-Nylon Instant Response Drumsticks

PLAYED BY TOP DRUMMERS IN THE US
*Fast nylon-on-nylon response
*Long life break resistance
*Consistent quality, weight, balance
*Warp-free
*In range of models, colours
PP nylon drumsticks outplay traditional hickory sticks on all counts because the material, as well as the manufacture, is scientifically controlled.
£4.95 pair includes VAT, post and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

Rush me all-nylon drumsticks as under

Model	Colour	Quantity (pair/s)
7A (15¼")		
Jazz (16")		
Rock (16")		
2b (16")		
3s (17")		

Total remittance enclosed £_____

Colours: Horizon Blue, Neon Red, Bluze Orange, Signal Green, White.

PROFESSIONAL PERCUSSION.
Danesmead, Hayway, Rushden, Northants.
Telephone: 09334 55350
Agents enquiries welcomed

THE ORGAN LOFT

AMPLIFICATION
DRUMS
GUITARS

IF ITS A BARGAIN YOU WANT, CALL AND SEE US.
GEAR LOFT, 18a MARKET ST., HUDDERSFIELD 25355

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE EAT AT THE ORGAN LOFT. THE CHEAPEST FOOD ANYWHERE

"OK, wise guy — you do better!"

George Benson

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

WHEN IT COMES to writing off a rock act one of the most glib ways to do it is to use that all purpose put-down, MOR. True, such criticism is often not without good cause, but to write off, say, Stevie Wonder or those unfortunate symbols of terminal suburban blandness The Eagles as MOR per se is chronically unfair.

With lengendary jazz guitarist - turned - Warner Brothers' money-spinner George Benson, though, there is no way you can avoid bringing out the old cliche one more time. For at the Royal Albert Hall, itself the blight of invigorating rock music, on Monday night Benson received a rapturous reception from an audience of superficially affluent trendies for playing music which was inexorably MOR, despite his own virtuosity and the individual talent of his band.

Of course there is no denying Benson's brilliance as a guitar player. But after a half an hour or so of the music's stifling blandness — low-key disco tempered with wimpish jazz-rock — such exemplary guitar playing was barely noticeable among Benson's often dire arrangements (and in particular let it be said that the white suited Benson did great disservice to Hari's exquisite old chestnut "Here Comes The Sun", not to mention a lacklustre work-out of War's "The World Is A Ghetto"). His vocals were ordinary and the band's playing limp.

Sure, there were a few solos here and there to mark a downward slide on the Nod-Out-Ometer, including a great little drum solo from Dennis Davis, last seen on these shores behind David Bowie, and the odd keyboard solo when the two players stopped coming on like watered down Joe Zawinuls — not that the audience seemed to notice, being only too eager to applaud any kind of break, no matter the quality.

Not once did it ever get funky.

Steve Clarke

Jean Luc Ponty Larry Coryell & Philip Catherine

NEW VICTORIA

JAZZ HAS A habit of taking itself too seriously, and the worst offenders are often those who try to bring the stifling earnestness of classical music to the genre.

Jean Luc Ponty can be forgiven for announcing each 'piece' with the driness of somebody doing excerpts from a classical repertoire — "Good evening ladies and gentlemen, the two pieces we have just performed come from my most recent album, and we are now going to play the suite which gives its title to the album "Imaginary Voyage" — after all, prior to '64 he was a classical musician.

But it's difficult to ignore the attitude reflected in those announcements , especially since the music itself was jazz-rock of a very pedestrian sort, and though it was certainly complicated, I got the impression that complexity was included for its own sake, for the musicians to show off their technical ability — rather like classical musicians performing difficult pieces.

To break it down simply, most of the music consisted of fairly funky riffs, over which the violin, guitar and keyboards played a succession of solos. These riffs were punctuated by complex unison passages, where the lead instruments would play various themes together over some ridiculous time signature.

In other words it was all very much like bassist Ralph Armstrong's previous band, The Mahavishnu Orchestra — with touches of The Crusaders provided, paradoxically, by Armstrong's fatback bass playing.

For excitement, they relied on two very simple devices. The first was the dynamics involved whenever they moved from the unison runs into a straight funky mould, and the second was speed. The music, particularly the solos, only ever got intense when it got faster.

Adequate is the word that best describes their musical capabilities. Jean Luc Ponty's violin was fed through various gadgets, which tended to make it sound like Alan Zavod's synthesizer, and since both soloed respectably but with little imagination there wasn't much to choose between them. Daryl Stuermer's guitar playing was predictable million - notes - to - the - bar McLaughlin/Santana virtuoso stuff that had, like the violin and keyboards, nothing new to offer.

For the encores they were joined by Larry Coryell and Philip Catherine, who were noticeably confused when Ponty's band launched into (of all things) a 12-bar jam. Stuermer and Ponty made fools of themselves by repeating, with the same aura of 'serious' improvisation, the high-speed histrionics they had used throughout the set, while Alan Zavod and Coryell sensibly took it as an opportunity to ham it up a little.

In fact, Coryell, for all his musical shortcomings, was the only person willing to puncture the air of weighty seriousness that pervaded the evening.

His acoustic duo set with Philip Catherine consisted of much fleet-fingered soloing backed by fluid chord-work from Catherine. But amidst things like Django Reinhardt's 'Nuages" and the overall stoic, 'chamber-jazz' atmosphere of an ECM record, he wasn't afraid to add a bit of levity.

At one point, he even sneaked in the opening lines from "Norwegian Wood".

Paul Rambali

Four Tops Junior Walker

PALLADIUM

MIXED OPINION on this one. I thought that Jr. Walker was his usual rumbustious self (i.e. I enjoyed him) and that The Four Tops were fairly pathetic. The bulk of the audience appeared to disagree with me. Well, they liked Junior well enough but they liked the Tops even better.

Possible explanation for this dichotomy is twofold: I was stuck at the end of a row about a third of the way up the auditorium from the stage, where all the action was seen from an acute angle and the sound was low-fi mono; and the gig was at the Palladium where normally sane judgements don't apply.

Junior blasted his way through about a dozen of his hits (plus a version of "Car Wash"), looking and sounding much the same as he's done for the past 12 years — and that's not a criticism. He may not be improving, but he's certainly just as good as when he first shotgunned, did the boomerang and shook and fingerpopped. If he'd had a bigger, better band and a few half-naked dancing girls behind him he'd have blown the Tops off the stage.

I'd like to have done that when they launched into their 'Grammy Award' medley. That was the one that came after their 'Greatest Hits' medley and before their "Songs In The Key Of Life" medley.

The kind of songs that win Grammies are usually the type that affect me like fingernails clawed down a blackboard. "I Write The Songs" and "Masquerade" are certainly two of that ilk. Likewise, I think "Key Of Life" has got to be the most over-rated album since, uh, anything by ELP. I don't even need to hear *Stevie* warbling "Isn't She Lovely" and similar, let alone the Four Tops.

So what did that leave me to grapple with? Several fast and brief versions of hallowed favourites from the '60s and a pretty good performance of their recent single "Catfish".

Chicken - in - the - basket, anyone?

Cliff White

JAZZ DIARY

THE 'SALUTE To Satchmo' tour featuring the **Alex Welch Band, Humphrey Lyttleton, Bruce Turner,** and **George Chisholm** is currently prowling around the British Isles, Stoke Newington Assembly Hall on 16th June, Billingham Forum Theatre on 19th Newcastle City Hall on 24th, and Ipswich Corn Exchange on 26th. The package will be touring until next year, and a double album is being released on Black Lion in mid-June.

On Thursday, June 16, at 9.55 pm BBC TV are screening *Chicago Blues,* the first of two programmes tracing the Blues from the rural South to the city. It includes footage of **Buddy Guy, J B Hutto, Floyd Jones, Johnnie Lewis, Junior Wells** and **Muddy Waters.**

Soho Poly will be featuring a series of concerts from the London Musicians' Collective under the general heading 'Improvisation'. On June 25th, **Evan Parker, Steve Beresford, Herman Hauge and Dave Solomon;** July 2nd **Chamberpot and Nigel Coobes, John Russell, Colin Wood** and **Dave Panton;** June 9th, **Barry Guy, Roy Ashbury, Larry Stabbins, Nigel Coombes** and **Garry Todd;** July 16th, **Derek Bailey, Terry Day, John Russell, Roger Smith** and Evan's **All-Weather Orchestra.** Admission £1, kick-off 7.30 pm.

New release from Milestone, **Flora Purim's** "Nothing Will Be As It Was . . . Tomorrow" with a vast line-up of assorted hardware, and musicians like **Airto, Patrice Rushen, Ngudu** and **Raul De Souza.** On the Improv label, pianist **Marian McPartland** plays a bill of classic ballads from the vintage Ellington "Satin Doll" to the contemporary Stevie Wonder "You Are The Sunshine Of My Life."

Cornet-player **Wild Bill Davidson** sits in with **Freddie Randall & His Band** on Black Lion, a re-issue from his 1965 tour. **Earls Hines'** 'Swingin' Away" sets Fatha in a small band context, with arrangements by **Buck Clayton** and **Ernie Wilkins. Alex Welsh** "In Concert" was recorded in Dresden in 1971 at the reassuringly named Hygiene-Museum.

Brian Case

FANTASTIC FREE OFFER

with the HONDA SS50

Buy one-get a Sports Style Fairing and a super-smart Paddock Jacket-Absolutely free!

Honda SS50. The small bike with power to spare.

It's exciting. It's fun. It's the ideal way to join the wonderful world of motor-cycling.

Get one–and you'll also get a fantastic Sports Style Fairing and a really smart silicone proofed nylon Paddock Jacket–absolutely free!

But hurry–this offer is available only while stocks last. See your local Honda Dealer today!

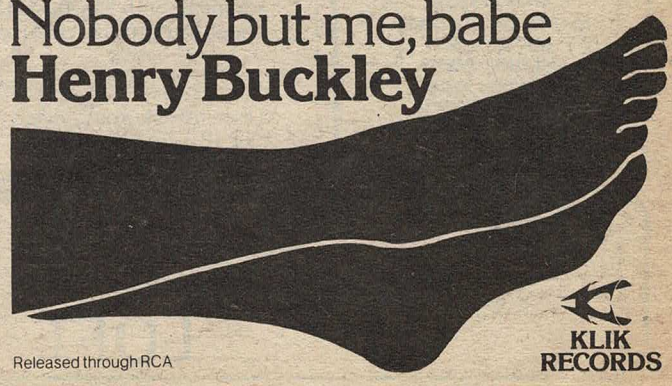
The Honda SS50. 4 stroke OHC engine. 5 speed Gearbox. Front Disc brake. Supplied with dual seat, pillion footrests, driving mirrors, helmet holder, winking indicators, steering lock and tool kit as standard.

HONDA

More sense, more style.

Nobody but me, babe

Henry Buckley



Released through RCA

KLIK RECORDS

Postal Bargains from: Permaprints (Dept. N.M.155), P.O. Box 201, 96 Newington Green Road, London, N1 4RR

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST!

With Permaprints 1977 range of designs!

DESIGN NO. 106. SPARKS T-SHIRTS
ONLY £2.20 EACH (OR £4 ANY 2)

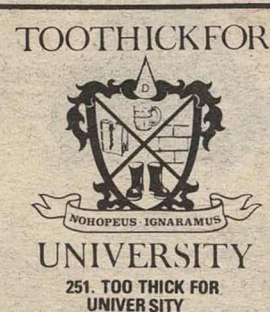
108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined SWEAT SHIRTS
ONLY £4.20 EACH (OR £8 ANY 2)

677. SUPERSIGN
Cap Sleeves
Only £2.65 each
(Or £5 any 2)

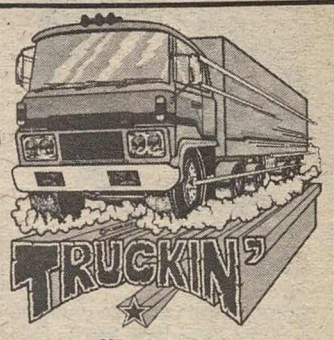
123. TRUST ME

673. LEADER OF THE PACK

249. KWIK KRAP



251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY



697. LORRY

All designs shown below are available on both garments

Details as follows.
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(106 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

125. VULTURES

167. JOIN THE ARMY

200. NAZARETH

126. LIPSMAKIN

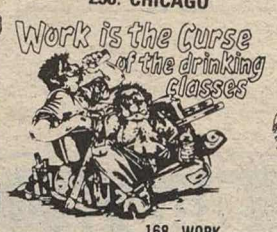
238. CHICAGO

THIS PRODUCT WILL GIVE SATISFACTION AT ALL TIMES GUARANTEED TO MAINTAIN IT'S HIGH PERFORMANCE IN THE COMING YEARS
DEMONSTRATIONS ARE AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

188. PRODUCT

252. SUCKER (design printed upside down)

134. GENESIS

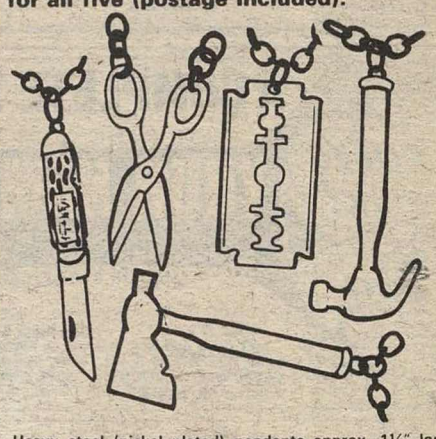


168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

★ SPECIAL OFFER ★
From PERMAPRINTS

Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2 for all five (postage included).



Heavy steel (nickel plated) pendants approx. 1½" long complete with 22" chain. 5 titles available, ONLY 55p each. (or £2 for all five) (A) razor; (B) scissors; (C) axe; (D) hammer; (E) knife.

124. LIE DOWN

214. BIONIC COCK

700. NEW STATUS QUO

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

528. APOLLO

229. SERENE BOOZER

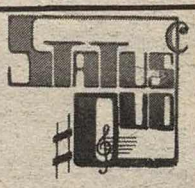
248. POPPET

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

159 BEETHOVEN

175. UNION JACK



135. STATUS QUO

224. WINGS

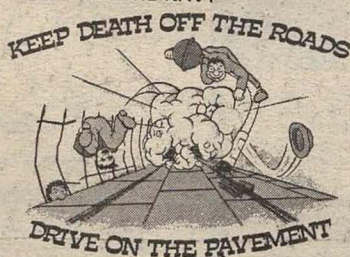
JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES AND CATCH EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

129. CONTENTS

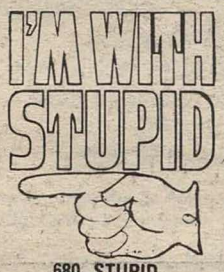
227. MILCH TRAY



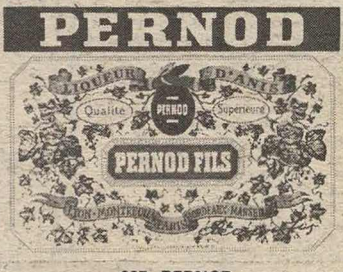
220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN



680. STUPID



667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

694. FOCKINK

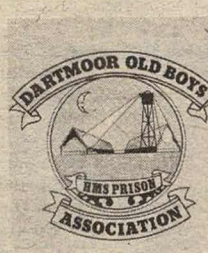
148. LED ZEP

691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232 REALITY



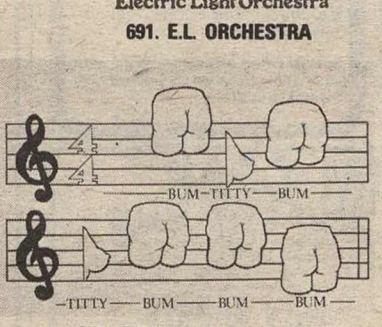
254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

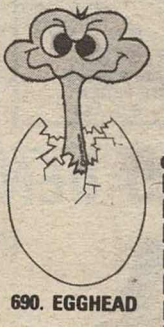
169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

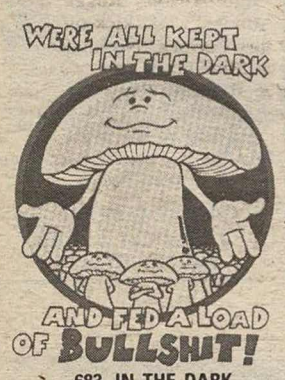
143. SON OF A BITCH



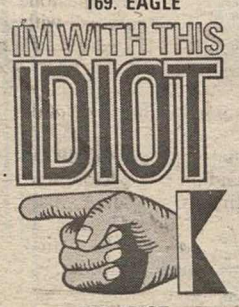
253. TITTY BUM BUM



690. EGGHEAD

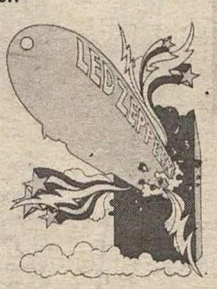


683. IN THE DARK

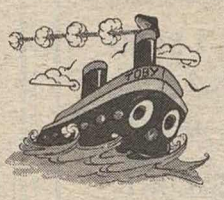


679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD



508. ZEPPELIN



242. TOBY TUG

664. CAMEL SMOKER

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER

199. EAGLES

237. STEELY DAN

246. REBEL

Trade and abroad enquiries welcome.

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-Shirts (min. 20) Write in for details.

Visit the Permaprints Shop at 292 Holloway Rd., London N7

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS
(Dept. N.M. 155 P.O. BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N1 4RR

Name ..... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*
Address.....
.....
.....

please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment.

.....
.....
.....
OTHER ITEMS .....
.....
I enclose £

(Dept N.M.155)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

STYLE OGGI
Slim fit Jacket with shirred elasticated waistband and Mandarin collar, Swiss nylon zip up front

STYLE BRONX
Front view short Blouson Jacket with pleating either side of Swiss nylon zip and two slanted pockets

STYLE BRONX
Back view elasticated leather back on two panels making close fit to body and key ring attached to left pocket

SUPERBLY MADE LEATHER JACKETS IN ORIGINAL DESIGNS MADE FROM SOFT HIDE SKINS, FULLY LINED AND MADE IN ENGLAND. Colours to choose from: Dark Grey, Light Grey, Oxblood, Black and Brown. Chest sizes: 36", 38", 40", 42", 44"

Both styles:—
STYLE OGGI
STYLE BRONX
£39.95 EACH
+ 70p postage & packing

HILTON LEATHERS

State clearly which style, size and colour, together with your name, address, and Postal Code.
Send cheques, postal orders, Access / Barclaycard No's. to:

HILTON LEATHERS
31 Cross Cheaping,
COVENTRY
CV1 1HF

Please allow 10-14 days for delivery. Money back guarantee if not fully satisfied if returned unworn within 7 days

Double Postage and Packing outside U.K.

To ACCESS/BARCLAYCARD.

I authorise you to debit my Access/Barclaycard with the amount of £.....

Buy it with Access

BARCLAYCARD VISA

My Access/Barclaycard No. is _____

Name (as on Card).....

Cardholder's Address.....

.....

.....

Signature.....

THE FAMOUS **EASYRIDER** SUNGLASSES

DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTERS

First quality Italian rimless sunglasses with graduated brown lenses and metal gold top frame
Available in EASY RIDER style or square shape @ **£3.50** per pair. (incl P&P)

Also available same styles but with plastic top frame with same colour graduated lenses as the frame top. Colours available:
Smoke top with smoke graduated lenses
Brown top with brown graduated lenses
Pink top with pink graduated lenses
@ **£2.00** per pair (incl P&P)

Post coupon to : Solar Sunglasses Limited, 291 Regent Park Road, London N3 3JY

Please send me ..... I enclose

.....£.....

Name .....

Address.....

.....

Send to: SOLAR SUNGLASSES LTD
291 Regents Park Road,
London N3 3JY
Money refunded or goods exchanged if returned in 7 days.

GET YOUR ROCK FOLLIES T-SHIRT AND SWEATSHIRT HERE!!

Made under exclusive licence from Thames TV. In stay-fast, metallic type on top quality cotton–
T-shirts £2.30 + 20p P&P
Sweatshirts £4.20 + 30p
Cap sleeves £3.30 + 20p P & P.
To: Mr Wadsworth's Clothing Co. 65a, King Street, Knutsford WA16 6DX
Tel: (0565) 52007

FREE Grant Rock Follies Poster with every order £10 or over

POST NOW!

Sizes: S–30-32" M–34-36" L–38-40"

To order, fill in boxes with size and quantity	T-Shirt	Sweat shirts	Cap sleeves
Gold on navy			
Silver on black			

I enclose cheque/PO £_____ Tick for poster ☐
Satisfaction or money back. Allow 28 days for delivery.

Name_____
Address_____

To Mr Wadsworth's Clothing Co. 65a, King Street, Knutsford WA16 6DX nme

---

A COMPLETE BADGE
PIN-ON PLASTIC COATED 2½ WIDE

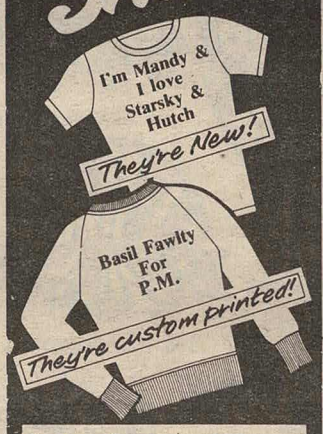
RULES OK!
THE EONZ IS COOL BUT IS COOLER! HA EEEEE!

YOUR NAME In this space
(Short or Nickname)
(Also Clubs, Friends, Heros/Heroines or whatever.)
NAME FOR BADGE (CAPITAL LETTERS)

50p & s.a.e.
7-21 days delivery
send to TOEPRINTS & CO.
1 GLENTWORTH COURT,
EDGWARE, MIDDLX

TICK BADGE & COLOUR, BLACK PRINTING ON WHITE, RED, YELLOW, STONEY BEIGE, FLUORESCENT RED & LIME GREEN, DENIM BLUE BACKGROUND.
(Please state alternative colours)

Say it on a Say Shirt



Your name it — we print it TO ORDER on a high quality, colour fast, unisex 'T' shirt or Sweatshirt in 100% cotton — any message up to 40 letters per side! Say thank you — sorry — I love you — anything! ! — let your wit show. Support your favourite pop star, soccer team, pub, club. A SAY SHIRT SAYS IT ALL ! ! Specify CHEST SIZE, colour (2nd choice also), and type of shirt. Print your message clearly and tell us where to send. Delivery in 10 days. Sweatshirts, £4.25. Colours, red, navy, light blue, black. 'T' Shirt's, £2.60. Colours, red, navy, white, yellow, blue, bt. green, black. Money back guarantee. Prices include V.A.T. and p&p. IF you want BOTH sides printed, add £1.00. Cheques and P.O.'s to

SAY SHIRTS., Dept NME 29
Box 50, 3 Guinea Street,
Exeter EX1 1BX.

Good discounts on bulk orders.
Brochure and price list on request.

Special Offer! JUBILEE SHIRTS with your own name on. T-Shirts £1.99. Sweatshirts £3.95.

MORE NEW ANGELS!

SUPER FARRAH £1.20

JACKIE £1 **KATE £1**

CHARLIES ANGELS 95p

FARRAH 95p **FARRAH No. 3 (30×20) 95p**

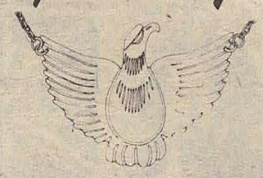
FARRAH No.2 £1.10
Add 25p (1-2 posters) + 5p each extra poster

CARDS & POSTERS
22 MOOR STREET
BIRMINGHAM 4

Swedish **clogs**

Our clogs are manufactured in Sweden under expert guidance of experienced craftsmen. The bottoms are manufactured in alderwood — a light and comfortable material with great absorption capacity. The clogs are equipped with a non-slip plastic sole. Can be worn at home and at work.
Eight Colours: Black, Brown, Navy, Denim Blue, Green, Red, Natural, White.
35-40 (3-6 English sizes) — **£6.95**
41-45 (7-10½ English sizes) **£7.40**
Please include 60p for postage and packing.
Send cheque or postal order to:
BABUCHI SHOES
Chelsea Drug Store, 49 Kings Rd., Chelsea, London, S.W.3
or come along and visit our shop.
Please state colour and size clearly. Export enquiries welcome. Add 60p extra for outside U.K.

Fly like an eagle



A carved melonshell eagle from the Far East on a fine silver chain. **£1.55 + 10p p&p.**

Send cheque/p.o. to—
BOJANGLES (ref. NME)
26, Plantation Road
OXFORD
tel Oxford 511698

A catalogue of our other items is also available — please send an sae.
Wholesale catalogue also available.

FANTASTIC VALUE

Super flowing feminine dress in cotton. Plain colours: Lt Blue, Cream, Bottle Green, Dark Blue, Olive Green, Dark Brown, Rust, Wine, Black. Neckline trimmed with cotton lace. ***IN ANY SIZE!!*** at these unbeatable prices!
1) Pinafore dress (sleeveless) £4.99+35p p&p.
2) Puffed sleeved dress £4.99+35p p&p. State style, size, colour and alternative colour. Allow up to 21 days for delivery. Send cheques or P.O's to:
JENNIFER WALKER,
Dept. N, 30 Stag Leys,
Ashtead, Surrey.
KT21 2TF. Trade enquiries welcome.

THE LATEST IN MODERN CASUAL FOOTWEAR
'GIANT' BUMPERS

£5.95 & 40p p/p
Rugged sole with extra hardwearing canvas upper. 3 great colours available blue, red, white, sizes 4 — 11
State size and 2nd choice of colour.
Money back guarantee if returned unworn within 10 days.
Cheques & P.O.s to:

ALLSPORTS
206 MOULSHAM STREET
CHELMSFORD, ESSEX
Tel: Chelmsford 64143

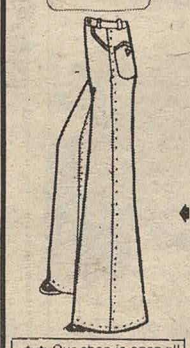
CHEESECLOTH SHIRT
Still seems the best buy for the cooler weather, in stripes, checks, plain, white or denim blue colour **£2.75** + 25p P&P. Sizes 30" to 42" chest/bust. Please state which design and your size).

CHEESECLOTH SMOCK
A smock in blue or brown stripes on the white background. **£2.15** + 20p P&P. One size only 32" to 38" bust.

WHITE CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cotton cheesecloth kurta with white embroidery. Only **£2.65** + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 38" to 42" girls 32" to 44". Him state chest size, her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA
Same style as above but with colourful embroidery on a white background. **£2.75** + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 32" to 42", bust 34" to 42".

SHORT SLEEVE RUGBY SHIRTS
Your Eddie Waring rugby shirt in two combinating colours with white colour. 100% cotton. **£3.90** + 25p P&P. Colours: navy/white, red/white, green/navy, red/navy. Sizes: 32" to 38" chest, (34" to 40" bust). Please state your size and an alternative colour.



COTTON DRILL LOONS
A good quality cotton drill in the original hip fitting loons. Still only **£2.60** + 40p P&P. 2 pairs 65p P&P. Colours: **navy, olive green, red, yellow, purple, brown.** Guys waist sizes 26" to 34". Girls hips 32" to 39". (33" inside leg length). Please state alternative colours and your waist size. Girls state your hip size. Also black, dark green, pacific blue, maroon, in guys waist 26" and 28" girls hips 32" and 33"-34".

HEAVY DENIM JEANS
Well known make. Pre-shrunk blue indigo denim. Side Western pockets and back pockets and finished with leather trim. 27" flared bottoms. Only **£7.40** + 60p P&P. Waist sizes 26" to 36" (girls 32" to 42" hips) 36" inside leg length.

DELIVERY 7-10 DAYS, POSTAGE OUTSIDE UK DOUBLE. PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME, FULL ADDRESS, COLOURS AND SIZE CLEARLY. ALL GOODS CAN BE EXCHANGED OR REFUNDED IF RETURNED UNWORN WITHIN 7 DAYS. SEND A P/O CHEQUE TO:

SHAPES MAIL ORDER (Dept U)
252 High Street,
Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire EN8 N78.

★★ Our shop is open all week with bargains in Jeans, Knitwear, Tops, Tee Shirts, etc. ★★

A.WRANGLER OR LEE WESTERN JKT.
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim
Sizes 32.34.36.38.42.44.46.48.50

B.LEVI T-SHIRT
Really nice plain t shirt with Levi's motif on sleeve 100% cotton Colours Black Navy White Red and Lt Blue (State 2nd choice) Sm 34-36 M-38 Lge 40

C.WRANGLER HOOD SWEATSHIRT
Slipover style Made in USA Top Quality Colours Red Navy Md Blue Bottle Green Sizes Sm 34-36 Med 38-40 Lg 42-44 State 2nd choice of colour

D.CAP SLEEVE T-SHIRT
100% cotton Top quality Sizes Sm 34 Med 36 Lge 38 Black Navy White Sm & Med only in Md Blue Pale Green Pillar Box Red

E.LEVI WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim flare washed and pre shrunk Sizes 26.27.28.29.30.32.34.36 Inside leg 34 or 36

F.LEE BACK POCKET JEAN
Flattering baggy style 14oz heavy indigo denim washed and pre shrunk Sizes 26.27.28.29.30.31.32. 34.36 Inside leg 36

G.WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim flare washed and pre shrunk Sizes 28.30. 32.34.36 Inside leg 34 and 36

H.LEE WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26 flare washed and pre shrunk Sizes 26.27.28.29.30.31.32.34.36 Inside leg 36

A B C D
£12·95 £3·50 £9·25 £1·99
E F G H
£13·50 £12·99 £12·99 £12·50

Post free UK & Eire. Cheques & PO's to
Matchplace Jeans Ltd
Dept NX 8 Station Rd West Croydon Surrey
If paying by Access or Barclaycard please quote number.

THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR

Send cheques/P.O.'s or Access/Barclaycard nos to:
Tommy Clothing Ltd., (NME 1)
2 Oakley Street, Northampton
Please send double postage and packing outside U.K.

SPLIT KNEE JEANS
£7.95 + 65p p&p. Original old Levi or Wrangler jeans to the knee, but flaring out with panels of matching old denim to 28" bottoms. State waist (girls-hip) and inside leg measurements. (Up to 42" waist).

JEAN SHORTS
£3.95 + 50p p&p. Ideal for summer, pre-worn Wrangler and Levi cut-offs. Available in sizes 22"-40" waist (girls state hip).

CAP SLEEVE T-SHIRT
£1.95 + 25p p&p. Available in most colours, sizes S,M,L. State 1st & 2nd colour choice. Looks great with the shorts. Ord both for only £5.50 + 50p p&p.

JEAN LAPEL JACKET
£7.95 + 65p p&p. Nicely fitted flared jacket with single centre back vent. State chest/bust size.

JEAN WAISTCOAT
£4.95 + 50p p&p. Very well fitted old denim waistcoat. Looks good on guys or chicks. State chest-/bust size.

JEAN SHIRT
£7.50 + 65p p&p. Our ever popular old denim jean shirt, wear it as a shirt or a jacket. Cut to fit guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.

JEAN JACKET
£8.95 + 70p p&p. Smart short jacket in used denim. Pin tuck front, metal button fastening. Fantastic fit. State chest/bust size 32"—42".

JEAN SKIRT
£6.95 + 60p p&p. Calf length skirt made from old Levi or Wrangler jeans with V insert front and back. State hip size (30"—40").
Please allow 10—14 days delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be refunded on all goods returned unworn within 7 days of receipt.
All goods are made from famous name old worn denim jeans. ***Trade enquiries welcome.***

CANNABIS LEAF
Fabulous Jewellery

By popular request we have designed a good quality highly detailed **Cannabis Leaf Ring** for you!! A chunky **real silver** bargain at only £7.00. *(Send size or we can make it adjustable).* Our 1¼" high **real silver** leaf pendant on **silver plated** chain is £4.00 or on quality **real silver** chain £7.00. A ¾" single earring on **silver** hook is £1.85.
Join the rush and send money to

ATLAS (Dept N),
40 SYDNEY ST. BRIGHTON.

Great
NEWDEAL
EMBROIDERED AFGHAN COATS
Special off season price
£13.50 + £1 Carr.
(Normal Price £18-£19)
Chest 32-36" only
EMBR. AFGHAN WAISTCOATS!
32-44" chest
£8.50 inc P/P brown sheepskin
BIG BOY JEAN CO (C)
48 Manor View, London N.3.

LOOK SCANDINAVIAN

FROM £5.50 post free U.K. & Eire

SCANDINAVIAN STYLE CLOGS. The original and still the best at Scancentre bargain price. Buy direct and save money, **SEND £5.50 (sizes 1-3) £6.25 (sizes 4-6)** Uppers in Red, White, Yellow, black, blue, brown leather. **£6.99 (sizes 7-11)** Uppers in black, blue, brown and white leather on natural wooden orthopaedically shaped sole.

STATE SIZE AND 2nd CHOICE COLOUR

SCANCENTRE (Dept NME)
27 Larksfield Cres., Harwich, Essex
overseas enquiries welcomed

NME Classified Section

Charge for Box Numbers is 90p. All Classifieds must be pre-paid.

for further details ring
01-261 6122
or write
New Musical Express
Classified Advertisements,
Kings Reach Tower, Stamford
Street, London, S.E.1.

WANTED

12p per word

GIRL SINGER? songwriter wants work with punk rock band — Elaine 01-589 8111. (ext 267).

SONG LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. Details (sae) Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffordshire.

WANTED OLIVIA Newton John pictures also NME Book of Rock puttout, pages 29, 30, 31, 32, 49, 50, 51, 52. — Ken Jones, 14 Alin Park, Rossett, Wrexham, Clwyd.

FAN CLUBS

12p per word

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN Official Fan Club. Send stamped addressed envelope to P.O. Box 51, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

INTO LYNYRD SKYNYRD. Join Van Zant's Army. S.A.E. to Paula, 13 Hawth Close, Southgate, Crawley, Sussex.

OFFICIAL ELKIE BROOKS Appreciation Group. S.a.e. for details to: Michael Walsh, 128 Wellesley Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

TRAVEL

12p per word

GREECE £50, SPAIN £40, Italy £40 Travel only return. Inclusive Holidays. Spain 9 days Hotel £56, Italy 14 Days camping £54. Depart London Saturdays in our own luxury coaches. Travel with the long established experts. Brochure — Kingston International Travel, 55 Raywell St., Hull, HU2 8ER (0482) 24828.

WORLDWIDE TRAVEL at lowest rates. Contact us for fast, efficient service, late bookings our speciality, student travel also available. Albatross Travel, 5 Irving House, Irving Street, London WC2H 7AT. Tel. 01-839 7575/7576.

RECORDING

12p per word

QUALITY MOBILE sound recording service — gigs, large or small taped live — superb results, reasonable rates. — 01-451 1640.

RECORDS FOR SALE

12p per word

ALBUM HIRE. SAE details Dianne, Taw Records, Westover, Ivybridge, Devon.

ANY SIX Titles from our lists £120. Send large s.a.e Goddard, 105 Canrobert Street, London, E.2.

BEST SHOP in London for '60s singles. Also deleted LPs, Curios, 453 Edgware Road, Maida Vale, Near Little Venice, London, W9.

BOWIE M.W.S.T.W. Mercury label, Lofgren, Back it up, Official bootleg. Highest Offer. Box No. 3395.

BRITISH LABELS 1958-69. New and used, large SAE. T.S.M. Records, 220 Victoria Road West, **CLEVELEYS,** Lancs.

"CHARTBUSTERS"! '56-'76 for collectors & D.J's. S.A.E. Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

EXETER. CATAPILLA Records Exchange, 8 Well Street. Telephone Exeter 75278.

EX TOP 30 records (1955-76 from 10p. Thousands of titles, hundreds of stars, S.A.E. for free lists. — 82 Vandyke Street, Liverpool, L8 0RT.

IRVINE STEREO LIBRARY (postal). Don't buy — borrow. Top 50 and beyond. S.A.E. for details to: 7 Cambridge Road, Hastings, Sussex.

JETHRO TULL Aeroplane Single M.G.M. 1384 mint, also WIP6048, 6043, 6056, 6070, 6077. Offers — 108 Pinkneys Road, Maidenhead, Berks.

OLDIES 56-76 guaranteed condition. Large S.A.E. plus 5p for lists — 24 Upper Hall Park, Berkhampstead, Herts.

OVERSEAS READERS. Speedy delivery records and tapes. Tax free, large discounts. Free catalogue. — Counterpoint, 12 Graham Road, Malvern, Worcs.

PASTBLASTERS! Thousands available, '56-'76. S.A.E.: 24 Southwalk, Middleton, Sussex.

RARITIES: MIXED collection 45's, **E.P.'s, L.P.'s:** Auction. S.A.E. Fox, 66B Park Road, Nottingham.

S.F. 001 — PUNK SCI-FI. "Magnetic Boots," by "Grok." Send 50p. S.F. Records (N.1), 98 Lodge Road, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.

SQUARE RECORDS pop/soul, oldies, deletion. S.a.e. 9 Hart Road, Erdington, Birmingham, B24 9ER.

'WHAT'S THE Sound'/'Rome Take Away Three' — ART (Island) 85p plus 9p stamp. **GRAFFITI,** 9 Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wilts.

45 COLLECTORS send for our Bumper 37-page catalogue packed with oldies and newies. Send 40p to Back-Tracks, 14 Railway Street, Hertford, Herts., SG14 1BG.

FOR SALE

12p per word

BADGE COLLECTORS read on. Pink Floyd, Sabbath, Zeppelin, Alex Harvey, E.L.P., Wings, Wings over Wembley, Status Quo, Queen, Roxy, Yes, 10cc, Santana, Dr. Feelgood, Stones, Deep Purple, Bowie, Cockney Rebel, Bad Co., Rod Stewart, Genesis, Wishbone Ash, Tour badges of: Santana, Dr. Hook, Be Bop Deluxe, Strawbs. Send 15p for each plus s.a.e. Love and Peace — Julie Williams, 7 Candy Street, London, E3 2LH.

COLOUR CONCERT PHOTOS. 10 colour borderless 3½ x 5" prints only £3.25 inclusive. Bands available: New Floyd, Heep, Ferry, Lizzy; Harley, Ronstadt, Tull, Tubes. Also Beach Boys, Bowie '74 & '76, Air, Kiki, Purple, Blackmore, Dylan, ELO, ENO, Essex, Hall/Oates, Emmy Lou, Harrison, SAHB, Kiss, Zeppelin, Feat, Lofgren, Joni, Nazareth, Queen, Stones, Roxy, Todd, Sailor, Patti, Sparks, Stewart, 10cc, Who, '75 & '76, Wings, etc . Send sae stating interests, for proofs to Dick Wallis, 159 Hamilton Road, London, SE27.

CONCERT RARITIES, for details send s.a.e. to Simon 289 Luton Road, Harpendon, Herts.

IMPORT MAGAZINES S.a.e. for list. Example: 'Creem' 12 issues per year £9.60 (sample copy 70p). Graffiti, 9 Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wilts.

SEND YOUR for a fabulous original fan post card, 3 for 25p. — Hamersma Studios, 111 Heene Road, Worthing, Sussex, BN11 4PH.

SITUATIONS VACANT

9p per word

ESCAPE. EMPLOYMENT on Liners, Oil Rigs, experience unnecessary. Details: Maritime Employment Guide. Price 70p. **WORKING** Holiday and Free Travel Guide, price 80p. — Mailex, Novembereve Hse., Oakhill Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex.

GET AWAY and earn cash too. Summer employment lists now available. Enclose £1.50 + large s.a.e. to: L.A.S. (Mail Order) Ltd., 9 Northbrook Road, London, SE13.

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

9p per word

A1 ACCORDIONIST. 01-876 4542.
A1 PIANIST. 01-876 4542.

LEAD/RHYTHM guitarist wants to meet wave/punk group for jam, Tim 34162 (H. Wycombe) (after 6 p.m.)

MR. MARLOWE, Singer. Enquiries to: 90 St Gregorys Place, Chorley, Lancs., PR7 3NZ.

MR. MARLOWE, Impressionist. Enquiries to: 90 St Gregorys Place, Chorley, Lancs. PR7 3NZ.

BANDS

12p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-876 4542

RECORDS WANTED

12p per word

ALL YOUR UNWANTED 45's and LP's bought or part exchanged for new records. Large collections urgently required. Send records or lists with S.A.E. — F. L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for you unwanted LPs and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with sae for our cash offer by return of post — Gema, Dept NME, 1 P.O. Box 54. Crockhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

DAVID BOWIE'S rare records or cassette tapes. Send a complete list to: Didier Car, Sermaize, 51250 France.

DAVID McWILLIAMS — £5 paid for the Single 'Gold' on the Mother label. — Oliver, 117 Forest Park, Stonehaven, AB3 2GF.

FUNHOUSE RECORDS ARE BUYING: £5 AND OVER PAID PER ALBUM FOR THE FOLLOWING IN V.G.C.: 1st, Beacons from Mars, Side Trips — Kaleidoscope; any Nazz; Ptoff, Nunn Cover — Deviants; any Mad River; Autosalvage; any 13th Floor Elevators; Chocolate Watch Band; Shadows of Knight. £3 and over paid per album in VGC. Disposable — Deviants, Early Blues Magoos; early Yardbirds; Early Prunes; Standells; WCPAEB; Kak; early Beau Brummells, 1st — Tim Buckley; Blossom Toes; and Dr Strangely Strange; Mick Farren. Send albums with confidence — cash by return or s.a.e. for further details to: 136 High St., Margate, Kent.

YOU STILL Want Me — Kinks, plus any Kinks bootlegs/tapes. Box No. 3397.

PERSONAL

24p per word

ALONE? COUNTRYWIDE Friendship Agency for over 18's. Free details Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel. 0423 63525 anytime.

ALONE! MEET new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write: — Countrywide Introductions, ME/Martin House, Brighouse, Yorks.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS from Europe, Asia, Latin America want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Sample photos free. Hermes-Verlag, Box 110660/H, D-1000 Berlin 11, Germany.

HOW TO GET GIRLFRIENDS, what to say, how to overcome shyness, how to date any girls you fancy: S.A.E for free details: Dept. NM, 38 Abbeydale, Winterbourne, Bristol.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. — Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GL.

LIKE AS THE Stars so is the eternal flowers love.

NATIONWIDE OCCULT, witchcraft contacts, etc. Send S.A.E: Baraka, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

PHOTOGRAPHER REQUIRES male models, teenagers welcome, fees paid. Photo appreciated. Manchester area. Box No. 3396.

POEMS URGENTLY needed! Annually £1,700 and over in prizes! Subscription £10. For free editorial opinion send your poetry immediately to: Regency Press Ltd., 43 New Oxford Street, London, WC1. Dept. A3.

POSTAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB Introductions arranged by post for all ages. Postage stamp for our **FREE** colour brochure to: Miss Chidgey, NME, 124 Keys Avenue, Bristol BS7 0HL.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS SERVICE s.a.e. details: 39a Hatherleigh Road, Ruislip Manor, Middx.

WORLDWIDE PEN FRIENDS. Write for free details. — Pen Friend Service, PL 27, SF-20801, Turku 80, Finland.

BOX NUMBER REPLIES

Should be sent to
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
25th Floor
King's Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London, S.E.1

MUSICAL SERVICES

12p per word

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1. 6½p stamp.

INTERESTED IN songwriting? Send for details of a course to **ARVON,** Lumb Bank, Hebden Bridge, Yorks., 042 284 3714.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London, W4.

MUSIC TO lyrics. S.a.e. details: Ultrasound, 62 Station Road, Gt Blakenham, Ipswich.

SONGWRITER MAGAZINE explains copyright protection, recording, publishing royalties, songwriting competitions and interviews; famous songwriters. Free sample from International Songwriters Association (NME), New Street, Limerick, Ireland.

YOUR SONG recorded professionally. — Henshilwood, 130 Frankby, W. Kirby, Wirral.

TUITION

12p per word

DON'T LOSE Your Voice. Sing the right way. New singing course, complete on cassette tape. Classical and popular £3.75p post free. For details send SAE to Hattrick Music Services, Suite 1, 8 Foster Lane, London EC2V 6HH.

IMPROVISATION, FOLK and other styles for guitar, also theory harmony and melody writing. Beginners / Adavanced. — John Chandler 01-903 6455 (anytime).

DISCOTHEQUES

DAVE JANSEN 01-699 4010

DISCOTHEQUES, Anytime / Anywhere. — 01-965 2826/2991.

G + C MOBILE DISCO, 01-743 1093 and 01-969 0682.

OHWUNTWOFIVEFOURSIXEIGHT ONETWO ADISCOFORYOU.

STEVE DAY. Tel. 01-524 4976.

Stage wear/day wear made to measure
Tailor/costumier to the stars
COLIN WILD (CLOTHIERS) LTD
only at
12 Newburgh Street, London, W.1.
Trousers made 2 to 24 hours from £12. Suits/Jump Suits etc. 3 to 7 Days.
Your own designs made.
Open 11.30am to 7.30 pm
Monday to Friday
TEL: 01-437 3166 Or 658 4290

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

9p per word

PURCHASED FOR CASH Good Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs. Top Prices. — 01-836 7811.

OPTIGAN WANTED Good condition, reasonable, cash waiting. Will collec: 061 973 8599.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE
SEE PAGE 45

ADVERTISE IN NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
RING
BRIAN B on 01-261 6153
for Live Page & Disco Equipment
ANDY McDUFF on 01-261 6172
for R.P.M. & Mail Order
MIKKY WALSH on 01-261 6139
for Musical Instruments
DAVE FLAVELL on 01-261 6206
for Hi Fi Equipment
PENNY MORGAN on 01-261 6122
for Classifieds
Or write New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.

DISCO SCENE

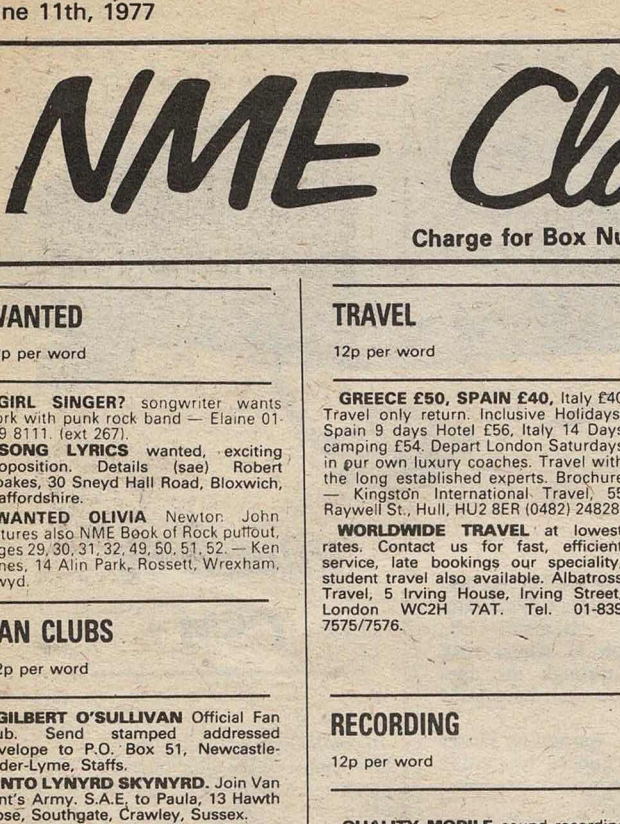
All lineage in this section 12p per word

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

DISCOLIGHTS. 3-chan. Sound-lights £17.50; Strobes £22, etc., etc., etc.! Free catalogue. **AARVAK,** 12a (C), Bruce Grove, London N17 01-808 8923.

ADVERTISE RING
01-261 6153

EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

3 As declared on Eric Burdon
5 Flood came wet (anag. 9,3)
9 "Gathering Of Flowers" was an apt title for one of their compilation albums (5,3,5)
11 Is this how HRH felt on the occasion she stepped in the corgi poop?! (6,5)
13 In those days you didn't meth around with Van!
15 Started as Metropolis Blues Quartet, ended in the foothills of heavy metal
17 A.k.a. Sylvester Stallone
18 & 23 Heaviest of all heavy managers?
19 So does he flatter to deceive? Or bend to spend? *(Are you pissed? — Ed)* (4,7)
22 See 28
24 The one who writes the words and gets little credit for doing it
25 Welsh kamikaze pilot with the guitar connection (4,7)
27 A McGarrigle
28 & 22 'Andel manual (anag. 5,6)
27 & 21 Beatle-lookalike original Byrd

DOWN

1 In the lap of which Ken Hensley and Mick Taylor once served time
2 Utesy-cutesy, ikky duo *(You are pissed! — Ed)*
4 Quo so, Francis
5 Glaswegian merchant of riddum'n'booze (7,6)
6 Gram's old lady, she picked up from where Parsons left off (7,6)
7 Not Johnny Thunders, the other one! (3,5)
8 During which Reg's chum left on a plane for Spain (some rhyme, huh?)
10 He had a top 3 single in 1972 with "You're A Lady" (5,8)
12 Before the Hollywood Bowl, before Hamburg, this is what they called themselves
14 See below
16 & 14 A seminal West Coast group, *long they didn't run!*
18 Originally by Danny and Juniors, classic oldie (2,3,3)
20 Which is precisely what Roxy were in 1976!
21 See 29
23 See 18 across
26 Mickie Most's label

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

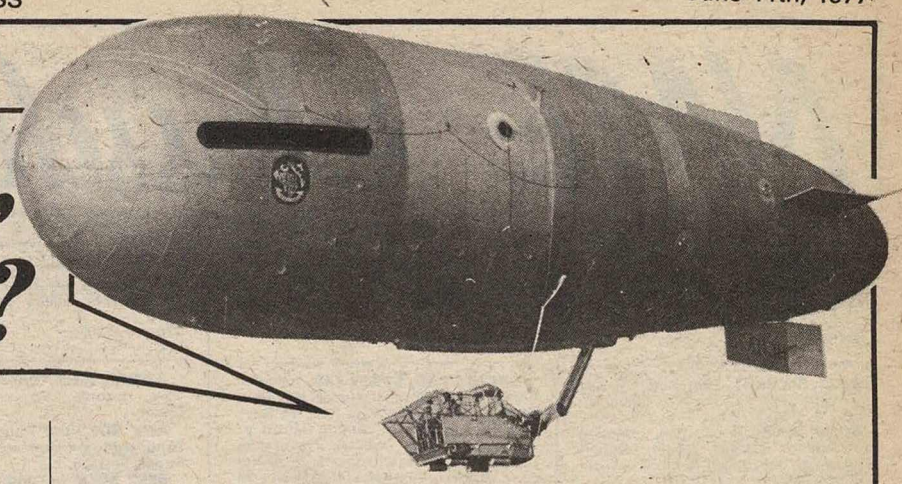
ACROSS: 1 Supertramp; 6 (Yvonne) Elliman; 9 Altamont; 10 Daryl (Hall); 11 Average White Band; 14 "Eat A Peach"; 15 Al Green; 18 Taylor; 21 "Night Moves"; 24 Steely Dan; 26 Orbison; 27 Peter Tosh; 28 Kiki Dee; 29 Mason; 30 Reddy. **DOWN:** 1 "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker"; 2 "Peaches"; 3 Rat Scabies; 4 Ramones; 5 Pete (Townshend); 7 Led Zeppelin; 8 Maria (Muldaur); 12 "Heat Treatment"; 13 Nick (Mason); 16 Ginger Baker; 17 Nico; 19 Roy (Orbison); 20 Townshend; 22 "My Love"; 23 Helen (Reddy); 25 Doors.

LEGALISE IT LOBBY

JUNE 15th 3-6 pm
HOUSE OF COMMONS
In support of the removal of prison penalties for possession and cultivation of Cannabis
and in support of full legalisation
BRING YOUR FRIENDS
STARS WELCOME
Further details 01-289 1123 Release

This week GASBAG asks:

EXCUSE ME, IS THIS 1977?



TO ALL the A-N-G-R-Y young punks out there, Joe Strummer may look awfully impressive in his "battle fatigues" as he and his playmates prance about playing at being "urban guerillas".

Over here, we've had seven years of "urban guerillas", only we call them terrorists, which I'm afraid isn't *quite* as glamorous.

It sticks in my gullet to see Joe Strummer clowning about, glorifying the kind of bastard who has wrecked the lives of thousands of people and left a country in ruins.

There wasn't anything dashing about the men in the shades and parka jackets during the recent "strike", nor would there be anything exciting in having them call at your door to blast you away because they don't like your religion or your politics. The recent throat-slitting in Belfast isn't the sort of thing you can write three minute bombs about . . . or is it?

I hope *this* puts a new angle on the new "Punk Chic" for you. I'm so bored with the UDA (IRA, DUP, UVF, UFF . . . . . .)

MALITIUS DE VILLE, Derry, N. Ireland

I KNOW you're going to get lots of letters being rude about Lester Bangs, but there are some important comments to be made about his Sex Pistols article.

(1) Get facts and information right. Those aren't the lyrics of "Anarchy" (not exactly), and the English are only polite to foreigners (everybody knows that). And if you think Iggy in Detroit had less to hate than J. Rotten in South London, romantic at heart or not, then you haven't been looking at the crime, unemployment and suicide figures.

(2) More important, apply your criticisms more carefully. Quite right to say everybody who was any good in the sixties is jerking off now, but that includes *you*, Lester, and half the *NME's* staff. You may not have been stars but at least you were coherent and your opinions valuable.

On *All You Need Is Love* this week, Lester Bangs was talking more garbage less clearly and more dogmatically than even Tony Palmer, and that's not easy.

(3) Famous people tend to get "professional" or stop being famous. They do it musically by playing to cash-making formulas and not stretching the minds of their listeners or their own talents, or they do it by living up to the image set for them.

Jerry Lee's unrepressed act or Donny and Marie's clean virginal act, they are both highly professional image-building and the people who live up to some image-hype properly become the stars that you and me and The Sex Pistols all hate.

Rock 'n' rollers may not want to "get professional" but they all end up professional or dead, and that's the easiest image in the world.

(4) It's true that *NME* writers seem to be poseurs, from what they print, but that again goes double for *you*, Lester Bangs, because the *NME* has produced more examples of really worthwhile critical writing in the last five years than almost any other group of critics in *any* field that I know of, least of all rock music. (I count about twenty-five issues in those five years which transcend your parasitic artform — very high score).

(5) The difference between the Pistols' behaviour and, say, Keith Moon's is exactly the difference between Robin Trower and Hendrix. *(Huh? — Ed.)*

(6) Most important of all, there are still people who think nude boys disgusting or in some way a threat and those are the people to aim them at, because they aimed an awful lot of fear and loathing at us. In the same way as long hair will remain a political statement as long as you can get refused a drink for it, like the guy who wrote to *Gasbag* the other week.

"God Save The Queen (No Future)" is important, unlike "Anarchy" because more people are going to get mad about it whereas before they only got mad about swearing on TV.

If Lester Bangs doesn't think rock music is still a weapon, or anybody else, then *he's* a part of the blank generation.

SEAN BLANCHARD, Crawley, Sussex

A part? Bangs thought he *started* it! — CSM

WHAT WAS Lester Bangs trying to tell us about the Sex Pistols last week? Was it:

a) That he likes them, but thinks they ought to be more outrageous? Or

b) That he dislikes them, because they're petty-minded scheming little hypocrites, who don't even know what outrageous is? (i.e., his interesting suggestions about barbed dildos etc. were a reduction *ad absurdum* of the Pistols' philosophy.)

c) Both of the above.

In saying that they are the Gary Gilmores of rock and roll, does he mean

a) That they deserve to be shot?

b) That they want to be shot?

c) That they have been shot?

Did Mr Bangs intend such ambiguity in his article, or is he just inarticulate?

Go home yank.

MOIRA LEE PUZZLED.

PS I had a serious point to make . . . What was it now . . .

Lester Bangs is neither inarticulate or ambiguous, he just likes a good rant every so often.—C.S.M.

A LETTER to Queen: the fans waiting outside the Gaumont, Southampton, weren't dangerous, you know. They only wanted to say thank you for coming and to get your autographs.

Was the American heavy ordering everyone about necessary? Was the quick getaway in the Rolls really necessary? I don't think so, but then perhaps it's naive of me to think you might like to meet your fans.

It was a bit of a come-down, after such a brilliant concert.

Love always,

LYN, Southampton

P.S. Sorry it's not about the New Wave.

Oh, don't apologise . . . — CSM

I HAVE today bought The Sex Pistols' single and expected to be shocked by its offensive views, but wasn't. This was mainly due to not being able to make out some of the more revolutionary words.

PAUL MARKWELL, Stamford, Lincs.

I'VE JUST bought the Pistols' "God Save The Queen", it's great but for one problem — the lyrics. Any idea where I could purchase a copy? If not, maybe you'd print them. It'd be a great help to frustrated Pistols fans.

J. WILLANS, Crayford, Kent.

If God wanted you to understand the words to Sex Pistols songs, he would have made Johnny Rotton sing clearer. — THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL

Re: *NME* Page 7 28/5/77: "Lester Bangs is a completely depraved pervert and a blood sucking leech — living off the dumbell nihilism of a '70's generation which doesn't have the energy to commit suicide".

"You really are an asshole, Lester" — Lou Reed, *NME* 8/3/75.

One of the phenomena of the '70s was that of the rock journalist setting himself up as a media superstar. A prime mover was Lester Bangs, who with typical American grossness used to construct interminable articles containing some of the worst literary hyperbole ever published. In many of these, Mr Bangs used to gratify his flatulent ego by putting down the Rock Superstars of the day as being "thick shits" and "wankers".

In his wake followed Nick Kent *et al.* However, not only was Nick Kent a flash literary poseur, but he also looked like a rock star, while Lester Bangs physically resembled the archetypal fat slob at whom rock group managers through the ages have shouted: "You can't have HIM in the group!"

So poor left-out, washed-up Lester turns round and knocks his young proteges for becoming what he always wanted to be himself.

Now Lester, having grown tired of Lou Reed, has got a new boy friend, punk star Johnny Rotten, to feed his sick fantasies.

Look, Johnny, if you really want to do something, I've got an even better idea; why don't you kill Lester Bangs with a chainsaw, give the body to Alice Cooper to make love to, and then The Ramones can write a song about it all.

"KILL! KILL! KILL! — Ian Hunter *NME* 14/5/77.

LOU SPEED, Aberdeenshire

P.S. Not only is Lester Bangs all the above, he must be deaf as well — "Another case of Tenancy". It's "Another council tenancy" you bleedin' asshole. Somebody had better explain to him about housing in Britain.

Some of us remember when Lester was young, slim, lithe and positive in his attitudes. Thank God he grew out of it. — CSM

DEAR BACK STAB, thanks for a fine article, Mr Bangs. I enjoyed your jokes and put-downs but to be honest (like Ron Wood) I'm not sure which bits you really meant and which bits you were kidding about. Maybe this shows that I'm a bit dumb but you don't think smart kids read *NME* do you?

ANDY PANDY, Stoke on Trent.

Evidently not. — CSM

I WISH to register a complaint. When I saw the Damned at Cambridge the other week, they only played for 35 minutes, which included an encore. I thought that the Punk / New Wave bands were meant to have lots of energy. Please explain.

A DAMNED ANGRY PERSON, A town just off the A1 called Huntingdon.

Sure they got energy — but only for thirty-five minutes. Simple innit? — CSM

NUTS TO Wilko Johnson's son and his recital of "Tombstone Blues," my little boy can recite the whole of El Zimmero's *Tarantula* backwards whilst balancing a coffee table on his head, and he's only 3¾ years old.

A RHODES BOYSON IMPERSONATOR.

So what, CSM's cats can sing T. S. Eliot's 'The Wasteland' in two part harmony with a mouthful of goldfish. That's what he says anyway. — N.S.

Piloted by CSM

HAVING JUST returned from the Clash concert I stumbled into the TV room too early to miss *All You Need Is Love* and suddenly Lester Bangs made me feel even better.

HB PENCIL, Leicester.

Better than what? — CSM

A PUNK POEM

Commies are red,
Fascists are blue,
Authority stinks,
Nihilism does too!

DOC LOBBO, Dronfield.

OKAY, PATRICK Humphries, *(On The Town* 28 May) enough of the smart-assed wisecracks putting down Stevenage. It's too easy. The truly creative thing is to see the beauty of the place.

Anyway, things do happen there on Sundays. Once my cat crapped right in the middle of the Pin Green underpass.

SLOW DANCER, Downtown Crouch End, London.

Yeahhhh — take *that*, Patrick! — CSM

HAVING RECENTLY seen *Waiting For Godot* it struck me how reminiscent the punkoid Pogo dance is to the one executed by Lucky, in which it is the "natural order" (Pozzo tells us) to dance first, and think afterwards.

A HEAVY BECKETT FAN.

P.S. Estragon calls the dance the "Scapegoat's Agony". Pozzo demands an encore.

"Scapegoats' agony!" Alienation and disillusionment! Nice Nice Nice — Hideous Bill.

RIGHT, YOU apathetic, lazy, listless, conventional proles out there who complain about the stagnant state of music, regurgitating stuff like '60s bands are old, worn out, no longer relevant, boring, etc., etc.

LISTEN.

I'd like to say that bands like the Floyd, The Who, the Stones, Quo, Lizzy, Zep and any other band you care to think of who have come out of the '60s aren't boring, they've contributed a hell of a lot and they and their music will stay around and be liked.

— BUT SO WHAT? We can experience the enthusiasm and excitement that Pete's generation felt. Because NOW we've got PUNK it's OURS, OUR REVOLUTION — NEW EXCITING OUTRAGEOUS ENERGY. LYRICS ABOUT US.

Go and listen to some — whatever *you* want to pogo to. But for Christ's sake don't let it get "milked by the establishment". Just keep it outrageous, be outrageous, irrepressible, spontaneous PUNK.

NINA.

Right Right Right! We'll keep on hitting our heads against the wall until WE HAVE WON! Watch it. — Hideous Bill.

Is it too late to say I hate pogo dancing? - CSM

TEAZERS

NOBODY EXPECTED a jolly lark with straw boaters, blazers aft and strawberries with high tea when the **Sex Pistols** schemed their Joobly Tuesday sail down the Thames. But neither did they expect . . . ***THE SPANISH INQUISITION ! ! !***

The scam was to invite a select audience of friends, media associates and early Pistols fans to make merry and hear the Pistols play on a boat they'd hired for the occasion, aptly named the Queen Elizabeth.

No-one was too surprised when the boat was trailed by a police river launch (they'd have been disappointed to have been paid no attention), but things started to hot up when the owner of the boat gave indications that he thought he'd taken on more than he'd bargained for.

As the Pistols ploughed into their seven-song set, the number of patrol boats escalated to half a dozen and the Queen Elizabeth was "escorted" into Charing Cross pier. It was then the scene got really nasty. The Pistols were playing "No Fun" when the police came on and ordered everybody off. Nobody moved and the Pistols only shut up when someone yanked the plug on them.

At this point a new wave of law enforcement officers, the "heavy mob", came aboard and fighting broke out. *NME's* own **Tony Parsons** was there and says he was horrified by the way they "layed into anyone in sight", leaving behind the distinct impression that Pistol-bashing has now become a *physical* pastime. Fights continued onto the pier and some dozen or so people were hauled away to Bow Street nick. Among them was Pistol's manager **Malcolm McLaren** — who looked as if he'd taken a considerable hiding.

More on this from Tony "I Witness" Parsons in next week's *NME* and, now, another long one before we get into the shorter stuff . . .

Television (Capital "T") say no to television (small "t"): *Old Grey Whistle Test* viewers, insomniacs and others with nothing better to do on Tuesdays may have witnessed **Bomber Bob** apologising last week for the non-appearance of **Tom Verlaine's** TV on Auntie's TV when they'd been billed for an in-studio slot.

The reason, not supplied by The Bomber, is this: it appears that the booking was made some weeks in advance by Television's record company, who naturally figured the band would welcome a prestigious telly slot. As it 'appens, though, Verlaine's crew have never actually appeared on TV anywhere and were, to quote Warner Bros press office, "literally petrified" at the prospect.

Matters were made even worse when gaunt, haunted, angst-ridden, yellow-bellied Tom Verlaine actually saw a couple of typical *OGWT* transmissions, and double double decided that it wasn't for them — that television isn't Television's medium, in fact. Ain't that a shame? Goddam wimps.

TV (with the capital 'T') have now moved on to play dates on the Continent. They won't be doing any television there either. Neither will they be supported by **Blondie,** who've opted out of the Euro-leg of TV's jaunt on "economic grounds". . .

Ten years ago the British top ten (see page two) included "Whiter Shade Of Pale", "Pictures Of Lily", "The Wind Cries Mary" *and* "Sweet Soul Music". Oh sweet nostalgia . . .

After marvy Roundhouse appearance (see *On The Town*), **Ramones** for Hammersmith Odeon Christmas Eve? Yes yes, please please choruses *NME's* Dee Dee Appreciation Society . .

Post-**Ramones** party, by the way, was the new wave event of the year thus far. Report and pics in next week's *NME* . . .

Everybody enjoying the Joobly? Anybody miss *Rock Follies?* **Velda** says "yes" and "no" and wants you to know that she saw popstar **Johnny Rotten** accompanied by **Ariana** of **The Slits** at the **Bob Marley** Rainbow gig on Thursday last.

(Incidentally our Man at the Rainbow Friday night says Bob was in much better form than somewhat disappointing earlier concerts.) Velda was amused to note how people seemed to go to great lengths to avoid the couple, walking in careful half-circles around them and maintaining respectful gobbing distance . . .

Talking of respectful distances, alarming news from the States that **Lester Bangs** — again superbly on-form in Saturday's final *All You Need Is Love,* and founder of the Give 'Em Hell School of Rock Criticism — is to perform at CBGBs next Monday. After all that stuff in his **Sex Pistols'** piece about never wanting to be a rock star, the cynical old fart's assembled a three-strong backing group, which includes **Patti Smith's** drummer **Jay D. Daughtery,** for his one-nighter. Lester will be vocalising on eight original songs as well as stuff like "96 Tears". *Creem* magazine, Lester's old stomping ground, is overturing **Lou Reed** for either a review or an inteview . . .

The Jam are having second thoughts about their Union Jack-emblazoned promo material. "We love the Queen and our country but we hate the National Front and don't want people to think there's any association between us," **Paul Weller** told *Teazers*. . .

Cat Stevens in the USA getting a band together for late summer British gigs. Izatso? . . .

Now it can be told: **Joe Strummer's** much speculated upon nickname during adolescence was 'Woody' . . .

Hugh Cornwell acknowledges that "London Lady" on **The Stranglers** LP was inspired-by/written-about **Caroline Coon**. . .

Stirrings in the Motor City: How much it has to do with their standing on the New Wave cult-o-meter we can't tell you, but a 1977 version of **The MC5** is once more doing the rounds of Detroit clubs. The '77 '5 contains only vocalist **Rob Tyner** from the original Motor City *baaaad* boys, however, and **'5**-ers **Fred Sonic Smith** and **Dennis Thompson,** who's own Sonic's Rendezvous is gigging on Detroit scene, are not too happy about what Tyner's doing . . .

Wayne Kramer, meanwhile, still languishes in a Detroit jail, with the best/worst part of his four-year sentence for cocaine dealing still in front of him. Lately Kramer's been trying to arrange a prison gig by that other Son of Detroit, **Mitch Ryder,** who's also piecing together a new band . . .

Tim Hinckley sure does get around. The keyboardsman turns up as a member of **Country Joe McDonald's** new group, alongside ex-**Glencoe** guitarist **John Turnbull,** for CJ's British tour starting next week . . .

Promoters corner: If **Mel Bush** confirms his Wrotham Park concert for August 20, **Fred Bannister** will have to postpone this year's Knebworth event — planned for the same date — until September. The two sites are less than 30 miles apart, and on the same road out of London . . .

ELO, who where expected to top the abortive Joobly gig at Earls Court, now plan a British tour in the autumn . . .

Reading the pigeon-droppings, our news desk reckons **Genesis** fans can expect a fourth Earls Court gig to be added to those already announced . . .

Ex **New York Doll Sylvain Sylvain's** new band called **Criminals . . .**

The Clash furious but later ironically amused that CBS put out "Remote Control" as a single without consulting them first — reason for their subsequent amusement is that the song's about how our lives are controlled by cigar totin' businessgreys in the corridors of power. The group's also pissed off with the number of people going round describing themselves as former Clash drummers.

Manager **Bernard Rhodes** says the group auditioned 200, and in the end had to resort to bringing in a friend. Now, it seems the rejects figure that gives them the right to call themselves "ex-Clash" . . .

Hawkwind are constructing what they describe as two "fighting robots" for use in future stage presentations. Meanwhile, for their gigs at Camden Music Machine this Friday and Saturday, they've invited the audience to come togged up in robot gear. Prizes for the winners etc . . .

Polydor band **Bethnal** claim to be the only new wave band to feature an electric violin, to have a black musician in their line up, and to travel with their own light show . . .

Bryan Ferry, currently touring Australia, considering more British gigs in mid-autumn. Believe it or not, usually responsible people are still talking about a **Roxy Music** reunion to follow . . .

Bomp Records re-releasing **Willie Alexander's** notorious single "Kerouac" . . .

Yah boo sucks to NME's **Phil McNeill** from his good chums **The Stranglers:** reviewing them last November, Phil concluded with the stunningly prescient words "the boring thing is that their conformist 'rebel' image will require them to smash up the dressing room when they appear on *Top Of The Pops.*" Awkward bleeders that they are, the lads in fact went out of their way to keep the dressing room remarkably tidy on their first (no doubt of many) *TOTP.* They even swept it out when they left. Funny, we think we preferred them as conformist rebels. Meanwhile, you should've seen the mess that frog hand puppet left behind . . .

The Mayor of Hammersmith apparently stopped dead in his tracks (or in his official auto) when he passed Earls Court the other day and saw a banner proclaiming "Queen In Concert". Any fool would know this meant Queen the "pop group" and not Queen the "Her Majesty". But not the Mayor of Hammersmith, who had to call the Palace to learn that no, his borough wasn't to be honoured with H.R.H.Madge's debut solo concert appearance.

Silly berk . . .

Detroit Madmen: Above, ROB TYNER, fronting the original and devastatingly wunnerful MC5; right, LESTER BANGS rehearses his repertoire of bad-ass, macho stares.

LITTLE RIVER BAND
"Help Is On Its Way"
E.M.I. 2632

SARAH VAUGHAN & BILLY ECKSTINE
"Passing Strangers"
Philips 6168 018

E.M.I. MUSIC 138-140 Charing Cross Rd., London WC2
01—836 6699

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street,
London SE1 9LS
01-261 6820
01-261 5000

EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews): Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray
Contributing Editor: Mick Farren

Staff:
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill

Contributors:
Tony Tyler
Ian MacDonald
Angus MacKinnon
Andrew Tyler
Nick Kent
Bob Edmands
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Joe Stevens
Miles
Edward Barker
Angie Errigo
Kate Phillips
Lester Bangs
John May

Photography:
Pennie Smith
Chalkie Davies
New York:
Lisa Robinson
Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisment Department
Ad Director:
PERCY DICKINS
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
Penny Morgan
(01) 261 6122
Ad Production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
(01) 261 6207

Publisher Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant Andy Gray

IPC Magazine Ltd. Production onf any material without permission is strictly forbidden.

THE CORTINAS
SINGLE

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents, Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

HARVEY GOLDSMITH by arrangement with TONY SMITH and HIT & RUN MUSIC presents

GENESIS

From U.S.A. Special Guest

RICHIE HAVENS

EARLS COURT, LONDON.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday 23rd, 24th, 25th June 1977 at 7.30 p.m.

Tickets £4 · £3 · £2 INC. VAT.

Tickets available from Box Office, Earls Court, Warwick Road, S.W.5. Tel. No. 01-401 6428 and the following shops.

VIRGIN RECORDS:		Liverpool, St. Johns Precinct	051-708 0366	Ear Ere Records, Lancaster, 14 Market Entrance	0524-61400
London, 9 Marble Arch	01-402 9748	Leeds, Queen Victoria Street	0532-451255	Wilson Peck, 64-70 Leopold Street, Sheffield	0742-27074
London, 130 Notting Hill Gate	01-221 6177	Bristol, 2a Haymarket Walk	0272-297431	De Montfort Hall Box Office, Charles Street, Leicester	0533-27632
Birmingham, 74 Bull Street	021-236 9432	Southampton, 16 Bargate Street	0703-34961		
Manchester, 9 Lever Street	061-236 4801	All London Harlequin Record Shops	01-439 3063	Mike Lloyd Music, 5 Lamb Street, Hanley	0782-625331

ALL TICKETS GO ON SALE JUNE 4TH AT 10.00 A.M.

GENESIS E.P.

Spot The Pigeon GEN 001

Produced by David Hentschel and Genesis

IN THE CHARTS NOW!

Albums Available On Charisma Records

WIND AND WUTHERING CDS 4005

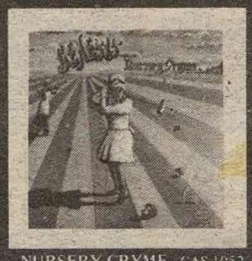
TRICK OF THE TAIL CDS 4001

THE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROADWAY CGS 101

SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND CAS 1074

GENESIS LIVE CLASS 1

FOXTROT CAS 1058



NURSERY CRYME CAS 1052

TRESPASS CAS 1020